

MC CALL'S

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MAGAZINE

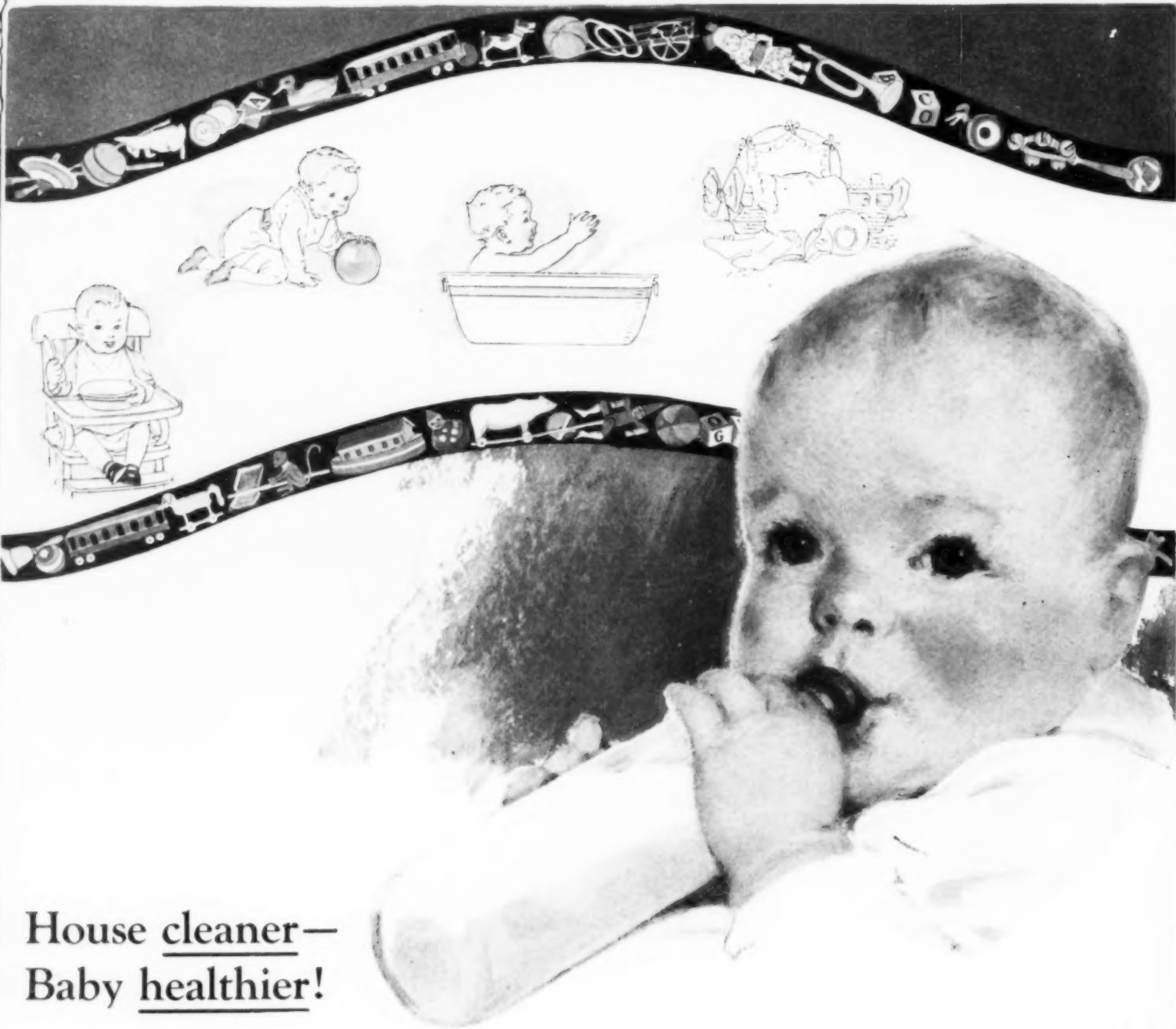
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January
Fashions



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RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

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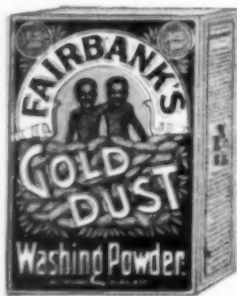
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THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY



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DECEMBER

McCALL'S
— BESSIE BEATTY, EDITOR —

MAGAZINE



The New Christmas

THERE was a time when we hugged Christmas to our own hearth-stones and shut the great, big world outside.

"Christmas is a home day," we said, and gathered our clan about us. Sometimes we threw a pitying glance at those who had no clan. Occasionally, we put another leaf in the table and set a plate for a stranger. Inside our homes, we were a friendly, cheery lot. We busied ourselves with tissue-paper and holly-ribbons. We bubbled with mysterious surprises. We were happy as only they are happy who forget themselves in others.

But there was one thing wrong. Home wasn't big enough.

Beyond the lighted windows there was a world of hungry-hearted men and women whose loneliness stood out the more boldly against the background of our content.

Nothing was wrong with home in itself. The principles of co-operation, of service, of one-for-all and all-for-one upon which home is based are the best things we have. But home wasn't big enough. And as we could not enlarge the walls of home to include the lonely, we had to enlarge our interpretation of home. Thus, gradually, we began to break down the old tradition.

Now, we carry our Christmas tree out into the open. On village green and city square it stands at Yuletide—a lovely, shimmering, star-topped symbol of the dawning of a better day.

I never miss our Christmas tree. That little green friend from the forest, so incongruous there in the city's heart of stone and steel, is so large in promise that it dwarfs the giant sky-scrapers towering high above it.

We gather in the friendly circle of its light, the strange company of human atoms that makes a great metropolis. There are eager souls and jaded ones among us. There are tired old folks and those who are lusty with youth. We forget our differences as we stand shoulder to shoulder—forget opinion and creed, poverty and power, in that sense of oneness with our fellows which is the very essence of Christmas.

In this new Christmas which we make together, that kingdom of heaven upon earth, the dream of Him whose birth we celebrate, seems just a little less remote.

After all, we are not giving up our home Christmas. We are just enlarging the home. In the new world that is building in the hearts of men, home is beginning to have a significance that is deeper and broader.

Home is not only that little scrap of walled-in earth we call a house. It is the block, the street, the neighborhood, the town. It is the state. It is the world in which we must somehow contrive, during our march down the ages, to learn to live together as one happy family.

The Reserves

SCIENTISTS possibly could tell us just how long we have been here. Millions of years? And still the old Earth has unexpected materials tucked away for us in the fastnesses of her multitudinous treasure-houses.

Sometimes, mines yield up miraculous riches or new ones are discovered. Land may become denuded of forests, but in some neglected corner, a generation of growth reaches a fresh maturity. A substance may become completely exhausted, but a new element will always disclose itself for our use.

So, of materials. What of people? In the South the mountain people are coming down to work in the mills. They are "English-speaking and of Anglo-Saxon and Huguenot origin, but they are in need of direction and education," President Camak, of the Textile Industrial Institute, Spartanburg, South Carolina, tells us. "They have been, as it were, waiting in the mountains and hill country till civilization needed them."

"Until civilization needed them!" Animate. Inanimate. Why differentiate? There is no inanimate waste that we do not eventually learn to salvage. But of animate materials, of human beings, is the salvaging a science? Are we going to mold with adequate, suitable education this fine human material from the Southern hills? Or will we make of them machines; put them into the mills to whiten, to die?

Need we turn always to old Earth to find us a new people, or a group that she has isolated for a time in some dim, quiet corner of her secret house? Must she always do the salvaging, the hoarding? Are we always to be negligent?

Fine Feathers

AT last we have discovered that fine buildings do not make great educational centers—it takes fine teachers.

Most of our American colleges have been so occupied with the petty details of hot-water taps and the material comforts of the young searchers after truth, that they have almost lost sight of the big and vital reason for their being.

The most important thing to a college is the freedom and zest with which its teachers live and study and direct the students. American college teachers have been so illy paid that they have had to fret about the butcher, figure on the rent, and patch their clothes during the hours when they should have been molding men and women for the America of tomorrow.

But better days are coming. Harvard, Yale and Princeton have collected tremendous sums to increase salaries. And one of the best signs of the times for women is the news that such colleges as Bryn Mawr, Vassar and Smith are raising money to meet a fifty per cent. increase in the salaries of their teaching forces.

They intend that their teachers shall not be the left-overs from men's university faculties.

They want to lead the way toward a living wage for all teachers from primary grades to college.

They mean to free them from worry, and they are doing it just in time.

Teachers have not struck, but, one by one, they have been doing what amounts to the same thing—deserting the college and school for the office and shop.

This is their individual gain, but it is our national loss.

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If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES," your subscription expires with this copy. Send your renewal within ten days, so you will not miss the next number.

All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed.

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Of Course, There Is a Santa Claus

Photographs by courtesy of Lewis W. Hine, World Outlook, and Paramount-Artcraft



He hangs a pinata full of toys on little Mexican Juan's door

On Christmas eve, in Italy, Pietro hangs up a basket instead of a stocking for Santa to fill with goodies



In Servia, Czerna bakes Christmas cakes called Chesnizas—for him, for her family, and for her pet ox



Up in Eskimo-land, he gives Walie butter and fat instead of candy

Once he brought Greek Costa an American shoe-polishing kit; now Costa wants a ticket to America



He used to be two weeks late in Russia, but always brought gifts for the tree



In China, Hung Yun and Che Loo ask him for some American toys



He hangs Bamba's and Ugo's gifts on the tree in their mission school in Africa



Umé and Taro and Etsue think their own Japanese playthings are the nicest of all



Dinah wants a tin horn like the one he brought Patty last year

He fills the slippers of little French Jeannie, and the wooden shoes of Dutch Hans



Every Christmas, in cold snowy Canada, he leaves a new sled and cap and mittens for Barbara





AFTER the game, when the dirt and grime are ground into the skin, wash up with Goblin Soap.

Watch it work wonders; it dissolves the dirt in a soft, creamy lather which rinses off easily and leaves the skin fresh, smooth and clean.

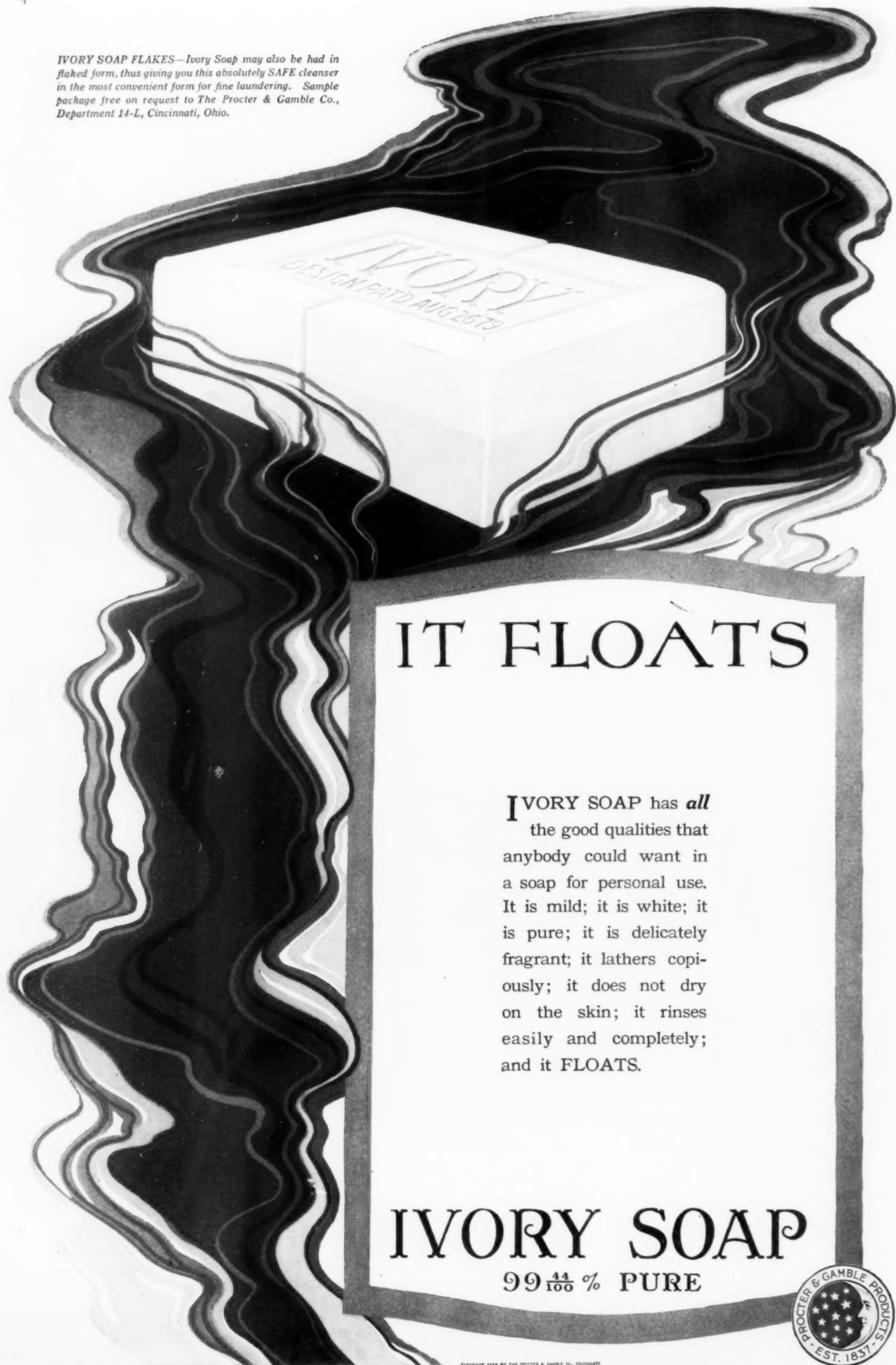
An all purpose soap; fine for office, shop or home. Meets all needs.

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IVORY SOAP

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The Waterloo of All-he-wants Ryon

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN EDWIN JACKSON

NO doubt there are plenty of persons now who know that any man who spends his life trying to become an industrial king is a darn fool.

Perhaps the man who accomplishes that ambition knows better than anybody what a darn fool he is. He has stewed up the body and mind and soul into a goulash of efficiency and square jaws, bank accounts and system, a set of blunt courageous manners and blunt unimaginative utterings, a fierce determination to have health and a good time, and a diminishing pleasure in the bowing and scrapings the littler fools make to his greatness. And what of it?

I know Anderson Ryon, and if that were his name in fact, I should call him Andy. It is nothing to me that when he comes back from Europe the metropolitan papers print what he has to say; I should call him by his familiar nickname to his face not because I am a better man than he, but because he is a darn fool and stupid and unintelligent and deserves to be called by a nickname. The only thing which shines out from his royal goulash of money and industrial majesty is a bit of a struggling imagination which he tried to starve to death for eighteen years during his scramble. And at that, when his costume of industrial king and his fur-lined affluence and his shaggy-wolf mastery and the habit-bunk of Wall Street are put aside, this captain of corporation lunacy is a good sort.

He had a kind of awakening at thirty-six. Only a few of his friends know what did it. I do. It was just as you suspect—a woman.

There is no use to sit up in anticipation of a mere romance. This, in the main, is a story of a conflict, a contest, a struggle, a coming to grips. Ryon calls it a wrestle with an angel! And any mention of that phrase brings a little river of laughter to Charity Saxon's moist lips.

It was this way. When Ryon was thirty-six and his phenomenal rise in darn-foolishness was behind him and he sat in or on the board of directors of six banks and trust companies and twelve subsidiaries of his Corporation, and the carpet on his private-office floor was as thick as moss in a bog, and he had learned to say "no" the way old Morgan used to say it and send shivers into the spines of men who didn't know what to do with their moneybags, but wanted to keep them in any event—when, as I say, the Great State of Success had been reached, Ryon got his imagination out of storage and tried to bring it back to life. It was pretty sick imagination. He had never let it see a woman, and nothing can be worse for imagination than that.

The best you can say is that Andy's deliberate sense of being a darn fool and trying to nurse his imagination back to life puts him ahead of most millionaires. So far as was known to those retainers in his office—the private secretary and Smith and the office-boy, who is seventy-one years old and used to be a partner of Ryon's father—all that was left of Ryon's imagination was pretty feeble. It expressed itself only in laying out and building Nickrock.

Nickrock is an estate. You have seen its pictures—the rambling stone house, the sunken garden, the swimming-pool, the stables. You have seen photographic reproductions of the great hall—not under the name of Nickrock perhaps—but under another name just as darn-foolish.

No one knew what Andy Ryon wanted of an estate except to entertain no end of servants for six days a week and a few toadying hangers-on from the literary and artistic and social and tips-on-the-market sets on Sundays. Possibly it was because he cared even less for the money than for an estate. Perhaps it was because a bachelor, like a child, wants "to play house."

There was no wife in sight and the betting was sixty to eleven that there would not be one. He never looked at women. They looked at him. He was worth nearly a half-hundred million, and he was tall and in spite of the square-jawed, collar-advertisement expression of strength of character and efficiency, he was brown in summer and looked as if he had just hopped out of a cold bath in winter, and there was a little twist at the corners of his mouth and a little laugh in his gray eyes suggestive of a spark of human-beingness not yet put out. Women looked at him. But Ryon would not look back. He never saw women at all.

To make Nickrock an expression of himself was more than his sick imagination could invent. The three-room cottage of a Bohunk laborer up at the Coningdale plant, with its geranium in a tomato-can and its golden-oak polished sideboard making the rest of the furniture look

outclassed, was more expressive of its owner than Nickrock.

He said to the man who buys rights of way and oil lands on a salary, "Ed, go find me a good big homeplace. Fashionable summer-place, but no crowds. Far enough away so I'll be tempted to stay through the week sometimes. Any price." Ed went off like a rat-terrier and at last he was willing to show Ryon a hundred and eighty acres, worth a half million, at Berncaster. The young king took it, and turned to look for the best architect of country castles, chateaux and villas who ever came over from the Beaux Arts. And there was his house.

And he said, "Who lays out Central Park and places like that?" And he had plans and maps shown him all bound in tooled-leather folios, because when a great man is done they do him good. And so it went.

The place was finished in November, and when I say finished, I mean finished, with all the appurtenances and appointments. It was the whole luxurious outfit, just like the five-thousand-dollar box of fireworks—everything ordered, and extras—and no more flavored with the personality of the man who had bought than is the Fourth of July combination, all packed and ready to fire off.

There are smart estates at Berncaster, but Ryon's was smarter than any. It sat at the top wave of flowing lawns and declared its price so vigorously that few ever argued whether it was beautiful or not.

One thing is sure. Charity Saxon had no training which would allow us to expect that she would like it. She was the daughter of her father and a long line of New England ancestors who had a sense of humor about "show" and thought material pride one of the world's three jokes.

HER grandfather had been a professor at Bates College in Maine and afterward, returning to the law, had become a judge of the Supreme Court of the State. There wasn't much "side" about him, and his son who had a chair at Harvard ate oatmeal and apple-sauce for breakfast from the high-chair to the receiving-vault. He it was who had come down to Berncaster before Berncaster was ruined by the darn fools shot out at the top of an industrial era and trying to have a good time in chateaux with all the paraphernalia of dukes, without the grace, manners or sense of proportion of dukes.

Chapman Saxon had built a little low house with a study and a porch to watch sunrise and moonrise on the singing sea. Before his death it had weathered and turned gray; its field-stone walls had regathered lichens, its roof had softened and taken on the manners of the land until the pines, the rocks and the raspy beach-grass had adopted it. It was in the middle of ten acres of shore land for which the Professor paid two hundred and ninety-six dollars. He could not have bought it if it had cost much more because, although the Saxons of Boston had once been affluent,

three generations of silent idealists had left the family with the modest fortune of 1836, which more than a half century later is a good deal more like modest poverty.

Charity Saxon could have sold this land for a large sum. Her friends suggested it, but Charity had said that it was her father's home and hers and she could come back to it summer-times and week-ends in winter, and what would she do with the money if she had it? "I'm just a happy old maid, drying on the vine," she had said amidst the protest of her friends. "About all I can take care of and love is my work and the little old house at Berncaster."

The land of Charity Saxon bit a corner out of Ryon's estate. Ed, the right-of-way and oil-land buyer, had timidly pointed this out to Andy. The corner bit out was the most important corner too, because it took away from Anderson Ryon's land about three-quarters of the shore frontage.

The young industrial king had said, "Who owns that strip?"

"A spinster, she's called," said Ed. "I was informed she is a librarian or something in Boston." He grinned.

"Well? What's amusing?" Ryon had asked.



JOHN EDWIN JACKSON

"Come and sit down," suggested Ryon. . . .
 "But I don't know you," she replied.
 "Don't know me! I'm the pine-tree man!"
 "I suppose I can call you P. T. M."

"Nothing," Ed had replied. "Only that word 'spinster' sounds like wrinkles and thin hair to me. And this dame—this lady is not hard to look at."

"Huh," said Ryon. "What's that hedge?"

"That's the boundary between hers and yours—a part of it," Ed answered. "It's also a hedge around her garden."

"What sort of a garden?"

"No good. No beds."

The August afternoon was very still. Only one bird sang in the top of a high tree. Andy Ryon walked down to the hedge and stood on tiptoe and looked over. It is not often that a millionaire stands so long on tiptoe.

"Ratty little ruin," he said to Ed when he came back. "If we try to buy it now she will want seven or eight or ten thousand an acre. Thrifty, probably. Some day when Nickrock is almost done I'll drop in and buy the place."

"Yes, sir."

Ryon began to realize later that he wanted those ten acres. Without them Nickrock was no longer desirable.

Any mention of anything Ryon wanted brings me to the point where it is necessary to tell something about him which I have not mentioned before. He is called by those who take orders from him in brokers' offices, in the directors' rooms in banks, at the Yacht Club, and by all the workmen in his plants through Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Ohio, by a certain nickname. The nickname has grown out of a superstition and the superstition is founded naturally enough upon the swift success of his career, upon his studied look of determination, making him appear as a failure-proof demi-god. He is supposed to get anything he wants. The initiated call him All-he-wants Ryon. And Ryon wanted Charity's home-
stead.

In September he went to get it. He had motored to Nickrock from New York and, instead of going to Nickrock manor when he arrived in Berncaster, he told the chauffeur to drive down the shore road, under the scarlet and yellow of the autumn foliage, through the aromatic pines to the Saxon place. When the car stopped, panting like a speed monster in front of Charity's door, it appeared to be nearly as large as the nestling little home.

Ryon adjusted his tie and his grave clean-shaven face and walked in a stately fashion up to Charity's weathered front door over which the rambler rose-bush had made its arch. Thump! Thump! The sound of the knuckles of a great man upon the humble panels.

The door was opened by a white-haired woman in a white apron, and Ryon scowled, rejecting the possibility that this was she. He identified her to his own satisfaction as the servant-companion, and said, "My card. I want to see her on business." Upon it was engraved the magic name of the young industrial king. He added, "I will sit here—on the porch."

The nice old person smiled with compressed thin lips and retired. When she returned the same smile returned with her. She said, "Miss Saxon desires to know upon what business you wish to see her."

This sounded familiar to Andy's ears; it was more or less like the phrase used at his own office-door when anyone dared to ask for him. He parried quickly as visitors to his office often parry. He said, "I wish to see her on personal business."

The old lady produced a small pad of paper and a pencil. "Will you kindly write your business on this pad?" she said.

Young Ryon gasped. He arose, coughed, blushed, and the color of rage ran into his eyes.

"Never mind," he said in a voice intended to be threatening, and off he went.

At the door of his car he stopped and blurted out to his strong-faced chauffeur, "Do you see this place, Carver? I'm going to have this place. I want it!"

When the millionaire returned to New York he sent for one of the junior partners of Ramson, Puffer and Hubble, 55 Wall street. He showed him a surveyor's plan of Nickrock and the surrounding plots; he pointed at the Saxon land: "Have the title to this examined. I want to see whether there is a flaw in it anywhere."

There was no flaw in Charity's title! So Ryon sent for Ernestine Blacken. Mrs. Blacken is forty-five and still pretty. Her brain moves twice as fast as any other woman's who sells bonds to a feminine clientele. Some ungallant brokers have called her Lady Fox. After a ten-minute explanation, Andy said to her, "To use a coarse expression, Mrs. Blacken—go get it. Represent yourself as a widow seeking seclusion, but without money; I don't want to pay a fortune for that strip of rocks and pines. Nothing will grow there. Just tell her—oh, I leave it to you. And mark me—if you succeed there may be other things."

The Lady Fox, however, fell down. I do not deny that she went about her work carefully. She arrived in Berncaster and boarded with Mrs. Olling. She studied the birds and loved nature with all her might. She acquired a reputation for being an outdoor fiend. And finally

she managed it so that she was caught in a terrific down-pour on Miss Saxon's beach and sought shelter at the little house. She thawed out her chilled limbs in front of Charity's fire and confessed that she would like to have just such a place. It was not that she liked the house. Oh, no! But if she owned such a piece of land she would bring a tent and camp out on the rocks near the spring of clear cold water. Would Miss Saxon care to sell?

A twinkle came into Charity's blue eyes—her heliotrope-colored eyes. She said sweetly, "You need not dream of buying any land, Mrs. Blacken. Whenever you feel like going away from New York, you may come right here with your little tent; the place you have picked is out of sight of this house and you may camp there as long and as often as you want." And she handed the Lady Fox her orange pekoe in a genuine Josiah Spode cup. Mrs. Blacken does not know yet how she got out. She was trying to explain to herself how Miss Saxon had obtained her name and address—a matter about which Ryon cared nothing.

The millionaire wrote a letter then. It was engrossed on the best personal stationery with embossed lettering so

the best entertaining in Boston, but apparently did not care to go much. Her health was good. He had thought it indiscreet to inquire into her age. She had a fine character, no doubt—a strong character.

"Well, Embrey, do you think she would hold out for a big price?" asked Andy.

"No, sir. I don't think she is that kind at all."

"Human nature, my good fellow," said the masterful Ryon. "Don't forget human nature. There is almost nothing that cannot be bought at a price."

Andy admits that he laid awake that night rehearsing. He was preparing to talk with Charity Saxon himself. He had said that he wanted the Saxon acres and he was known—was he not?—as All-he-wants Ryon. So he called her up at her office in Boston. Summer was over. She would be back on her job, Embrey had said, and would not be in Berncaster until she went down, as always, to spend her Christmas vacation and light a tree for the children of the fishermen's families. I must say that he laid aside all pride and that his voice had that sugar-coated, purring quality which even the square-jawed kings of industrial and banking America use when the case is a hard one. It was either that or tenderness expressed for a lady to whom he was about to give a novel experience.

He did not give his name as the person who was calling from two hundred odd miles away, but when she had come onto the line he told her who he was. He broke it to her, as they say. He was afraid she might cut him short. He said he did not wish to presume. He did not know exactly what he presumed. So he said he presumed that she would be willing to sell the ten-acre strip at Berncaster. There was a little pause which he misunderstood, and in this pause he wondered whether she knew that he detected the long-distance telephone and would not even talk to the superintendent at Coningdale.

The pause was followed by a tender, an almost affectionate "No, thank you." He thought the voice rich, warm and charming. His imagination, no longer sick, likened this voice to that of a wood-thrush. It was a nice voice—for a pesky old maid. But it had hesitated. So he thought, of course, he could depend upon human nature and, with a consciousness of being rich, powerful and All-he-wants Ryon, he said, "Well, I understand; but I will give you, if you decide to sell now, seven thousand dollars an acre."

"No, thank you."

"Ten thousand an acre."

"No, thank you."

"Fifteen thousand an acre."

"I'm very sorry that—"

"Eighteen thousand an acre."

"I said, 'No-thank-you.'"

"Name your price."

"There is no price."

"At twenty thousand an acre?"

"Mr. Ryon, I said that my little place is not for sale."

She was very firm about it. On the whole, Andy thought her "no" was a little more negative than the "no" of the Great Man of banking. It was a polite "no" but it was polite like a chip of ice in zero weather.

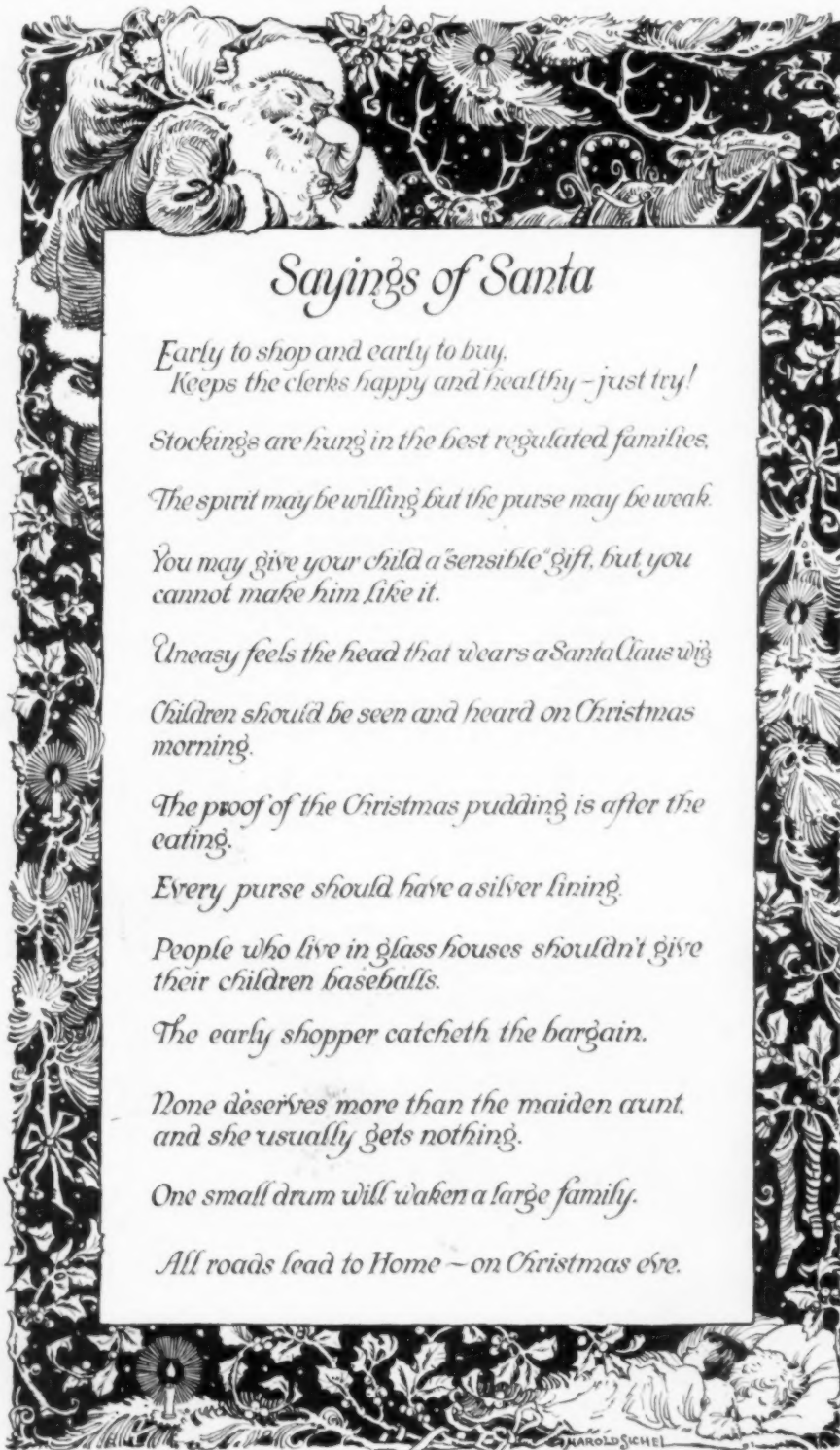
When he managed to say good-by he was only a young king of industry who had not that which he wanted, and the perspiration stood in warm beads upon his forehead. He had offered nearly a quarter of a million for those unproductive acres and the weather-beaten little low-roofed house! And it had impressed him more than it impressed her.

Ryon wrote to a certain banker in Boston who had once known Charity's father intimately. He asked this man to see Charity. No doubt the Boston banker may not have liked the commission, but Ryon was a figure now and one had to think of one's stockholders. Bostonians may be uppish but they are practical in their own unassuming way. And yet Andy never received a reply from the friend of Professor Saxon. He received one from Charity which was brief and ended with the following paragraph:

The reflection upon the good faith of my unwillingness, the consequent insinuation that I would perhaps be willing to sell my land at some fabulous sum such as a million dollars an acre, and the intimation of your persistence that a woman is misrepresenting the state of her own mind, have all been thrust upon me by you who are a stranger to me and I trust may remain so. You have approached me in person and through your wily, hireling emissaries until your importuning has become an annoyance from which I beg to be freed once and for all. There is no sum of money or other inducement which can cause me to part with my property, and if it were for sale it would not be for sale to you. It has been occupied from the beginning by no one who has not had certain manners and customs and aspirations which you do not understand, and I trust it will always be in the hands of an owner who, at least, discriminates, even roughly, between good and bad taste.

To fall on top of failure, to be brought up onto the carpet of life and bawled out was a new experience to Ryon. He carried the letter around in his pocket and read it many times with interest. His imagination recovering from its quarter of a century of storage, began to open the lid of his life and see what was really there. All-he-wants

[Continued on page 20]



Sayings of Santa

*Early to shop and early to buy,
Keeps the clerks happy and healthy—just try!*

Stockings are hung in the best regulated families.

The spirit may be willing but the purse may be weak.

*You may give your child a "sensible" gift, but you
cannot make him like it.*

Uneasy feels the head that wears a Santa Claus wig.

*Children should be seen and heard on Christmas
morning.*

*The proof of the Christmas pudding is after the
eating.*

Every purse should have a silver lining.

*People who live in glass houses shouldn't give
their children baseballs.*

The early shopper catcheth the bargain.

*None deserves more than the maiden aunt,
and she usually gets nothing.*

One small drum will waken a large family.

All roads lead to Home—on Christmas eve.

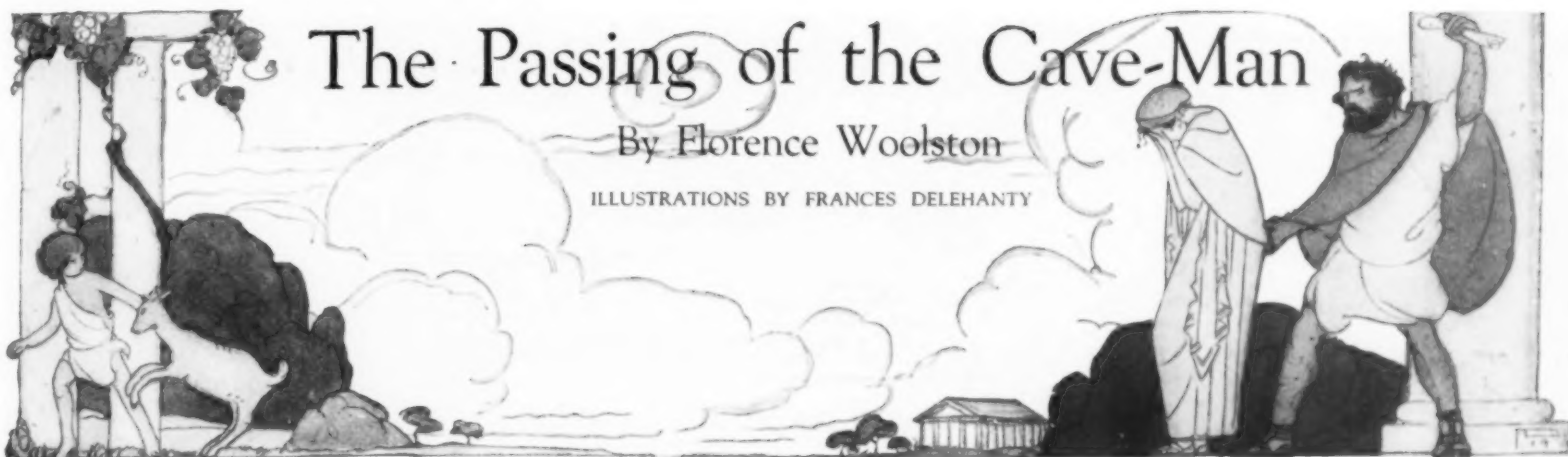
high that it was not necessary even to rub one's thumb over it to see if it were genuine. He said that, frankly, he wanted to purchase the Saxon acres. He was polite. He was even effusive. He offered himself—none less than he—for a personal interview at any time or place.

The reply? Well, it came from Charity's uncle, and in a bold, dashing but quaint hand like that of a naval officer of 1812, it addressed the industrial king with all the glory of his name, title and place of business and then said: *Miss Saxon desires that I inform you that her home in Berncaster is not upon the market at present.*

That was all. All-he-wants Ryon was upset. By this time his sick imagination was showing signs of new life. It even went so far as to conceive that he might strike a real snag in Charity Saxon.

He had her "investigated." There are detective agencies whose necks are rough, but there are also "confidential operators," employed to do delicate, cautious investigating.

Embrey was the head of such a bureau. He came back in October, after a week in Boston "looking up" Charity Saxon. His report told of her ancestry; there was none better. She was a secretary of a board of hospital trustees; she worked for her living. She was invited to



EVERY man, or at least every other man, has a sort of conviction that women like masterful men; that they glory in being conquered. He sees himself, strong, aggressive and bold, taking the woman he wants by storm and holding her a willing captive. The taming of women has always been a favorite theme of story-tellers. There was patient Griselda, for instance, in medieval times, and Shakespeare's shrew, Katharine, and the bride of the bold Lochinvar who came out of the West. Literature is full of yielding, obedient women, won by dominating tactics.

In recent fiction, Gouverneur Morris has given us an almost perfect picture of the cave-man theory and the way it works. It's so perfect that *Back to the Cave* must have been carved on stone, originally, by a cave-chief draped in a tiger-skin, and merely translated by Mr. Morris.

When the story opens, Mrs. Raeburn is on the train, speeding toward Lover's Pond in the Adirondacks where she expects to meet a lover. Instead, she finds her husband who explains how he forced Paxton to send for her that he might trap her in the cabin and "teach her the first principles of being a wife." The lessons that follow are a sort of primer for husbands and intending husbands. Mrs. Raeburn has been bred in luxury and has never been nearer a kitchen than the butler's pantry. The first step, therefore, after she has discovered that the station is thirty miles away and no escape possible, is to master the art of cooking.

"My job," explained Raeburn, "is to provide wood, fish and game. Your job is to cook and keep house. I cooked my own dinner and ate it. It's time you ate something and I'm hungry again. Now, will you try to cook some supper for us both—or have I got to make you?"

"Make me!" she exclaimed contemptuously. "I've put up with sneers and hysterics for several hours," said Raeburn, "and I have reached the limits of civilized patience. I am no longer a fool wasting myself on a rag and a bone and a hank of hair. I'm a—cave-man, and you are my wife." She burst into a peal of hysterical laughter. "Will you cook supper—or won't you? I mean, will you try? I know that you haven't a notion how to go about anything useful; but will you try—or won't you?"

"No, I won't!" she shouted, and went off into another wet-gale of hysterical laughter.

Raeburn locked the doors and put the keys in his pocket. Then he took down from the wall a heavy whip of braided leather. He rolled this up and put it in his jacket-pocket. Then he took his wife firmly in his arms, tripped her with his heel, and laid her at full-length on the floor, face down. Then he seated himself upon her, controlled her frenzied struggles with his knees, and, with a jerk, ripped the flimsy waist of her dress in two. When he had finished and rose to his feet, she was half-paralyzed with fear. But she struggled to her knees.

The heavy leather whip whistled sharply through the air and cracked across her shoulders. The scream that was torn from her throat might have been heard for a mile. Again the whip descended, and again she screamed. (He prayed that he should not have to strike again.)

"Will you try to cook supper, or won't you?"

"She did not answer, and he struck her again."

Fifteen minutes later, a soft warm wrapper covering her cold and hurt body, she was bending over the kitchen stove, while her husband, seated on a table, his feet swinging free, coached her in the art of camp-cooking.

Some women foolishly take courses in cooking or even go through chafing-dish agonies in preparation for home life. But Mr. Morris' method is much simpler—and quicker. One good beating, and the first essentials of preparing a meal are accomplished—another beating, and a fancy cook might be developed. Quite discouraging to the schools of domestic science and the Y. W. C. A.'s, with their shorter courses.

The next day, Mrs. Raeburn was introduced to a second step in the duties of wifehood.

"Come in the living-room," he said; "I've a book I want you to read."

"What about the dishes?"

"I mean, when you've washed the dishes and put things to rights."

"Having done these things, she went to the living-room."

"Well," she said sullenly, "what's the book?"

"Dr. Holt's book," he said, "on how to rear children."

"Oh!" she cried with a look of horror.

"My dear Ellen," he said, "you've had your way about everything, and we've come to the verge of grief. That proves that your way wasn't the right way at all. My way may not be the right way, either, but it's going to have a fair trial."

"Oh, you brute—you brute!" she cried.

"Another thing, Ellen. I am master here, and I don't propose to be called names. So, cut them out!"

In the ensuing weeks, although Mrs. Raeburn was sulky, gloomy and had despairing fits of rage she progressed marvelously in her wifely duties and "the habit of obedience."

At last she receives her reward.

"Last night," he said, "for the first time you turned to me instead of away from me. Later, when I kissed you good night, you seemed to kiss me back, and so you are going to have your breakfast in bed."

A few weeks later, he takes her home. Just as they are leaving the cabin, Ellen seizes her opportunity and darts to the wall where hangs the heavy leather whip.

"What do you want with that whip?"

"I'm going to take it home with us," she said, "and hang it where I'll see it first thing every morning when I wake and begin the day."

The Raeburns' story happened in 1917, or thereabouts. In 1523, Sir Thomas More trained his wife in somewhat the same fashion, although he was a bit gentler than Mr. Morris' hero. Erasmus tells the story in his *Colloquies*:

"I know a man of good birth and education, and singularly clever and tactful. He had married a young girl of seventeen, whose life had been spent without a break in her parents' home in the country."

He wished his bride quite undeveloped, that he might more easily mold her to his own tastes. He began to interest her in books and music, to accustom her to repeat the substance of sermons she heard, and to train her to other useful accomplishments. All this was quite new to the girl. She had been brought up at home in complete idleness, playing and talking to the servants. Very soon she began to be bored, and refused to comply. If her husband urged her she would burst into tears; sometimes even throwing herself to the ground and beating her head on the floor, as though she wished to die.

As time went on, the young man, concealing his vexation, suggested that they should pay a visit to her parents. On arrival he left her with her mother and sisters, and went off with her father to hunt. As soon as the two were alone, he told his story; how, instead of the happy companion he had hoped for, he found his wife perpetually in tears and quite intractable; and he begged for assistance in curing her.

"I have given her to you," was the reply, "and she is yours. If she doesn't obey you, use your rights and beat her into a better frame of mind."

"I know," said the husband, "what my rights are; but I would rather the change were effected with your aid and authority than resort to such extreme measures."

"The father consented, and after a day or two found opportunity to speak with his daughter alone. Setting his face to great severity, he said: 'You are a plain child, with no particular charm; and I used often to be afraid I should have difficulty in getting you a husband. After a great deal of trouble, I found you a husband whom any woman might envy; a man who, if he weren't very kind, would hardly consider you worth having as a servant; and then you rebel against him.'"

"And with this he grew so angry that he seemed about to beat her; all of course in pretense, for he is a clever actor. The girl was frightened and also moved by the truth of what he said. Falling at his feet she vowed to do better in future; and he promised a continuance of his affection if she would keep her word. Then returning to her husband whom she found alone in his room, she fell down before him and said: 'Until now I have known neither you nor myself. Henceforward you shall find me quite different . . . only forget what is past.'"

He sealed her repentance with a kiss; and in this happy state of mind she continued till her death. Indeed so great was the affection that grew up between them, that there was nothing, however humble, that she would not do

at his wish. Some years after, she used frequently to congratulate herself on having such a good husband. "Without him," she would say, "I should be the most miserable of women."

Jane Eyre felt somewhat the same way about Rochester, who is, perhaps, the best-known cave-man in fiction. Charlotte Brontë never lets us forget his cave-like appearance. His face is dark and stern, his gathered eyebrows look ireful and thwarted. He stalks majestically. His manners are brusque and tempestuous. He is rude. Jane says he acts like "a big spoiled child."

Rochester never makes requests; he commands. When he finds Jane installed as governess in his house, he says: "Can you play?"

"A little."

"Of course, that is the established answer. Go into the library. I mean, if you please. (Excuse my tone of command; I am used to say, 'Do this' and it is done; I cannot alter my customary habits for one new inmate.) Go, then, into the library, take the candle with you; leave the door open; sit down to the piano and play a tune."

Jane is attracted by his energy, his decision, his will; they master her and fetter her to him. He is the approved hero of her generation. She learns to love him and asks:

"And was Mr. Rochester now ugly in my eyes? No, reader; gratitude and many associations, all pleasurable and general, made his face the object I best liked to see; his presence in a room was more cheering than the brightest face. Yet I had not forgotten his faults; indeed, I could not, for he brought them frequently before me. He was proud, sardonic, harsh to inferiority of every description; in my secret soul I knew that his great kindness to me was balanced by unjust severity to many others. He was moody, too—but I believed that his moodiness, his harshness, his former faults of morality (I say former for now he seemed corrected of them) had their source in some cruel cross of fate. . . . I thought there were excellent materials in him, though for the present they hung somewhat spoiled and tangled."

More modern women than Jane Eyre have succumbed in the same easy fashion. There is Frank Algernon Cowperwood, for instance, Theodore Dreiser's *Financier* and *Titan*. Cowperwood collects and loses fortunes as one would pocket-handkerchiefs, and he applies the same methods to women. Both, apparently, are commodities. Early in *The Financier* Lillian Semple is won by the "deadly persuasion of his caresses" and finds him "terribly irresistible." Although she really does not want to marry him, fearing what people will say because of the difference in their ages, she yields to his forceful wooing and becomes a dutiful wife. Once conquered, however, she proves tiresome to Cowperwood, and both novels recount his success as a cave-man with numerous other ladies.

Another master-hand at picturing cave-men is Jack London. Fancy the horrible fate of Maud Brewster in *The Sea Wolf* if Van Weyden had not succeeded in protecting her from Wolf Larsen. *The Great Divide*, William Vaughan Moody's play, is built around the cave theory. In one act it seems for a moment as if the hero has lost faith in his rôle—when Ruth leaves him, he hints that he might have been a bit hasty in forcing her to marry him—but the fact that she willingly returns later, suggests his as the winning method.

Stronger doubt is expressed by Sinclair Lewis' heroine, appearing in *Free Air*. The hero, who wants to be a bit of a cave-man, blurts out:

"Wish I could kidnap you. Have half a mind to. Take you 'way up into the mountains, and when you got used to roughing it in sure-enough wilderness—say you'd helped me haul timber for a flume—then we'd be real pals. You have the stuff in you but you still need toughening before—"

She replies:

"Listen to me, Milton. You have been reading fiction about this man—sometimes he's a lumberjack, and sometimes a trapper or a charming woman in the city, and kidnaps her and shuts her up in some unspeakable shanty, and makes her eat nice cold-boiled potatoes, and so naturally she simply

[Continued on page 30]



Pan • and • the • Child

from "A Canticle of Pan"

by Witter Bynner

Decorations by Charles S. Chapman

Pan has appeared to the two Cantors and has been telling them of his piping.

PAN (singing)

O my pipes they pipe of everything, they hold an endless song—
Yet they never pipe far enough for all they pipe so strong,
Never pipe contentment for all they pipe so long.
There are tears in their piping and no surcease of the tears,
There are fears in their piping and no quieting of fears.
There is laughter in my piping—but behind the laugh an ache,
For something I am calling and never can awake,
And I think I know what men mean who tell of hearts that break.

THE FIRST CANTOR

Why is he pausing now, straining with his eye
Across the multitudinous sky?

PAN

One of my stars is moving out of line
And is larger than the others and has a longer shine,
And under it three men travel with its ray . . .
Was yesterday the night? Can tonight be the day?

THE FIRST CANTOR

Pan, listen! Hear what they say!

THE FIRST WISE MAN

I heard a shepherd blow his horn—
In Bethlehem a child is born.

PAN

And what should be so strange in that,
A little new Jehoshaphat!

THE SECOND WISE MAN

I heard a herald blow his horn—
In Bethlehem a king is born.

PAN

A king is born in Bethlehem?
For what? The Jewish diadem?
Gulls are laughing in the foam,
Jewish kings are born in Rome!

THE SECOND CANTOR

Conqueror of conquerings,
Greater than all other kings,
Comes a king from Nazareth,
To conquer Rome—to conquer death!

PAN

Death is a conqueror that man
Cannot conquer, never can.
However hard Jehovah try
To help the man, the man must die . . .
The man he fashioned out of sod
As witness to a jealous god,
And the woman, too, from the man's side,
Lived a little while—and died.
And the older gods were laughing strong
To see Jehovah come along
Still magnificent but pale
From failing, as a god must fail,
To inspire his man with breath
Deep enough to conquer death.

THE THIRD WISE MAN

I heard an angel blow his horn—
In Bethlehem a god is born.

PAN

That word goes through me as though rain
Arrowed my body with wild pain . . .
O, once there was a prophecy
That one should come . . . if it be he—

Good-by, my hills and valleys, good-by, rippling shore,
Good-by, winged leaves! Though I never loved you more,
More than I love you now, woods in bloom,
Yet good-by, earth, they are calling my doom.
Good-by, holly, mistletoe,
Good-by, laurel, I must go.
They are casting me down from my dance of the spring
With a chant that Pan can never sing.
Sunset, moonrise, starry sky,
Ocean, lightning, rain, good-by! (He runs away)

THE FIRST CANTOR

An ancient oracle foretold the death
That Pan must die; how his unearthly breath
And earthly should be gathered in one groan
And he and all the gods be overthrown
By a new god born in a little town,
A truer god than they, wearing a crown
Of light they never wore, and how a star
Should make a pilgrimage, and how from far
Three wise and mighty men, coming to bring
Obeisance, should acclaim a child their king.

THE SECOND CANTOR

Note you shall hear an anguish smite
The silence of this holy night.
Hark, and you shall hear a cry
Shake the hills—for Pan must die.

PAN (entering, breathless)

No, no! I need not die, I need not die!
I went to look at him, I pressed my eye
Close to a narrow crack beside his bed
And saw how the starlight shone around his head,
And saw his little moving leg and his little moving arm,
And I forgot the oracle, and no more harm
Was in the world at all for me forever from that minute
Because I found a manger and a little baby in it.
Everyone was sleeping—he was sleeping too—
But I lifted my pipes and softly I blew—
And a dove was on my shoulder and the lambs, I felt them stand
Very close beside me, and then in his hand
I laid my sprig of mistletoe and my holly at his feet
And I leaned and touched his lips, and O, the touch was sweet!
And I laughed and he laughed and no one else awoke.
And only I, only Pan, heard him when he spoke.
He spoke not with his lips, nor only with his eyes,
Nor to me, but within me—and O, but we were wise,
Wiser than his mother dreamed or his father knew.
And O, but we were happy, Christ and I, we two!
For he whispered to me, "Some day, Pan, they shall understand,
Though they try to do without you now, that over sea and land
You are piping my music, wiser than a word,
Deeper than the ocean, sweeter than a bird,
Heard in a sound and in silence heard—
Piping my music as when you tried to play
Sweetness into heaven and they laughed you away.
I laugh too—but I watch where you go
And, when I am older, I shall follow you, I know.
And dance on the paths with you and sing on the hills
With thrushes and with nightingales, with larks and whippoorwills.
For you have sung together earth and air and sea,
And the binding of the hearts of men shall be the song for me.
And the one is the other and the other is the one.
So pipe, with the music of your fervor and your fun,
My laughter and my wonder, as you have always done.
Then, note by note, those perfect notes that you were dreaming of,
Till there is only peace, Pan, till there is only love."

Cold New York!

By Ruth Comfort Mitchell

ILLUSTRATION BY HENRIETTA McCAIG

O H, Mary Louise, you poor lamb," wrote her cosy cousin Kitty from Mapletown, "I just simply can't bear to think of you there with that blessed sick boy, at Christmas time, alone in cold New York!"

There was comfort in her fierce italics; the thick underlining of her vehement stub-pen was somehow like the touch of her warm pink hands; it brought her very near. Mary Louise got up from the handsome mahogany desk and carried the letter over to the window. It was four o'clock on a sullen December afternoon.

"Everything seems to have gone wrong for you, dearie, and you don't deserve it! To think of the time and money you spent learning to be a decorator—and then to have to be a stenographer! But I suppose we ought to be thankful that you'd been to business college and had that to fall back on! And it seems too ghastly that none of those wonderful doctors can do anything for Jimsy!"

Tears stung hotly in her eyes; she couldn't see to read. She looked down into the chaos of the street, twelve stories below—the rushing, writhing mass of men and machines. How she loathed it all!

"I hate to think of that forlorn apartment house," Kitty's big screed went hurtling over the small page. "I simply can't imagine not knowing the people who live on the same floor with you! And the prices you have to pay for food—my dear! Can't you possibly bring Jimsy home for Christmas? No, I know you can't—the horrible expense! Oh, if only I had the money to send—"

She folded up the kind, explosive little letter and put it back in the envelope and stood still at the window. Grim, implacable office-buildings before; roaring, ugly street below; gray, sinister sky above.

One of the errand-girls came in to tell her that Mr. Henderson wanted her. She was very young; pink ribbons showed through her sheer blouse; her lips were too red and her nose was too white. Mary Louise picked up her note-book and went hastily past her. How she loathed the tawdry little thing!

"Afternoon," said Mr. Henderson, briefly. He was a huge, granite creature, civil, impersonal. He began to dictate in his crisp, unhurried fashion. Mary Louise bent over her book. She had meant to be a decorator, and now she was decorating sheets of business paper with colorless communications which began—"Gentlemen: Yours of the 29th ult. received and contents noted—"

Just as she finished taking the letter the door flew open and a flock of girls flew in. "Tea, Dad!" one of them cried. "You promised—tea at the Ritz if we let you off the opera!"

Mrs. Henderson came in solidly at their heels. She looked, Mary Louise always thought, like the Dowager Duchess of Something-or-Other. "I tried to save you, Giffen."

They all nodded brightly to Mary Louise, and Mrs. Henderson, with only an instant's pause, produced her name from her neat memory. "Good afternoon, Miss . . . Moore!" she said. Then with another dip into her carefully card-indexed mind, "And how is the little sister who was ailing?"

"Thank you," said Mary Louise, "my brother is not improving." How she resented this casual, rubber-stamp kindness! She couldn't uncover her aching anxiety before it. A little murmur of courteous concern followed her to the door and, as she opened it, the Junior Partner, with a word of greeting, went swiftly past her. He did everything swiftly. He was a very big blond young man whose natural fairness had warmed to coppery tints under tropic suns, and he seemed ridiculously young to be even the most junior partner in so ponderous a firm. It was, Mary Louise had heard, because of some very special achievements in mining engineering.

"Yea, Dannie! Come on to tea with us! Dad's throwing a party and—"

She sped down the marble hall, away from the gay youngness, the giddy good times. Less than a year ago she had lived in the Mapletown model of a world like that. She finished up her letter and sent it in by the white-nosed page, and then she was free to go home. In the cloak-room she encountered Miss Hodggers, senior stenographer, who had been with the firm for untold ages and looked it. She was the most insistently plain woman Mary Louise had ever known—a leathery, hopeless, resigned ugliness, intensified by the wicked hat she was fastening to her head by an elastic. Skin, hair, suit, she was of a prevailing drabness. Mary Louise was sure it penetrated to her spirit. How she detested women of that stamp!

There were always errands to be done in the failing daylight. She didn't mind it so much, ordinarily, but now the Christmas mockery of the shops was hateful to her. Rain and sleet; murderous umbrellas lunging at her; remorseless motor-cars. No seats in the bus (the very night she was the tiredest!), a tie-up of surface cars; home in the subway, hanging haggardly to a strap in the sickening smell of wet garments and steaming flesh.

At the entrance to her apartment-house she encountered the woman she disliked and envied most in the building, paying off her taxi-driver, dry and crisp, right in every fold and line. Mary Louise called her the Valkyr in her own mind; there was something so bold and free, so untrammelled about her; her tailored suits were like coats of mail over her full, firm-corseted figure. The elevator-man said she was a play-broker. She was always dashing off to Boston or Philadelphia accompanied by the smartest of hand luggage. How she detested—Mary Louise stopped, aghast, on her own landing. How many times that day had she told herself that she loathed or detested or hated something or somebody—Mary Louise, who had never had a quarrel in her life, whose disposition was held up to other girls in Mapletown! "It's ruining me," she said, bitterly,

But you mustn't worry, Mary Lou! I'm getting better all the time. Why, it stands to reason I am—look how the doctors let me alone, now! Think how they used to fuss over me—the messes I had to swallow! Of course I'm better! They don't even bother about me any more!"

Mary Louise kept her back toward him. She was busy at the tiny crack in the wall which served for a kitchen and he couldn't see that she was crying. Practise had made her perfect in the art of speaking merrily with tears on her cheeks.

HE sat up for his supper. He was as gay, as full of friendliness and play as a puppy. It couldn't be true, she told herself. They were wrong, cruelly, wickedly wrong, all of them. She would work like a demon and save like a miser, and take him home, back to Mapletown and warm hearts. They were wrong.

"Wouldn't it be fun," he was saying, "if we could ask some people in for the tree, Christmas eve? Isn't there anybody here in the house, Mary Lou?"

She shook her head. She couldn't imagine asking the Valkyr; or the Jade, as she called the lady with the regal who always made her long to say in her country rage and horror: "Out upon you, fie upon you, bold-faced jig!" Or the bitter-tongued old elevator-man; or the troop of nameless, indifferent, cold-eyed dwellers in this Babylon.

"But"—he persisted—"at the office? Some of your friends there?"

"No, Jimsy, dear. You see, they all have their own homes, their own friends."

She smiled derisively at the thought. Miss Hodggers? Miss Hodggers wouldn't even know it was Christmas. The little page with her mouth too red and her nose too white, the Dowager Duchess, the granite chief, the little princesses, the Junior Partner?

Jimsy sighed. "I bet the Junior Partner'd come if you asked him!" It was as if he had caught her silent naming of him.

"Why do you say that, Jimsy?"

"Oh, I don't know. He seems like such a regular fellow, from everything you say."

"From everything—Jimsy, I haven't said much about him, surely! I don't know him, you know, really!"

"Well, it just seems as if I knew him, some way. I wish you'd ask him to come to see me. He could tell me a lot I'd like to know about South America, and engineering. Won't you please ask him, Sis?"

"Jimsy, dearest, I couldn't!"

"Why not?"

Why not, indeed, to Jimsy, whose world had always been safe for democracy! Who did not know that worlds were made in stratas, in layers, like cakes! Who did not know that Daniel Lacey Towers was to join the Hendersons' house-party at Brownes, opened for the holidays!

Oddly enough, while she was taking a letter from the Junior Partner next day, he asked for the sick brother. "Not so well? Awfully sorry to hear it! You've had good

men on the case? I see. Must be pretty slow for him with you away all day. How does he amuse himself?"

She told him, civilly. She wasn't unduly moved by this rubber-stamp kindness. Indeed, she was so busy not being moved by it that she rather misread it. The Junior Partner was honestly puzzled. It was a new experience, this—having a young, brown-eyed, brown-haired, quite lovely girl treat him as if he were Miss Hodggers. It annoyed him a little and interested him a good deal.

Mary Louise bought the fragment of Christmas tree that day and carried it home herself, walking thirty blocks, because she couldn't get it delivered under two days. Jimsy was thrilled by its presence but he was upheld, besides, by a secret, mischievous exultation. He chanted, happily, "I-know-something-Sis-doesn't-know! I-know-something-Sis-doesn't-know!" He insisted that she put on an evening-frock and do her hair the way he liked best.

"But, what for, Jimsy?"

"Never you mind!" He wagged his head knowingly. His great eyes filled up his face, now; his great, black, fathomless eyes and his pixy smile and his quick, thin hands seemed to be all of him. She made herself as gay as for a party in Mapletown—Mapletown where people were wrapping up parcels in tissue and red baby-ribbon and sprigs of holly, and baking and decorating, and ringing each other up on the telephone and making merry dates and plans, and comparing eager notes to make sure the village's half-dozen poor were to be lavishly remembered—Mapletown, where no mercury cold could strive successfully with the heart

[Continued on page 16]

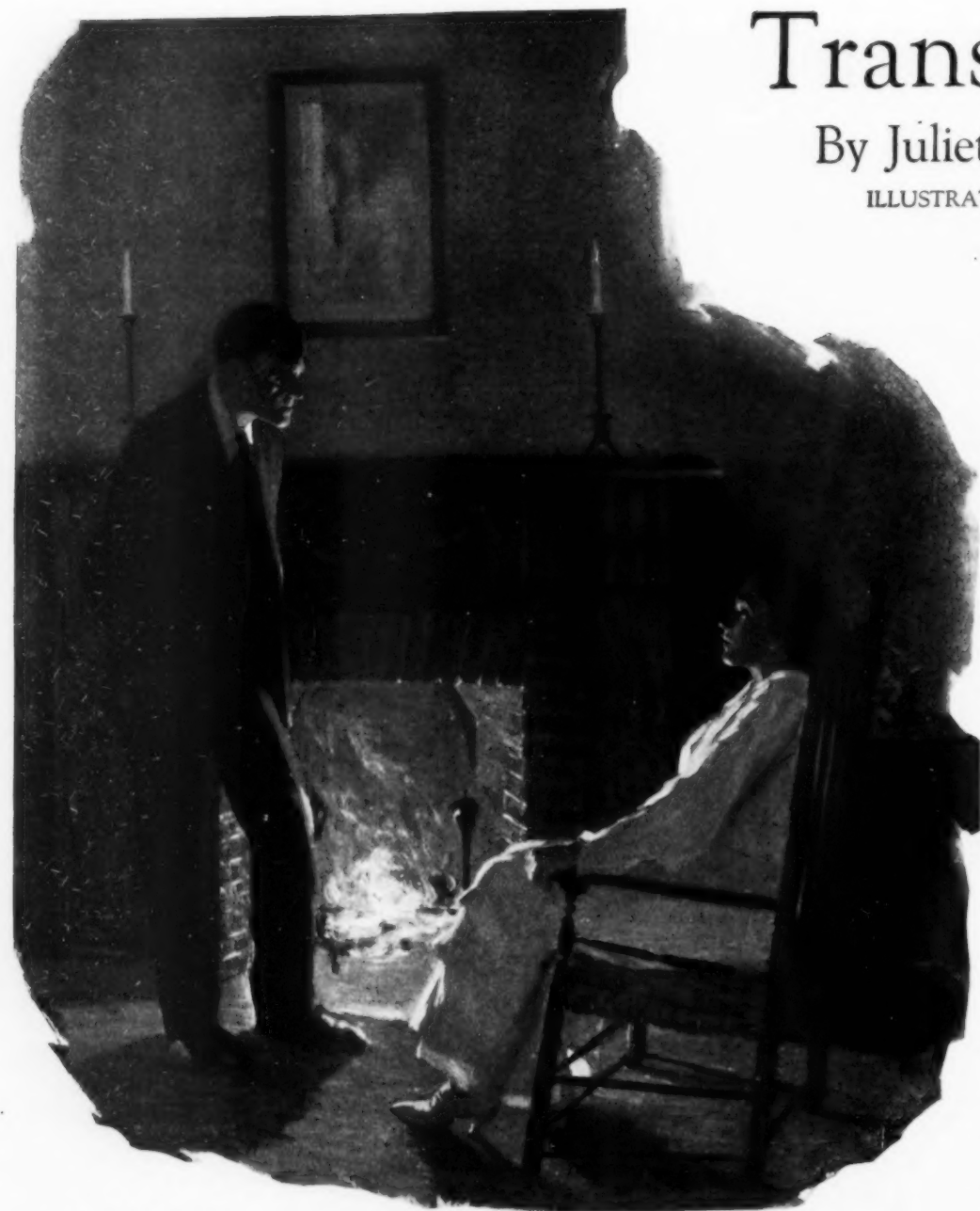


Daniel Lacey Towers had never considered himself much of a talker. But he talked now. He talked for two solid, unbroken hours.

Transformation

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. H. WAINWRIGHT



He cried harshly:

"We'll die when it's God's will, and no sooner. But women are all alike—crazy to try on their shrouds before it's time"

THE astonishing thing about it to Josie was that her father cared—cared openly, heavily, with all the pugnacity gone from his little reddish eyes and the forward thrust melted from his chin. He was always a man of few words, but those shouted; the sudden droop in his speech was more unnerving than anything the doctor had said. Josie had not dreamed that he cared about anything but his God and the whole-sale grocery business, two powers that he served with equal fidelity. She had supposed that he would pack her off with some companion and obliviously turn back to *The Gift of Calvin to Humanity*, a fiery labor that had been absorbing his evenings—and, alas, his dinner hours—ever since she could remember; but here he was, arranging to leave his chain of stores for an indefinite period, and sitting down opposite her every evening while Calvin lay neglected in the library. She did not at all know what to say to him. When Josie was little, she had cried if her father so much as frowned in her direction, and to this day he could make her heart quake in her side. He had not heard her natural voice since her mother died.

The doctor had said, of course, that there was nothing really the matter, but that Josie ought to get rid of her cold, and that a change of climate would be advisable. That was what he had said about her mother, ten years ago. Josie had known ever since that some day she would hear the same sentence pronounced. She was her mother all over—everyone said that—slight, shy, easily made happy but easily crushed, with lovely, melting, hazel eyes, and fine, limp hair that began too far back and that would lend itself to no fashion under the sun; one could only twist it into a tight lump, as graceless as the bell on the kitchen alarm clock, and try to confine the dripping short locks with combs and barrettes that were forever tumbling. Coward though she was before her father, she had no fear whatever of his God, and met the summons with the relief that follows a dread that is made a certainty. She would have found being ordered away pleasantly exciting if only Mr. McCullom had not shown this touching, embarrassing grief.

Neighbors did their best to deepen the shadow. All that last week kind eyes looked a misty farewell into Josie's, sympathetic hands closed about hers with poignant expressiveness while the voices struck a note of loud cheer. The doctor was positively hilarious. At first Josie enjoyed the importance—for a shy girl with impossible hair seldom tastes importance until she marries or dies; but by the last day it had begun to shake her nerve. She made her absurd little will. She wrote a touching letter to her best friend, to be delivered "afterward." Her father's church was firmly locked up on week days, but she slipped into the Episcopal church and stayed bowed down in the hallowed dimness until she caught her mind straying to her traveling hat, and a sad wonder if her father would not let her wear a little bang now. She had cut one at fourteen, but had been

obliged to spend humiliating weeks soaping it back. Still, it was not a theme for dying meditation, and she went home more than ever ashamed of the trivial longings that could persist to the last hour.

The natural outcome of all this worked-up emotion was a violent attack of conscience. The need to confess and be forgiven was like a great sob in her soul. She could not cast at her father her general guilt—that she had not loved him very much, that she had been dreadfully bored with Calvin; but there were specific acts that he might forgive—now. All the evening she trembled on the verge of confession while the neglected fire sunk to coals under the liver-colored marble mantelpiece (appropriately carved with urns) and her father drooped in the chair opposite, his finger in a closed book.

Something of the same need must have been in his soul, for suddenly he looked up.

"I've tried to be a good father to you, Josie," he said, his voice shockingly uncertain. "To do right by you. I've tried."

"Oh, I know!" Josie spoke in a quick whisper, eager to give him back his dominant certainty. Seeing him thus was like having him brought in maimed. "I know; you have always been right. And I never went against your wishes but once, Father. I have been wanting to tell you."

He should have stiffened, drawn back, let her break her soft heart against his hard righteousness, but he seemed to be forgetting the terrible importance of his own wishes. He was scarcely paying attention.

"It was three years ago, when I went to Brewster to visit Kitty Deane," she insisted. "Father, I let her curl my hair." She stopped, her jaw trembling in its sockets, but the old thunders did not answer. In his averted face was pain, but no wrath. Perhaps he was waiting to hear more. She would keep back nothing.

"At first I was uneasy, for I knew how you felt, and that if God had wanted it to be curly, he would have made it so," she rushed on. "And then when I saw how—how pretty it made me—I know that one ought not to care, but I did, oh, I did! My dowdy hair has spoiled my life; I was always embarrassed about it. But Kitty made it perfectly sweet, and then the college boys came to supper, and they thought I was pretty, and I was brave as a lion, and so happy! And I didn't care about anything else on earth. I'm like that, Father—worldly." She gave him another chance, but he only shaded his face with his hand and waited for the rest. The pink flush of Josie's earnestness deepened to a shamed red, and her voice stumbled, but she drove it on.

"There was one, a senior, who was there every day—oh, all the time! It was like what you dream coming true. After I went home he wrote, and then, without telling me, he came here. I was on the porch, and he saw my awful hair, and—and there was a change in his eyes. Father, it is terrible to have a man look disappointed at you! It is like

knives. He wanted to go right on liking me, but that first look—I was all killed inside. I couldn't try. I just prayed that he would go soon. And so he did. It was all over. But that was the only time I ever really, flatly disobeyed you, Father. I wanted you to know."

A hand that fumbled reached out and touched her knee. "You may curl your hair, Josie—all you want to;" her father's voice was one long sigh.

She slipped her cold fingers into his. "Oh, it doesn't matter now," she comforted him. Not for a thousand seniors would she have taken so much as the little bang. "I was only eighteen then, you know. And, besides, my hair has grown too thin—I couldn't do anything with it." In her longing to restore his spirit, she carried her comforting too far: "It won't matter how I look in Arizona!"

He started up. "Josie, you haven't one thing the matter with you but a cold," he cried harshly. "Didn't you hear the doctor say so? Haven't you got two ears and the rudiments of a brain? A trip won't hurt either of us—I guess I've got as much the matter with me as you have. We'll die when it's God's will, and no sooner. But women are all alike—crazy to try on their shrouds before it's time."

He was his shouting self again, and the atmosphere was magically cleared. Josie gave him the usual averted, nervous good night with a mighty relief. Things were not hopelessly different if her father could wax hot in the same old fashion.

In the morning she tried to carry out a series of last looks and last touches, but her spirit would dance over the fun of taking the train and spending the night in the city. At breakfast she took the very biggest, most candied and burst baked apple, from a sense that her father would want her to have it—now; but she was too excited to eat it. She ran up and down the stairs like a terrier. Her father, coming to tell her that the carriage was waiting, found her before her mirror, trying to pull a softening lock of hair down under her hat brim. She flushed at being so caught, but for once he had no comment. It was he who looked like the sick one when they reached the station.

Two aunts and three cousins were there to see them off, gruesomely cheerful, bearing magazines and purposely bright flowers and a traveling cushion. Under their insistent high spirits, the color faded from Josie's cheeks, and when, pressed to Aunt Miriam's breast, she felt a smothered sob there, she suddenly sobbed herself. Everybody cried at that, and was gayer than ever, and her father helped her to her place in the train as though her strength were already failing. Josie leaned back wanly against the traveling pillow, the red roses against her breast, very frightened and heartsick until she discovered that a neighboring young man was deeply interested in her case. In her sad situation, it should not have mattered, but a perverse cheer went stealing through her being, and she had to remember to look sad, lest she shock her father.

Five hours later they were in the city, walking up the great thoroughfare together. Mr. McCullom had wanted Josie to lie down, but her timid plea to go out had instantly been granted. It was part of the general bewilderment to find that her desires mattered, and Josie had set out with a sense of her doom heavy upon her; but she could not stay darkened before the splendor of the city. The avenue meant to her what wine, women and song meant to male youth—the glamor of life; and for once her revelry went unsnubbed. Normally, her father would have found the passers-by bedizened fools and the gay shops webs of evil, but today he had no holy wrath to pour out, and when at a crossing Josie put her hand under his arm, he pressed it as though he liked to feel it there. It was both sweet and sad.

She ventured to stop him before a milliner's blossoming window; but when he remarked dourly that she probably needed a hat—woman always did—she shook her head.

"I'd love one, but it is no use when you have my kind of hair; one looks just as awful as another," she explained, and turned away, bravely smiling.

Suddenly he stopped her. "What is that?" he demanded.

A hairdresser's window showed dummy ladies wearing every variety of wavy coiffure, while in the center a tiny figurine maid alternately placed and removed a light veil of curls above the bald waxen head of a seated figurine lady. Josie knew all about "transformations" and explained apologetically, braced for an explosion.

THEY are not really wigs," she insisted. "Just a little outer layer, Father. Very nice women wear them."

Mrs. Craven does. She says it saves hours of time and takes her hair off her mind—so it isn't just vanity, you see." She had flushed over her plea, her only wish being to avert his denunciation of womankind; but again she saw the beaten look that had so distressed her the night before. He was staring at her, and yet past her, perhaps back to the mother whom she was following. Then, without a word, he turned and marched into the shop.

"I want one of those for my daughter," he said sternly, pointing to the show window.

The saleswoman explained that those were models and that they only made to order, but he cut her short.

"We've got no time. I'll pay what you want. Let her choose the one she likes and show her how to put it on." And he strode out of the shop, slamming the door after him. Josie stood shaken, dumb. She knew now that she was to die very, very soon. Had the angel of the Lord appeared in person, she could not have been more sure or more amazed. Then the saleswoman held a soft handful of wavy hair against her stringy locks, for the color, and straightway death was forgotten.

When Josie came out, the ugly hollows under her hat were gone; a brown wave broke against either temple and softly rounded the nape of her neck. Her cheeks were pink, her eyes stars, and her step had a new force. Her father stood with his back to the show-case, grimmer than usual, his broad jaw thrust out, arms folded across his chest. He turned at the opening door and stared at his child without recognition.

For the first time in her life, her eyes were seeking his. "Father, it's the difference between the tide 'way out, all bare and forlorn, and the tide in!" she cried. "Oh, can't you please like it?" It was her own voice set free, the tone he had never heard. He let her hand curl into his.

"It makes you happy, Josie?" he asked, almost humbly. "So happy I could die!" she said, and then in pity would have caught back the word.

"You don't look much like dying," he said roughly. "Women are all alike—" The thunders of his wrath were loosened. All the way up the avenue he fulminated against the vanities of the rudimentary sex, while Josie glanced into every shop window for the reflection of her enchanting self, and turned on the passing world a face so softly shining, so shyly brave, that they might have thought her on her way to the altar rather than to Arizona. At a crowded corner, a depraved young man smiled at her—unmistakably, invitingly. It was, of course, mortally offensive, a dreadful thing to have happen to a nice girl.

"Does it mean that I am not a nice girl?" her shocked brain demanded of her thrilled heart.

The question repeated itself several times before that glorious day was over. By morning Josie had forgotten it and was drinking in without shame the universal tribute of pleased eyes. A cage door had opened—the lost had come home—it was like that. Josie McCullom was drunk, drunk as a lord; drunk on hair!

Of course she did not sleep that night; and she was up before daylight, a new queen practising the adjustment of her crown. When she followed her father down the aisle of the west-bound train, she was starry and flushed, more spirit than body. All these years she had been dead; now it was life she was going forth to seek. A young man in the opposite section started and stared as though he had found something that he had lost, but Josie had soared above individual tributes at that time. The lovely world spun past the windows, and she lay back listening to the song of her own being until her eyelids fell and she drifted into such sleep as she had not known since the doctor had advised Arizona.

HOURS later she came drifting back, at first to some hovering sadness, then to a burst of pure joy. Sleepy hands assured her that all was well with the beloved waves as she struggled up and looked about for her father. He had left a note pinned to the opposite seat, but her heavy eyes could not read it, and she laughed drowsily over the attempt.

"You are Josie McCullom," a serene, humorous voice said, as though she had denied it. It brought her back with a start, but the candor of sleep was still on her speech.

"Why, you are 'my senior!'" she said, awed before the miracle.

He smiled at that, a deepening smile that might have made her shy if it had been anyone else. He had been a droll, kind young man, very tranquil and deliberate, and until that last dreadful hour she had felt magically safe with him. Josie's spirit, set free, had light wings and an ecstatic song. The old, good security, an inarticulate sense of being protected and infinitely welcome, came back from the mere sight of him.

"May I c'mover?" he asked, just as he used to three years ago, and they shook hands laughing. He had the same way of crossing his knees high and hooking one long arm about his head as he settled down, turned wholly toward her—a delightfully permanent-feeling attitude. She faced him, shamelessly glad of her waving hair.

"You begin," she said.

To the condemned, on the fatal morning, is brought one last sumptuous meal of whatever the fancy dictates. Josie, given her choice of anything life could offer, would have chosen just this—to be pretty and sitting beside Sam Foster. But that he should now be living in Arizona—she would not have had the audacity to ask that. And yet it was true.

"Don't you remember how at college I planned to be an editor?" he began gravely. "I preferred a distinguished magazine, but I wasn't above a high-class, non-partisan newspaper, if I had entire control of its policy. You do remember?"

"I won't laugh at it," Josie was keeping back laughter by main force. "And if you are doing anything less, I'm disappointed in you."

"Less!" It was a high cry. "My good girl, I have come to see that an advertising agent has all the professions in one. Advertising is as human as medicine, as uplifting as the ministry, as creative as literature, as—look at that darn fool sign sticking up out there in that meadow!"

Josie turned where his scornful nod indicated, but not in time. "I didn't see what it was about," she said.

"Of course, you didn't," he triumphed. "That is why I called it darn fool. If our firm had put that up, even at fifty miles an hour you would have known that there was a Mother Earth Garden Hose or a Pan Dandy Biscuit or that the Licketty Split Peas were brimful of vim—we put some gimp into things in Arizona!"

Josie laughed till she cried. "You—you!" was all she could say.

"Give me time," he protested. "An editor has to know a lot, and, believe me, I'm learning. Every day I learn a little something."

"How did you come to go so far from home?" she asked. "It was home that moved. There was an epidemic of typhoid, and the old man worked so hard over his patients that we got a fright about one of his lungs. So—"

Josie had suddenly remembered. Her hands fell limp, the glow faded; she turned her head toward the window that he might not read her doom in her stricken eyes, and so did not see the shocked widening of his. Sam's voice went cheerfully on and on.

"Of course, he hadn't a thing the matter, really," he was saying when she could listen again. "But he got so interested in practising out there that he wouldn't go back. I have just been home to close up—"

"Well, Josie!" Mr. McCullom stood in the aisle, staring frank amazement. "I left word for you to come and get your lunch," he added harshly, indicating his note.

"Father, this is an old friend, Mr. Sam Foster," Josie explained. "He made me forget all about lunch." The shadow was on her lifted face, so plainly that Mr. McCullom's bristles dropped.

"Well, run along and get it," he said, passing his hand heavily across his forehead. "How do you do, Mr. Foster."

He would have ended it there, but perhaps the advertising man knew things that would have been hidden from the editor, for, when Josie came back, her father was seated in her senior's section, and the two were talking advertising in relation to the wholesale grocery business, so absorbedly that her return apparently was unnoticed.

Mr. McCullom presently switched to Calvin, and he was holding forth on the world's need of purification through austerity at the very moment when Josie discovered that there was a tiny mirror in her new purse. Shielding it in her palms, she studied the soft, abundant roll of her hair, first with one eye, then with the other, frankly loving it,

openly smiling. The young man across the aisle was a little too solemn to be perfectly convincing, but Mr. McCullom, lost in his theme, noticed nothing until a cough shook Josie—the cough that she was to lose in Arizona, as her mother had lost hers. The sound quenched Calvin, swept everything but his child from Mr. McCullom's earth. While he was closing windows, insisting on a wrap, Sam slipped away to the smoking-room, where he sat for a long time, sunk down in somber thought.

A ten-minute stop brought Josie past the door in her cloak, and he hurried out after her. The shadow had gone, leaving her in full sunlight. The languid droop of the past weeks had left her; she stepped out strongly, enjoying the cold air, the platform under her feet, the passing travelers who glanced at her so kindly. She looked like youth and health incarnate. Sam watched her unseen for some moments, then visibly shook off care and joined her.

"What have you been doing all these years?" he asked as they fell into step.

OH, keeping house, going to the library and the post-office, meeting the same girls to do the same things—

The appalling dulness of it smote her awakening senses. "Oh, I am so tired of taking the same walks under the same elms! Why couldn't I have been an advertising man and had things happen!"

"If you knew just what does happen to a young advertising man—" he began grimly.

"I don't care! You were making something, building, learning! You weren't positively glad when you fell ill, because here at last was something important."

"Enough to make you ill," he scolded. "But girls do strike out, nowadays."

"Not with my father! And besides—"

"Well?"

How could he understand that a girl who was apologetic about her hair had not the courage, the driving force, of a girl who met a sure welcome in every encounter? "I could do it now," she said with a thrilled laugh. "Oh, I could move mountains now. I could even wrestle with Calvin." As they swung about, she saw her father standing by himself, looking rather bleak and sorrowful, and in her new courage she went up to him, slipping her hand through his arm. "I haven't been so happy in years," she whispered. "Please don't be sorry, Father!"

He started, looking from her glowing face to the waiting young man. "Oh, women are all alike, crazy for attention," he muttered, but feebly. A new trouble clouded his eyes as the two strode away. They were together the rest of the day, and he watched them with his upper lip clamped down, as though he saw a hard duty coming.

He let her have her night's sleep, but in the morning he spoke. They were nearing Chicago, and Josie had come down the aisle with her hat nicely adjusted to the soft waves of her hair, the old shrinking gone from her happy eyes. They smiled at her father as though he must see how good it was, and he breathed hard over his task.

"Josie, you must tell that young man," he said through set jaws.

Her hand stole up to her hair, the new joy went out like a blown candle.

"Oh, Father!" It was a breath of utter desolation.

"It is not fair to him that he should get interested in you, not knowing," Mr. McCullom suffered visibly, but there was no compromise in his soul. "Either you tell him this day, or I will."

[Continued on page 38]



Josie's laugh interrupted, and, after a surprised halt, he laughed with her. "Ah, my dear, there are no feminine secrets from an advertising man," he admitted.

IF WE SUGAR-COAT OUR EDUCATION, AND MAKE SPOILED DARLINGS OF OUR CHILDREN

What Will Their Tomorrow Be?

By Marguerite Clement

Member of French Educational Mission

Decoration from a bas-relief and group by

Onorio Ruotolo



TELL me what your schools are, and I will tell you what the future of your country will be. Is school a place where boys and girls go to enjoy themselves in prevision of the future when it will no longer be possible to do so? Or is the ideal school a place where the young are supposed to learn—as pleasantly as possible—how to make such unpleasant effort as life is sure later on to require from them all?

I have journeyed East and West, North and South; from Detroit to New Orleans, from New York to St. Paul. I have seen public and private schools, big and little. The Middle West has shown me its boys and girls sitting side by side on the same benches; and the South its separate schools for boys and girls. I remember, even, a military academy at Augusta, where the boys still wear the soldier's uniform and observe the same discipline as the French *Lycees* practised under Napoleon the First. Too, I found an occasional old-fashioned convent which gave me an unexpected whiff of the seventeenth century. And at every one of these sixty or seventy high schools that I visited, I have addressed the students and interviewed the teachers.

And I find myself, after so many experiences, wondering what an American high school really is. It certainly does not answer to our French notion. It is a free place where boys and girls look strikingly happy, doing particularly what they choose. They do it together—with an excellent public spirit and in buildings which are about the most wonderful that any nation has ever allowed its young people to enjoy. Indeed, some of these buildings have more than a princely magnificence; they have a spiritual beauty. I remember the Superintendent in Cincinnati who drew my attention to the gently curved front of the new high school: "It is I," he said, "who have asked the architect to avoid straight hard lines. I wanted our school to suggest open arms, to speak to the students' eyes even before our teaching could reach their hearts."

In French high schools drinking-water even is not provided for the children when they are thirsty. They manage to keep their thirst to themselves and, incidentally, to forget all about it. Why, American students might go on a strike if iced-water were not provided in sufficient quantity! An American school is indeed a comfortable place for young people to spend their leisurely youth.

It's a real republic, too, where the young citizens come to train themselves in self-government, to learn leadership, organization and public speaking. Many a time I have been introduced to an audience of a thousand pupils by a girl of sixteen, sensible, eloquent, self-possessed, obviously much more at ease than I. The Assembly seems everywhere animated by the finest public spirit, and its response to the right sort of an appeal is spontaneous and enthusiastic. When I mentioned the possibility of exchanging letters with their unknown young French friends, forward they came with their names and addresses so that, at the present moment, twenty-two thousand young people have been writing one another.

In a certain large school the students wrote to the French Ambassador about my work. The text of the letter is as astonishing as the fact of the letter itself. They praise me for having confined myself to a presentation of things that all could approve and admire "at a time when it is so easy to be bitter and to rant and rave against our enemies." No French youth, to save his life, would ever dream of corresponding with a foreign ambassador.

In developing initiative, a sense of responsibility and organization, our French schools have a great deal to learn from the American schools which, while educating the individual, constantly bear the community in mind. Indeed, if a school were not supposed to be a place where pupils go in order to get some knowledge or at least some cultural training, there would be no room for criticism of the average American school. But the old prejudice is still alive in our French minds. We believe in mental effort and in competition which helps to stimulate it. With us a good student not only must be somebody, but must also know something. He must be prepared to use his intellect as well as his will; he must care for studies as much as for games, if not more. The fact remains that the American youth is not exalted by his intellectual activity any more than he is depressed by his mental exertion.

When you go to a French high school, the first thing that you see, right in the middle of the classroom, is a roll of honor which lists the best students in mathematics, French composition, modern languages and so on. Once a year, while the city band is playing its most stirring tunes, with all the parents gazing on the ceremony, the names of the best students are read out and due honor paid to brains as well as to work. It is the best method I know of decreasing the unpopularity of, let us say, mathematics. America has done away with all sorts of competition, except in games, strange to tell. She honors football and basket-ball which do not need it, for those sports will manage by themselves to retain the favor of youth.

The results of such an attitude of mind are obvious. Generally speaking, the American girl and still more the American boy are indifferent to learning. The same is too often true of their families. A French mother will call on the principal and say to him, "Please, keep an eye on Jack. He is a lazy sort. I know him. Don't be afraid of giving him plenty to do. It will keep him out of mischief." The American mother will literally say to the head-mistress, "I don't want my girl to be super-educated; just keep her in good health and give her a good time."

The leader in a French classroom is always the best scholar, regardless of connections, wealth, or appearance. He is known to understand more quickly, to concentrate better and is expected to be more dependable. In America, the leader is the one who is best in sports, possibly the best speaker. What are the poor teachers expected to do under the circumstances? How can they overcome such a national contempt for intellectual ability? That is why, devoted though they may be and helped by all sorts of books, motion-pictures and laboratories, the teachers have not succeeded in giving America what we French educators consider as a minimum of intellectual information.

OFTEN the ignorance of your quick, intelligent Americans sometimes seems to me unequaled by any other nationality that I know. You have a gift for forgetting. There is an Institute of Fine Arts where the students are not accepted if they have not previously taken a two-year course in history. Well, they do take the course in order to get in. But when they are asked if it were in ancient or modern or medieval history, the not infrequent answer is: "Wait a minute, now, what was it?"

I am far from underestimating the fine points of American schools. In no other do as many possibilities lie. The brains are there and often the right methods; the buildings; the teachers; the students, hundred of thousands of them. In Europe, these young people would have to go to work at thirteen, but here they are given four or five complete years for quiet development. So it seems a pity that such unique opportunities are not made the most of. After all, any criticism which may be made of America is always more or less prompted by the overwhelming belief in what America could be if she only chose. That she has failed to give her young enough knowledge would not matter so much if she had succeeded in teaching them how to use the little they have. For good judgment is better than a crammed head, and any culture worth the name is supposed to be useful as well as ornamental.

But take the average student of French of the average American high school. I repeat: the average and not the superior school. Well, the boys and girls know French, except that they do not speak it; they cannot understand it when it is spoken; they will not write it and do not care to read it. What do they do in the classroom, you ask? They translate English into French; an exercise which has never been of any use to anybody but professional interpreters and which guards them forever against thinking in French directly, and therefore, against speaking French correctly.

And do not believe that the teachers are always responsible for this state of affairs. They would often be only too pleased to try something else. The college requirements are mainly to blame. Colleges and universities are still mightily interested in formal grammar and abnormal verbs, or in insignificant particulars concerning history and literature. The student is asked to answer twenty questions, each one more idle than the other; but he is never given a French magazine to read at first sight, nor is he expected to comment on it in English.

The very sight of an American examination paper is preposterous to a French teacher. The English ones are almost as bad. I shall long remember the shock I experienced at Cambridge, England, when I came across a modern-language paper with sixteen points to elucidate. No more! The simplest asked for a discussion of the influence of the French Revolution upon French literature! Four hours, I think, were allowed for the whole thing. These Anglo-Saxons! They have an alert mind! When I took my first university degree, I was asked to write an essay, explaining this short judgment on Lamartine's *Meditations*: "At last, these are lines which are poetry." That was all. I have a feeling that it was enough.

SO the methods of work have something to do with the poverty of the results. Young people of thirteen, in many of your schools, are cordially invited to choose between many different courses, the ones which especially agree with their aptitudes, their tastes or their needs. But, alas! If there is one thing in the world of which these young people are more ignorant, it is their own needs. Consequently, they choose the easiest, possibly the most popular studies. The moment they meet with some unexpected difficulties, they drop the particular course; all under the smiling supervision of teachers and principals.

A French girl's school has a general schedule for the use of every student until she is sixteen. Then a few subjects, only a few, become optional; drawing, for instance, music, gymnastics (!), modern foreign literature, and often mathematics. No chosen subject can be dropped except for the most serious reasons. No cut is allowed, no homework excused. As they are sure of support in every family, the teachers may enforce their rules and gain for any subject the respect of every pupil. It is true that fewer subjects are taught there than here.

You have, too, a dangerous habit of perusing instead of pondering. People hurry toward two or three topics, as, for example, in your newspapers, not knowing why nor how. They content themselves with the headlines and believe they are informed because they have been given larger possibilities for information. Such a habit is ruinous with the young. Youth is about the only time of life, in this modern age of ours, when we have a chance to wonder at the world or enjoy our minds in a leisurely fashion. Why not profit by it, through enforcing on these light-heads some slow, comprehensive and deepening method?

The fundamental practise in the classrooms of all French high schools is absolutely unknown, not only in America but in England as well. It consists of literary comment on a valuable short text. A whole hour is devoted to the explanation of, say, twenty lines of one of our classics. We make sure of the exact subtle meaning of every word; then we discuss the ideas themselves, comparing them with our own or with ideas of other centuries. We attempt through a line to identify an age, its belief, its habits, its contribution to our own thought. We wander peacefully over a limited enchanting field, where every detail is of priceless value.

And if you like to know the result of such restful pedagogy, I will copy here a little French essay, written by

[Continued on page 31]

The Dark Mirror

By Louis Joseph Vance

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARK FAY

PART THREE

RENDEZVOUS WITH DESTINY

For Synopsis, see page 38

BY the time Priscilla Maine had spent twenty minutes and all her patience garnering snubs from one cab company after another, the van of the thunderstorm had passed. Resigning herself to a drenching, she locked up and scampered through swimming streets to Fifth Avenue—where a trudging bus picked her up. At the end of her journey, likewise, she had two blocks to run, from Fifth to Park Avenue, before she got home with hat, suit, furs and temper all demoralized.

A hot bath and the ease of negligée should have lent her some tranquillity, but did not. She made the merest pretense of dining. She could not forget.

Past seven; in less than three hours Leonora must start upon her journey.

As the evening aged with desolating deliberation, the tension of anxiety became maddening, the need to know a consuming prepossession. By nine Priscilla was beside herself, pacing madly to and fro, hag-ridden by premonitions so awful she dared not name them even to herself.

A little before ten she was made aware that the peak of her transports had been reached and passed. Of a sudden she found herself more calm.

Intuition divined the explanation: In that strange, deep sympathy which made them one, her mental and emotional processes faithfully reflected Leonora's; what agonies of doubts and fears she had suffered tonight were but replicas of Leonora's. But now the time of waiting was over. Leonora had left her hiding-place and, committing herself bravely to her dark adventure, had found relief in action.

If only she might be with Leonora tonight, seeing what she saw, doing what she did, knowing what she knew, participating in every reaction of her wits and perceptions.

But the barrier of Priscilla's waking consciousness stood between them like a wall. Only if she could sleep, it was possible she might dream.

Darkening her bed-chamber, she went to the window, opened it, and tarried a little in its recess, looking out. Rain was still falling, brimming gutters, flooding sidewalks. The air carried a pungent smell of cleanliness. Under ebony umbrellas, footfarers forged blindly into the wind or scudded briskly before it. She thought of Leonora struggling, through that scouring tempest.

She turned back to her bed, threw herself down upon it without undressing, and lay unmoving, wide eyes staring blindly into the tempered darkness. On her dressing-table the crystal of a gilt French clock caught a clear beam from some street light and was transfigured into the likeness of a little captive moon of dead white glare. Upon this, the brightest spot in the room, Priscilla's gaze focused naturally. For minutes on end she watched it, in a state of lethargic fascination, until the little moon began to grow, spread out, its cold light filling the room, the world, and all the spaces of her consciousness, so that she was no more aware of herself as Priscilla Maine, an individual entity, but only as a pin-point of anonymous being adrift in the measureless incoherence of infinity.

SHE had neither rain-coat nor umbrella; gusts of pelting drops stung the bare flesh of her face like birdshot. Long before she found herself in *The Street*, her thin cloak was soaked through, her shoes were squelching, her sodden skirts were clinging tenaciously to her legs, making progress incredibly difficult.

A night of terror, she thought, with a shiver as much of dread as of cold, pausing in the lee of a corner to regain her breath; a night in which anything might happen.

Resolutely she put that thought behind her; she did not dare to be afraid. Pitilessly she spurred herself on once more, turning aside into a sullen street, ill-lighted, wholly desolate in all its visible length save for the shining welcome of saloon windows in the middle of the block—beacons marking the end of the first stage of her journey.

The saloon, a den of the lowest sort, occupied quarters first intended for a shop. Under a sign *Family Entrance*, a single door stood open on a short hallway where a constricted staircase ascended to regions of uninviting darkness. Leonora, however, mounted with confidence and, finding a blank door at the top, planted a confident finger on a push-button which she could not possibly have located by sight.

A venomous buzz resounded. Shuffling feet drew near the door, and a grille opened, letting out a shaft of light which fell squarely on the girl's face.

She said coolly: "Lo, John. Le'me in."

The head framed by the grille uttered a noise, something between a grunt and a growl. A chain-bolt rattled and the door swung inward. Leonora entered, paused, faced the

"What's the trouble, dearie?" Inez spoke with cloying sweetness but the other was too far gone in despair to notice or to care. "Anything I can do to help?"

"I don't know"—Leonora shook her head slowly—"guess not."

"Whyn't you tell me and find out?" Inez leaned across the body of the drug victim and placed a coarse red hand affectionately over Leonora's. "You can trust me, I guess. We're all in this mess together, ain't we?"

"It's only Red," Leonora responded dully. "He said for me to come to him tonight. He sent word by Charlie—said I'd got to come tonight. Charlie promised he'd meet me here and show me the way. He wouldn't tell me—said Red made him swear not to. I don't see why. But I wish to God Charlie'd kept his word to me like he did to Red."

"What do you mean?"

"I was afraid of this." She nodded at the unconscious man.

"Charlie promised me he wouldn't smoke more'n two pipes."

Inez laughed shrilly. "Guess he must 've had six," she declared. "I've rolled three pills for him since I came in."

"And now he's down and out," Leonora pursued, "and I don't know how to find Red, and he won't take any excuses."

Inez, "I'm scared!"

"You poor kid!" Inez tightened her clasp on Leonora's hand. "But you don't have to worry. I'll take you to Red."

"You?" Leonora cried, staring. "How'd you know?"

"Oh, I been there half a dozen times at least."

The smile of conscious triumph, which Inez could not suppress, brought back vividly to mind the rivalry which had always existed between them and which had flared up into open hostility at their last encounter. Resentment kindled in Leonora's eyes, and hot color flushed her cheeks; but she grimly fought down the impulse to give her anger tongue. Not only was that precisely what Inez wanted, but it might prove fatal. There was more than pride at stake, there was the life of him who loved her and whom she loved. Nothing, indeed, but that love of hers for Mario had broken down her will to refuse Red's summons; only the threat of Red's vengeance wreaked on Mario had made her supple to the gangster's will.

She looked up, pride conquered and trampled underfoot by love.

"Inez," she pleaded simply, "I got to see Red tonight or I don't know what'll happen. Please take me to him, Inez!"

The woman delayed her response for a moment, that she might relish the full flavor of her triumph. Then she said: "Sure I will, dearie. C'mon, let's go."

Again the night, the wind, the rain, the laborious transit of dim, weltering streets. Elbow to elbow, heads bowed, the two women trudged in tight-lipped silence through a tortuous maze of murky backways till they came to a block of sinister tenements, into one of which, plucking Leonora by the sleeve, Inez turned. In the unsavory lower hall Leonora spoke incredulously: "Not here?"

Inez gave a negative gesture: "I should say not. Across the roofs. You don't suppose I'm such a simp as to lead a dick to the right door, do you?"

"You don't think we're followed?" Leonora demanded in quick alarm. Inez nodded emphatically. "Who was it?"

"Nobody I ever seen before; a new bird, I guess, from some uptown precinct. Coarse worker, too; he must've spotted you first, 'cause he was waitin' when we came out and trailed us all the way. C'mon."

They began to run up long flights of stairs lighted only by single gas-jets on every other landing, and noisome with stench of evil cookery. Gusts of voices lifted in rude laughter or in quarrel issued from doorways that stood wide. Once there was the sound of weeping, sickening dull wails of some woman cruelly used. And always the inevitable squalling of children fretful in unhappiness.

On the top landing Inez paused to peer over the rail. "That's him," she panted, nodding. Leonora joined her. At the bottom of the gloomy well of the staircase the foreshortened figure of a man was visible, his upturned face a mere blur of flesh color. But something individual in the pose caught Leonora's eye and prodded what she took for some memory half-erased.



With racial economy of gesture the Chinese jerked a thumb toward the rear of the house. Leonora moved down the hall, disdainfully sniffing tainted air.

guardian of the portal—a Chinese, aged, shriveled of face, shrunken of body, impassive—whom she addressed with the brusque insouciance of old acquaintance.

"Charlie anywhere about?"

With racial economy of gesture the Chinese jerked a thumb toward the rear of the house and turned to refasten the door. Leonora moved down the hall, disdainfully sniffing tainted air, and entered a large room whose atmosphere was mephitic with the sickly-sweet fumes of opium. Here, in half-curtained bunks or on thin mattresses upon the floor, in a forbidding half-light furnished by a shaded lamp, perhaps a dozen men and women lay, deep in drugged stupors. One only was apparently in complete possession of her wits—the woman, Inez, of whom Leonora had seen nothing since that fateful night at Ristori's. She alone recognized in any way this addition to the company, looking up with a sullen face from her seat on the edge of the mattress on which lay the man whom Leonora had come to meet.

In dismay that blinded her completely to the sneer which Inez sought in vain to dissemble, Leonora dropped to her knees and shook him with frantic hands.

"Charlie!" she cried in a voice urgent with fright and entreaty—"wake up, Charlie! For God's sake, wake up!"

The man's head rolled from side to side with horrifying limpness, his lips moved tremulously without closing, otherwise he made no sign.

Not one person in the room so much as turned a head when the cries of the frantic girl disturbed the quiet, not even Inez. Evil exultation continued to inform her cold eyes as long as they were unobserved; but Leonora found them quick with specious sympathy when, at length appreciating the futility of her efforts, she loosed her hold on Charlie's shoulders and sank back on her heels.

"My God!" she said, with a stricken face—"what'm I to do?"

"That's no dick," she said impulsively.
 "How d'you know?"
 "I don't know, but somehow I do. Seems like I must've seen him somewhere before."
 "Well, if he ain't no pussyfoot, what for's he followin' us?"

"I don't know," Leonora repeated vaguely. "Maybe I'm wrong."
 She was not, as the Self knew that journeyed with her, though she did not suspect its company.

An iron ladder rose to a trap-door through which they crawled out upon the roof. Here the blackness was oppressive, and the tempest had unhindered sweep. Time and again vicious blasts all but carried the two women off their feet. They slipped, stumbled and bruised their bodies against unseen obstacles. Leonora lost all sense of reckoning and was beginning to wonder how Inez could hold on so confidently, when she stopped, knelt, and began to tug at the heavy hatch of another trap-door. Between them they threw it back, and descended a second iron ladder into a hallway, which Inez seemed to recognize instantly.

"It's all right," she whispered harshly. "The door on the left, at the back. You know the high sign. I'll be shutting this trap. Look sharp—before somebody lamps us!"

She climbed back to wrestle with the hatch, while Leonora, turning to the door designated, saluted its panels with the peculiar rap which alone would be acknowledged by Red.

For some time she waited, hearing no sounds from the far side of the door, hearing indeed nothing other than the bluster of the storm and Inez petulantly anathematizing the clumsy and obstinate hatch. Presently the thing fell into place with a crash and the girl turned, looking to see Inez drop to the landing and surprised that she did not, but with a surprise no sooner conceived than smothered in a greater. For the door swung open suddenly, and a voice she knew, for whose accents she had hungered ceaselessly for days on end, cried in amazement:

"Leonora!"

And looking up into the face of the man Mario, the girl uttered a broken cry of wonder and gladness. She did not understand how this thing had come about, that she should find here the man she loved where she had thought to find that other whom she feared with fear so profound that it was twin with hatred. But it didn't matter; in the stunning joy of that surprise, nothing seemed to matter except that chance had led her at last to Mario, in spite of all her struggles to keep away from him, to deny love and self lest she entangle him in the toils of her misfortunes.

She went as naturally to his arms as a child in trouble to the arms of its father. Inez, Red, Leo the police, forgotten in the happiness of that meeting.

Gently drawing her across the threshold, Mario shut the door between them and the world.

"So you have come to me—at last!"

She lifted her rain-sweet face from the warm haven of his shoulder, blindly yearning toward his lips—and remembered. With a convulsive movement she struggled from his arms.

"Leonora!" he protested, "what is it?"

"Red!" she gasped, staring wildly around—"Leo—where are they?"

"How should I know? What are those two to me—to us?"

"Where are we?"

"In my rooms, as you see—well beyond the reach of those cutthroats!"

"But"—a dubious hand faltered to her cheek—"I came here to meet Red. He sent for me. Inez brought me."

"Then Inez led you amiss, dear—no, alright!" His arms again enfolded her. "And thank God for that!"

She fell into a silence, misgivings benumbed by wonder. Impossible to couple the thought of Red with quarters of such strange quality, all but impossible to credit the fact of their existence in that shabby tenement or anywhere within the boundaries of a neighborhood so mean.

In this main room, dark hangings disguised the walls, with framed paintings like glowing windows open on exotic landscapes, and shelves heavy laden with volumes in rich bindings. An antique Chinese rug of exquisite artistry hid, in part, a polished dark floor of parquetry. Upon a library table of old Spanish oak, books, manuscripts, and *objets d'art* were lustrous in the warm light of a lamp of wrought brass. Wide-armed chairs of deep upholstery offered caressing invitation.

The girl shook a bewildered head. "And you've lived here all along, Mario—!"

"Here I have come to rest, Leonora, worn out with the weariness and disappointment of fruitless searching for you. Since that day when you did not call me up and meet me, as you promised, but disappeared without word or sign—I have been half a madman. How could you torture me so?"

"I didn't mean to—I couldn't help myself."

"Where have you been?"

"Not far—hiding."

"From the police? Because of that business at Ristori's? You were involved in that? Carnehan, too, and all those others, as well as Bielinsky?" She nodded to every question. "I feared this! Tell me what happened. Why did you not come to me first of all?"

"I was afraid—"

"Afraid of the man who loves you, whom you love? You do love me, Leonora?"

"Yes," she murmured—"yes, with all of me, Mario!"

"Then why—?"

"I was afraid of Red. He swore he'd have you murdered if I ever spoke to you again."

"That, then, was the only reason why you wouldn't send me one word to say you still lived, you were well, you thought of me?"

"I didn't want anything to happen to you."

"Yet death itself were preferable to such torments of doubt!"

"I know, Mario, I know. Wasn't I suffering the same way? I wanted you so much, I needed you, I thought about you all the time, dear, day and night."

"And I thought you had deserted me. Ah, forgive me!"

"Red's sure you train with the cops, and he and Leo are desperate. They've had it all fixed for days to lay up in a safe place over in Jersey, but they can't make a getaway; the bulls are watching too close, they're all over."

"But why Carnehan? The papers said nothing of him in connection with the affair, only the man Bielinsky."

"It was Red done up those two at Ristori's. Leo wasn't even in the room. Because Red killed 'em both, we all beat it without anybody seeing us except Ristori. And nobody knows how much he's talked, but the cops have been at him ever since. Maybe he didn't tell anything, like the papers say. Maybe he got the third degree and spilled everything he knew. Then there's Harry. He's gone South—I mean, disappeared—and if he once gets where he thinks he's safe, he'll squeal sure as death. Likely he has already. Only Headquarters knows, and it isn't saying. Sometimes they have sense enough to work that way, keep all they know under their hats and pretend they're gunning for somebody besides the bird they're really after. So now it's maybe Red they're laying for on the quiet, all the while they're kicking up this row about Leo, making out they think he's the only one. Don't you see?"

"All but why you had to hide."

"Because I was in the room when it happened. Ristori saw me. Harry knew I was there. Besides, the cops are looking for anybody who knew Leo—and they know I know him. If they get me on the carpet, and then a warrant sworn out charging Red with murder, no matter if I haven't peeped a word, I'll get the credit for squealing."

"I see now. My poor hunted love!" Mario gave a gesture of decision. "No matter. Now you are with me, there is no more to fear. All that is ended!"

In those eyes that looked up so hungrily to his, doubt contended with desire to be persuaded. "I wish I could see how it's ended."

"Because you have come to me, because I shall take you away with me tonight—far, far from these haunts of crime and terror—and make you my wife!"

"Oh, if you only could!"

"What is to prevent?"

She hesitated, then cried in

SOMEWHERE a tiny bell began to ring.

The body resting on the bed in the darkened chamber stirred uneasily and flung out a hand of ineffective protest. The noise persisted relentlessly. The somnambulist started up on an elbow, made as if to rise, sank back again with a sigh of relief when the ringing was suddenly interrupted.

She lay with open eyes, unwinking, in a confusion of divided consciousness, aware of the snug darkness of that room so intimately her own, and at the same time living intently in that distant place where two wills were contending, striving each to impose upon the other its conception of what was right, fair, just, and inevitable.

Of the two scenes, the stranger was the stronger; all her interest was centered therein, and all other things were negligible beside the issue of that struggle, since that issue must be (this she knew with passionate certitude) nothing less than life or death—life with love, or death with shame.

Perception of her bodily environment was waning swiftly; with all the strength of her she was willing herself back to Leonora.

The telephone began again with short, strident bursts of sound.

She faltered, hesitated, looked back. In bitter resentment, she understood she could go no further, accomplish nothing, till that insensate thing had been silenced.

And no time to waste; Leonora needed her too much. She must respond.

In sleep-waking, the girl sat up on the side of the bed, drew the telephone to her. It continued to chatter angrily till the receiver was actually at her ear and she had said: "Hello?"

Out of the enigma of night, Philip Fosdick's voice cried: "Priscilla!"

She answered without emotion: "Yes?"

"It is I—Philip."

In the same toneless voice, she said: "Yes, Philip."

"Did I wake you up? Sorry! I had to."

"Yes."

"Listen to me, Priscilla: I've seen Leonora! I saw her in the street, followed her for blocks, lost her when she entered a tenement; and now I'm on the watch, waiting for her to come out. I had to be sure you were at home—safe. Are you all right?"

"Yes, Philip."

"Are you quite awake? You don't seem to understand. I tell you, I have seen Leonora—the girl you dream about—a living woman so like you I couldn't at first believe it wasn't you in disguise!"

"Yes, Philip."

"So now you needn't worry any more. I'm on the right track at last. The problem will be solved in no time, once I clap my eyes on that girl again."

"Yes, Philip."

"Priscilla! Can't you say anything else? Is anything the matter?"

"No, Philip. . . . I am quite all right."

—am safe with Mario now. . . . Mario will take good care of me. Good night."

He pulled himself together and started for her, but again fell back on finding himself under the threat of his own pistol. . . . The girl was tense, her eyes dark with settled purpose. The man stood swaying slightly from side to side. . . . murder glimmering in bloodshot eyes

passionate protest: "I can't, Mario, I can't. The risk's too big. I tell you, you don't know Red. He never gives up. He'll follow us to the end of the earth. It isn't me alone—it's you. How can I do anything I know'll mean your death?"

"Never fear!" The Spaniard had a short laugh of scorn. "Do you imagine that good Mr. Carnehan will remain long at liberty, now I know what you've just told me?"

For a long moment she said nothing, but after one short step back from him, stood staring with widening eyes of dismay and protest.

"You don't mean you'd squeal, Mario!"

"Why not?"

"It means the Chair for Red!"

"Shall that stop me when your life and happiness are at stake? Am I to let the life of a thug be a constant menace to the woman I love?"

She started forward and caught the lapels of his coat with frantic hands. "Mario, you mustn't! You mustn't go to the cops! It's death, I tell you—yours and mine." He shook his head with a compassionate smile that only served to excite her to a higher pitch of distracted pleading. "Mario! if you do, they'll get us, they'll get both of us—sure!"

"But every word you say proves there is no room for the three of us in this world. It is his life or ours. Resign yourself, Leonora. No argument can move me."

"But you can't, Mario—you can't! I won't let you. I won't be the kind of a girl that'll squeal on a pal!"

"It is no fault of yours, dear, if I make proper use of information which comes to me by chance."

"No, Mario—please!" she sobbed.

He shook his head. She flung angrily away, then swung back, her countenance ablaze. "Do you think I'd go away with you if you did that—marry you—go on loving you, even? Well, you're wrong, you're dead wrong, Mario. Get me right: I love you but— You do like you say, and I'll see you damned!"

Without waiting for his reply, she hung up the receiver, replaced the telephone on the stand, sighed, and again stretched out upon the bed.

Immediately deep sleep enfolded her senses like a warm cloud of darkness, and her soul fared forth once more on its far quest.

OUT of that blank void grew light and shade in a nebulous swirl of formless patches. Only by slow degrees did it subside. The first thing recognized was the concerned dark face of Mario.

She was in one of the big chairs. Mario knelt with an arm around her shoulders, lifting them forward a trifle that she might drink with more ease from the glass of dark red wine which he was offering her.

"What . . . ?" she essayed in a husky whisper.

"Drink before you try to talk." His tone was tenderly imperative. She found a dazed smile for these solicitous eyes, yielded, and swallowed a mouthful of wine of a sort she had never tasted, fruity, aromatic on the tongue, warming, invigorating. She drank again, gratefully draining the glass.

"What happened, Mario? I felt so funny, all of a sudden, just when the telephone began to ring; and then—I don't seem to remember."

"The telephone has not rung, Leonora."

"But I heard it!"

"A ringing in your ears, perhaps. Don't you know you fainted?"

"Fainted!" She started indignantly. "But I never in my life! Why should I faint? I'm all right."

In proof of this assertion she sank weakly back.

"You were overwrought." Mario drew up a chair and sat down. "For days you have been living at high nervous

tension. . . . Your clothing is wet through, you are shivering. You suffered a shock at meeting me by chance. Then we quarreled. . . . He lifted her hands to his lips, one after the other. "The sum of such physical, nervous and emotional stress was too much, Leonora; you fainted without a sign of warning. I caught you barely in time."

"I suppose I must 've, if you say so, Mario. But I don't understand. I remember rowing—"

"Think no more of that," Mario pleaded and, at the same time, demanded: "You and I must never quarrel. There can be no excuse for misunderstanding when our hearts are one." She nodded meekly. "Tell me one thing only," he pursued. Her eyes promised. "Who is Philip?"

"Philip?" Her look was completely blank. "I don't know any Philip—"

"You are sure?" Intent search of her face satisfied him. "Strange! In your faint, you spoke that name; as if you were talking in your sleep you said distinctly: 'Yes, Philip,' and again, 'No, Philip—I am safe with Mario now.'"

"I don't know." She drew a hand over perplexed brows. "And yet—it's funny—like an echo, what you say I said."

"No matter." With decision, the Spaniard dismissed the puzzle, took her hands in a firm grasp and held her eyes with a gaze earnest and commanding. "For the present forget all that, forget everything but that we are united now and forever. Nothing—nothing, Leonora—can come between us now. We cannot permit it, we will not. You understand that, Leonora? I have your promise?"

His will seemed to beat in waves upon her understanding; she felt unable to entertain one independent thought. Nor could she wish to. Never since childhood had she so surrendered to domination. But now. . . . She knew a strange, dear joy in submitting. She bowed her head, then lifted it to show him adoring eyes.

"Yes, Mario."

"So that is settled!"

Mario got up and strode into the bathroom. Water began to gush loudly into the tub. He brought back a warm robe of fleecy stuff.

"You are cold and wet; a hot bath will revive you. Meanwhile, I will find dry clothing for you, and a cab. Tonight you sleep uptown; the best and quietest hotel in the city will be the safest. In the morning I will call for you, and we will go to get the license for our marriage. By noon you will be my wife. By nightfall we will be far from New York."

They kissed. Mario lifted her to her feet.

"The door latches of itself. If anyone knocks, pay no attention. I shall be back in a few minutes, and have my key."

In a staring daze, utterly an unthinking puppet of love and gratitude, she saw him go. The sense of his personality lingered, precious and compelling; she did not feel alone.



She moved slowly toward the bathroom, unconscious fingers loosening her sodden blouse. Finding the tub nearly full, she shut off the taps. Only with the silence that followed did appreciation of her solitude come home.

The glow of happiness ebbed from eyes and face and heart, intimations of terror stirred and began to writhe like serpents in the background of her thoughts. Till then, in her wonder and delight, she had accepted without question the easy expiation that Inez had lost her way upon the roofs and brought her to the wrong house. Even so—Red must be hidden somewhere in the same block of tenements. Suppose he were to learn where she was now. . . . Suppose Inez had not blundered, but deliberately and with malicious intent had led her to Mario, then had gone to tell Red.

What if he were lurking in the hallways of the house, or in the dark of the street outside the door? And Mario going unsuspiciously to his death. . . . Perhaps it was not yet too late to scream a warning down the stairs.

Madly Leonora ran to the door, tore with trembling fingers at the latch, and threw it open—to find Red standing on the threshold, a shape of grimmest menace, his slender, feline body poised alertly, an automatic pistol in his hand, an evil snarl twisting cruel lips, murder in eyes whose glance shot directly past the girl to the room beyond.

Before she could lift a hand the man darted in, caught her arm and sent her reeling to the middle of the room, and kicked the door to behind him.

She staggered against the table and caught hold of it to save herself a fall. Carnehan was at her side before any sound could issue from her lips which his hard palm sealed brutally. His pistol nuzzled her bosom.

"One peep out of you—!" he rasped. Cunning eyes raked the rooms suspiciously. "Where's that damn wop?"

She tried to speak, but a dry mouth and a constricted throat refused their office. She could only shake her head, in dumb fright, with piteous eyes.

With a grunt of impatience the gangster released her and flung across the room in two cat-like bounds, stopping to peer in through the doors to bedchamber and bathroom to satisfy himself that Mario was skulking in neither.

He came back at a slow prow, with staring menace in his eyes. "Where is he?" He seized her arm with a grip intentionally savage. "Whyn't you answer me?"

Pain unsealed pale lips on which her whisper rustled: "I don't know—"

"That's a lie!"

Her wrist suffered a more vicious wrench. She cried out in protest: "Please, Red! Honest I don't know where he's gone. He went out just a minute ago—"

"What for?"

"He—he said he'd get me some dry things to put on. Mine's all soaked."

"Well"—a grimace made the man's face terrible—"then he'll be back before long. I'll wait—thanks!"

"For God's sake, Red—!"

"Ah, shut your trap!" He cast her arm free, violently, and stood back. "So you thought you could gyp Red Carnehan and get away with it! You little fool!"

She attempted no reply. So far as herself was concerned, she despaired. But she was not solely concerned with self. Whether she lived or died, she conceived, didn't matter. But it was otherwise with Mario. Him she must save somehow, by some heroic exercise of wit and spirit. . . .

Yet alone and defenseless, in the company of a man armed and determined, what could she do? She knew herself to be clever, far cleverer than Red. Give her time to think and she could circumvent him. But now that one essential element, time, was lacking. Impossible to guess how soon Mario might return.

Her look of a trapped animal faded; in its stead her face reflected concentration of thought amounting almost to abstraction. She seemed to consider Carnehan out of a fathomless composure.

This change in her annoyed the man intolerably. Not only was any semblance of indifference offensive, but he had learned to distrust the girl's moments of thoughtfulness; he sought an outlet for exasperation in a break of lurid blasphemy.

"Whyn't you say somethin'?" he concluded, gesticulating widely with the pistol. "What you

"I don't know yet; but I hope you don't think I'm such a flat as to think you've come here tonight just for a friendly chat."

"You're dead right there!" His laugh rang with brutal scorn. "I'll say I didn't come for no friendly chat with him and you."

"Well . . . what did you come for?"

She confronted him with sullen yet fearless eyes. Discouraged, he looked furtively aside, licking his lips, and discovered the decanter of Madeira which Mario had left unstopped on the table.

Thus reminded that he had drunk nothing for nearly an hour—ever since they had taken to hiding, he and Bielinsky had subsisted mainly on raw whiskey—Carnehan brimmed an ordinary drinking-glass with the wine and drank it at one long draft, grateful for its pungent warmth, deluded by its mellow smoothness.

Now Madeira may not wisely be taken on top of rye whiskey. Conscious of reinforced bravado, the man leaned against the table, his back to it, leering truculently at the girl facing him.

"What did I come for? Oh, I dunno. What d'you think?"

"You've threatened me often enough, that if you ever caught me with him again."

He nodded in a heavy humor. "You got it right, kid. No girl of mine can pass me up for a stool-pigeon or a dick, and get away with it. Wait—you'll see!"

She shut her eyes. In spite of herself she shuddered. He laughed with gratification, and her eyes reopened of a sudden, passionately unafraid.

"You're going to kill me, Red?"

"I'll say I am, all right."

She had another shudder, but fought it down without releasing his gaze. After a minute she said: "Very well. I'm ready, only—"

He interrupted: "You're worse'n ready; you're in a heluva hurry. His turn comes first, yours next. Get me?"

"But"—she implored his credulity with clasped hands extended—"I tell you, you're wrong about him, Red. He hasn't got anything to do with the cops—honest to God, he hasn't!"

"Maybe you think so—"

"It's the truth, Red. Kill me, if you've got to—I guess you think I've earned it—but don't go making any mistake about him—"

"I ain't." The Madeira was working powerfully. A flash of unwanted insight visited his sodden intelligence. "You wouldn't be beggin' for that pill if you wasn't stuck on him. And that's enough. Bull or no bull, he ain't goin' to live to say he stole Red Carnehan's girl!"

"You're wrong, Red—you're all wrong," she protested wildly. "And anyhow, what good 'll it do you? Don't you know, you're just playing Inez's game?"

"G'wan. Inez ain't nothin' to me."

"I know she isn't, and she knows it, too, and that's why. Don't you see? You turned her down for me, and she's been crazy jealous ever since. Now she gets even with us both—gets me out of the way right off the bat and sends you to the Chair for it. Don't you know she's only waiting to fix things safe for Leo before she squeals on you?"

"Ah, forget it." That, together with more profanity, silenced her. "Le' me and Inez alone. Maybe I did pass her up for you; but that's a long time ago, and she's forgot all about it by now. She don't think of nobody but Leo."

"If you believe that, you're as big a boob as she thinks!"

"Maybe—but not as big a one as you think." Carnehan emptied the decanter into the glass and gulped it. "Most anybody I'm strong for can fool me once, but not even you can fool me twice."

"Inez has."

"Ah, sure! You'd say so."

But there was an accent of doubt in his jeering retort, and in the look he gave the girl as well. Far gone in befuddlement, he was unsure of himself, and uneasy. What if Leonora were telling the truth about Inez? Inez whom he secretly despised, Leonora who was worth a score of Inez's sort.

"How do you mean she's fooled me twice?" he demanded thickly.

"First when she made you think I cared anything about anybody but you, Red." The girl inched nearer, playing to perfection a part upon which her life depended—her life and Mario's. "She was the one told you about Mario—lied to you, told you I was seeing him often—a man I hardly knew, hadn't spoken to a dozen times in all my life. And you swallowed everything she had to say against me, you believed the first whisper you heard against me—instead of coming to me and finding out the truth for yourself. Why, Red, before tonight I never have seen that man anywhere but in the street, and then only to pass the time of day! But you'd take anybody's word instead of mine, you'd believe anybody except the girl that loves you."

Her hands came lightly to rest upon his forearms. He gave them no welcome but made no move to repulse them. The uncertainty in his eyes was giving way to another emotion, one which the girl knew too well. She moved still closer, and one hand stole slowly up to his shoulder.

"Won't you be fair to me, Red? You know you're everything to me. But what's Inez to you that you've got to let her come between us and spoil everything? We were so

[Continued on page 36]

warmth that pervaded it. She shivered, though the tiny rooms were sultry with steam-heat. She remembered a line she had read long ago, in a gracious age when she had time to read—she thought it was Maxim Gorky—"For there is order in the streets; but in the soul, confusion." There was warmth, heat—humid, stifling heat in New York houses; there was cold—indifferent, selfish cold in New York hearts.

Jim'sy's spirits flagged a little toward the end of the evening, his sense of secret expectation seemed to wane, but he insisted, sturdily, as she tucked him up for the night, that he knew something she didn't know!

The cruelly long, cruelly short week before Christmas went by. Work at the office was heavy, but round its dull edges flashed gleaming bits of color—the little princesses dashing in and out to take startling sums of money from Mr. Henderson, gruffly complacent; the Dowager Duchess in saffron, provocative parcels under her arm; the Junior Partner placing orders at florists' and book-shops over the telephone; the red-mouthed page exhibiting the proud atrocities she had purchased for her "friend" and her "girl friend."

There was almost a blizzard the evening of the twenty-second; traffic was blocked; Mary Louise had to walk a long distance; it was very late when she reached home, wet, chilled, furious, but the beetle-browed jungle-woman was still waiting. "Why, Malvina! You're still here?"

She sheathed her decent act in sulkiness. "I kinder scared to leave him, dass why."

"Malvina! Is he worse? Is it—?" The black woman shrugged her shoulders.

Mary Louise flew in to him. She came out and shut the door and confronted the negress sternly. "What happened? Did you let him go out?" Yes, she had let him go out. She couldn't tie him up, could she? He said he had to buy a Christmas gift. She had gone with him, but it was too hot in the shops and too cold in the street and they had to walk, and he had a chill when they got back. It wasn't *her* fault. She didn't make the weather, did she? Mary Louise telephoned for one of the doctors who had passed judgment. He came, after a couple of hours. There was nothing to do. Yes, of course, the exposure, excitement, over-exertion, had hurried it. Keep him warm; let him have anything he wanted. Nothing would do him any harm now. He would send her a nurse.

It would be too great a strain on her, going through it alone. It might be midnight before she came, a great deal of sickness this weather. He regretted that Miss Moore was so alone.

Jim'sy's spirits were undimmed. Mary Louise was utterly unaware. He was penitent about getting himself a chill and worrying Mary Louise; that was all. He insisted that she put on her party-frock again, and that they trim the Christmas tree. "Oh, I know it's only the twenty-second, but I can't wait!"

Mary Louise knew that it was true. He couldn't wait. So, with the blizzard storming outside and the doctor's words storming in her heart, she dragged the little tree beside his couch and went to work. Miles of gold and silver tinsel, glittering artificial snow, tiny red socks full of candy, bluebirds of happiness, rosy joy-bells, pretty paper-angels, and while she trimmed she talked, and sang the songs they were practising now in Mapletown for the Sunday-school festival.

At twenty minutes past eleven, the door-bell rang. Mary Louise got up from kneeling beside the couch-bed and ran to let the nurse in. It wasn't the nurse. It was the Junior Partner. He was in evening-dress and very much embarrassed. "I just got his note," he said, "after the theater—I didn't go home for dinner. And I couldn't telephone, because you're not in the book. I wouldn't have rung the bell, but I saw the light and heard you—" he broke off, his big bashfulness engulfed in what he read in her face. "What is it? Is he—?"

"Yes, I must go back to him."

He followed her. Jim'sy opened his eyes and stared and grinned. "I know who you are," he said, clearly, "you're the Junior Partner. And you *did* come!"

"I came the very instant I got your note. Look here, old man, you put it 'West' instead of 'East,' so it went wrong."

"That's all right," said Jim'sy, handsomely. "Mary Louise, don't be cross. I just asked him to get your present for me . . . and I thought he'd have to come to bring it and get the money . . . and then I could know him . . . and he could tell me all about South America."

"I can, now," said the Junior Partner. He pulled a chair close. "I can tell you everything you want to know."

"And about . . . mining engineering . . . because . . . you see . . ."

That's what I'm going to be. Daniel Lacey Towers had never considered himself much of a talker; he always stubbornly refused to make speeches at fraternity banquets. But he talked now. He talked for two solid, unbroken hours, until Jim'sy's murmured questions ceased and he fell into a sort of doze. The nurse had come, so Mary Louise insisted that the Junior Partner should go. He said he would telephone early in the morning, and he

Cold New York!

[Continued from page 9]

hoped she would get some sleep. Mary Louise didn't think she cared about sleep, but she thanked him. Through the haze of grief and horror she really did thank him, but she couldn't seem to tell him so, very well. She went back to her watch. Jim'sy opened his eyes with difficulty but he grinned with much enjoyment. "What did I . . . tell you? Mary Louise, didn't I . . . know-something-you-didn't-know?"

When the Junior Partner telephoned early next morning it was the nurse who answered and told him that "it was all over." She had put a little placard on the door, too, about not ringing the bell, and why. She was a brisk, light-stepping creature and Mary Louise did exactly what she told her, docilely. She didn't mind doing anything. At half-past eight the front door opened very softly and a strange woman came in, carrying a tray. Mary Louise had seen her in the elevator, but she didn't know her name. "Here's your breakfast," said the strange woman in the most mat-

At noon three women met at the door with trays of luncheon. Mrs. Houghton and two others, and Malvina was very cross about it. "Ain't I hyar?" she demanded. "Reckon I gwine let her starve?" Mary Louise heard her scolding and she went out and thanked them, and they all asked what else they might do. One of them came in and went to work arranging the flowers. Flowers, flowers, flowers! A huge shower of orchids and lilies from the firm; lovely pots of flowering things from the little princesses; small sprays from men and girls in the offices whose names she hardly knew; the little page came at noon and brought a handful of limp carnations. Her eyelids and the tip of her small nose were as red, now, as her mouth. The bitter-tongued elevator-man came in to say it was his day off, and were there any errands?

Late in the afternoon Malvina brought in a box of opulent, heavy-scented house blooms, with a note on perfumed paper. "Dat woman upstairs," she sniffed.

The Next Issue of McCall's Will Be the February Issue

AT last the long, grueling printers' strike in New York is over, and now you have received your November and December issues. We want to thank you for your patience in waiting so many weeks for them.

On account of the long delay, we shall make the next issue the February number, omitting the January number. The February number will be out about January 20th, the March number will be out February 10th, the April number March 10th—each issue thereafter coming out regularly on the 10th of the month.

Every subscriber, of course, will receive the full number of copies. If your subscription was to expire with January, you now will receive the February number as the last on your present subscription. If your subscription was to expire with March, you also will receive the April number. Remember, you will not miss a single copy on account of this change.

The instalment of "The Dark Mirror" scheduled for January will appear in the issue for February.

ter-of-fact way, "and I'll bring your lunch in at twelve. I—is there anything else I can do? Have the elevator-man tell me—Mrs. Houghton." She set down her tray and went out as quietly as she had come. The nurse made Mary Louise eat what seemed to her a good deal. Then she asked the nurse if she minded staying a while.

"I think I must get some flowers," she said. "It will be so terrible, without any flowers." But at the front door she met a messenger boy with a long box. They were radiant red roses, on stems as tall, almost, as Jim'sy, and the card said, crustily engraved, *Mr. Daniel Lacey Towers*. While she was opening them someone spoke to her, and she was aware that Miss Hodgers was in the room. She was as drab as always; she wore the merciless hat with the elastic under her chin. "Shall I see to things for you?" she said.

"Things?" asked Mary Louise, vaguely. She couldn't imagine what sort of things mattered, now. Then Miss Hodgers made it clear to her, using terrible, raw, hurting words like *casket* and *services* and *body* and *shipping*, but she used them as definitely and mercifully as a surgeon uses his bright blades, and when she went away she had possessed herself of all the information she needed. She knew whom to telegraph; how much to spend. She stepped back for an instant to say that Mr. Henderson had placed one of the cars at Miss Moore's disposal for the next two days.

Malvina came with a forlorn satchel. "I gwine stay ober night wif yo'," she said.

"I lost a little sister, once," the woman that Mary Louise had named the Jade had written in a small, gentle hand. "Do you need money?"

Miss Hodgers came back to report all arrangements made. Mr. Towers, she said, had asked a young minister, a college friend of his, to speak. Mr. Towers wanted to come to see her, but she had told him Miss Moore needed rest and quiet. Miss Hodgers offered to stay the night, but Malvina interposed. She was going to stay. She was going to watch. She made Mary Louise eat the choicest bits from the dinners which had been sent in, bullied her into a hot bath, put her to bed. Mary Louise didn't think she would sleep, but she slept three blank, blessed hours. Then she sat up, suddenly, remembering. She put on robe and slippers and went into the living-room. Malvina sat on the floor.

"My lil' boy's only nine," she said.

"Why, Malvina, I didn't know! You never said you were married."

"I said—" she kept staring at the cream-colored casket between the Christmas tree and the great red sentinel roses, "my lil' boy's only nine. Dass why I so cross when I late gettin' home."

"Oh . . ." Mary Louise laid a hand on her black head. Then she went to look at Jim'sy. It was the first time she had dared. He looked, at once, older and wiser; younger, happier. And above all he looked as if now, indeed, he knew something Mary Louise didn't know!

At two the next day the manager of

the apartment-house came in to say he would bring the extra chairs. "Chairs?" said Mary Louise. "Oh, there won't be—we are strangers—" Then she stopped and looked round the little flower-banked room. "That will be very kind," she said, humbly.

The nurse came. She was on a new case, but she was using her exercise time.

People in the house came; not the Jade, sitting three floors above, remembering about her little sister, but the women who had brought trays, others who had sent flowers, still others who had asked what they could do. Miss Hodgers came, and the page, crying unceasingly, her small, pink-bordered handkerchief in a sodden ball. The Junior Partner came with the tall young minister, and the Dowager Duchess came with one of the little princesses.

Mary Louise had put on the dress Jim'sy liked best. It was white and it made her look very young. It was a low-toned afternoon and she lighted all the candles on the little Christmas tree before she sat down beside Jim'sy. The tall young minister began to speak, quietly, cheerfully, with entire conviction. He said a lot of things about Jim'sy; it was as if he had known him from a little boy in Mapletown, in the good, gay days. When he stopped speaking, the Little Princess stood up in her blue ruffles beside the glimmering tree and sang Christmas carols in a small, sweet, flute-like voice. Then, with a word to her, the people went away. She sat very still while the silent men took Jim'sy. She was glad to be quite alone. But she discovered, presently, that she was not alone. The Dowager Duchess was waiting.

"My dear," she said, "I want to take you out to the country with us. You need not join in the gaiety; I'll put you in the west wing; you'll be quite quiet."

Mary Louise thanked her. It was wonderful, but just now—tonight, Christmas eve—she must stay here; she would be—somehow—nearer Jim'sy here. Mrs. Henderson said she must be the judge, of course, but she insisted that she come next day, then. They would send in for her. A few days of change. . . . She had been looking intently about the little living-room. "Did you sublet this, furnished?"

"No, I did it."

"You did it? Then you're trained?"

Mary Louise told her. The Dowager Duchess looked about, very thoroughly. "And it's what you'd rather do, of course? Let me see. . . . my niece is having a week-end cabin—well, we'll talk of that later. Until tomorrow!" She went away.

Now Mary Louise began to snuff the candles on the little tree. Malvina came to help her. "I spose yo' gwine keep dis tree fo'ebber, ain't yo'!"

"No," said Mary Louise, "I'm going to give it to you for your little boy's Christmas. You can take it right home to him, now. I'll give you the money for a taxi."

Malvina went, her black face glowing, but she would be back to stay the night. Mary Louise put her pretty room in order and sat down to think. When she got through thinking, she supposed, she would begin to feel. Now she was dazed, dazed with grief, and dazed with gratitude, and she must put her mind in order as she had put her room. Things came in a kaleidoscope; the niece's week-end cabin . . .

what Kitty was thinking now—"you poor lamb, alone in cold New York." *Cold New York!*—the carols, in the Little Princess' flute voice . . . the Junior Partner with Jim'sy, that night . . . the Junior Partner now, motoring to *Browneaves* . . . something knocked insistently for admittance at her heart, but she went on, sorting, classifying . . . the Jade, Miss Hodgers . . .

She was thinking so hard that she didn't see him until he spoke. He must have come in very quietly.

"Mrs. Henderson said you wouldn't go, tonight," he said, simply. "I've got my car here. We'll take a long ride—not talking, you know, just jogging along. And I know a little place where we can have supper. When you're tired enough to sleep I'll bring you back. And then, tomorrow, I'll take you out to *Browneaves*."

"Oh, I—everybody is so—I don't know what to say."

"I know what to say, but I'm not going to say it, yet. You needn't be afraid. I won't; not till you're ready to let me. You must put on a thicker dress, and a warm cloak. I'll be back in half an hour."

Before Mary Louise had time to change the bell rang the first time since the nurse had put the little placard on the door.

It was the Valkyr. She came quickly in and closed the door behind her and put her hands on Mary Louise's shoulders. "I've just got in from Philadelphia," she said. "I've just heard. You poor child! Your poor baby!" There was something in her voice, something in her touch, that was breaking up the ice-jams, melting the frozen places, clearing the way for the warm joy that was waiting. "And you're a stranger here, too! Was anyone with you? Had you any friends?"

"Yes," said Mary Louise, beginning to cry, heartily, healingly, her face against the tailored suit that fitted like a coat of mail, "oh, yes! Yes! A whole city full!"



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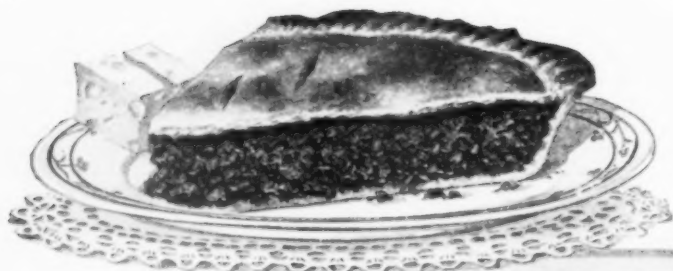
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None Such Gems

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

The New Recipes

exhibited on this page suggest some of a wide variety of appetizing dishes.

These recipes will be welcomed by housewives who like to surprise their families with something new and tempting in the way of food.

For example, hot None Such Gems for breakfast lend a little variety to a meal too often the same. Bake enough of them. Your family will make away with them fast and come up smiling for more.

For luncheons that must be taken somewhere, Oatmeal Cookies with None Such Filling are sustaining as well as delicious. Gracious, how every bite seems to go to just the right spot!

And to the stuffing of the game that's carved at your board, a single package of None Such will add richness and flavor.

TRY THESE RECIPES

None Such Gems—Make a pie crust dough. Use gem pans, greasing pan as usual. Roll dough moderately thick. Line each gem pan with dough in the same manner as for pie, fill with None Such Mince Meat thickened with flour. Make a covering of dough. Serve hot.

None Such Salad—None Such Mince Meat, oranges, grapes, celery, marshmallows. Chill and serve on lettuce leaf.

None Such Sandwiches—Cut slices of bread very thin. Make a filling of None Such Mince Meat, to which may be added onions, celery, pimientos. Use crisp lettuce leaf.

None Such Relish—Mix None Such Mince Meat with green or red peppers and onions.

Tomato Stuffed With None Such—Scoop out a tomato. Mix None Such Mince Meat, celery, green peppers and onions. Fill the scooped-out tomato and serve, after chilling, on plate garnished with parsley.

Oatmeal Cookies with None Such Filling—Cookies—1 cup sugar, 1 cup shortening, 3 cups oatmeal, 3 cups flour, 1/2 cup milk, 1 teaspoonful of soda. Filling—None Such Mince Meat, 2 cups; 1 cup water. Boil till thick and spread between cookies.

None Such Jelly for Dessert—1 package Jiffy-Jell (either lemon, orange, or loganberry), nuts, None Such Mince Meat. Before serving, cover top with whipped cream, sprinkle with finely chopped nuts and place a cherry in center.

None Such Dressing for Duck or Other Game—Make dressing in the usual way; add 1 package None Such Mince Meat, and more apples and celery to suit individual taste.

NOTE—None Such Mince Meat prepared in the same manner as for Mince Pie, should be used for all these recipes. Use according to directions on the package.

You'll find yourself trying some of the other recipes suggested on the None Such package.

Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, N. Y.



None Such Dressing for Duck or Other Game

The House the Girls Built

Opens Its Door to the Christmas Guest



By Mary Gordon Page

SHUT within herself, and looking longingly out through shy eyes at a world which seems full of the friendliness she may not share, is a girl whose letter came to me the other day.

For once the big, beamed room was as brightly lit as many candles could make it, for firelight, by itself, is too uncertain when there is work in hand, and with Christmas just around the corner one may not sit with fingers idle.

"And, anyway, candles don't spoil companionship," Wilma said. "They have an enchantment of their own." So, by the soft, cozy light, I read them the letter of which this is a bit:

You girls seem to get so much from life—so much friendliness and companionship. Can you tell me, I wonder, how you do it, or is it a thing that one person may have in her life and another may not? Your very meetings at the house are wonderful to me, whose life is just a grind of work, and then going home to loneliness. Interesting work, but it isn't enough. I want people. But I'm shy and retiring, and don't make friends.

"Poor lonely little child!"

Anne said. "That is a heart-achy letter to write on the brink of Christmas. She is probably away from her family, and is working in a big city where everyone is strange to her. Besides, one can see, hers is a temperament that involuntarily puts up guards that are barriers to friendship."

"She doesn't love enough people," Margaret said, pausing in her stitching to slip another bright strand into her embroidery-needle.

"But how can she if she doesn't?" Jane demanded. "Particularly when she doesn't know people to care about."

"There must be someone that she can become interested in. The world is full of lonely people, with just that ache for companionship that she feels. More often than not they are astonishingly near at hand—a girl in the next room, or at the next desk who also is away from home, for instance. Some of us found each other in pretty much that way," Margaret glanced up.

"I've been thinking about Kate," Helen said. "Did you ever see anyone like her for making friends and giving friendship all along her way? I used to think it was a sort of gift, a thing that was as much a part of her as her bright hair, and, like her bright hair, delightful to have but nothing to give her special credit for. But that was before I came to know her well. Kate's out-reaching friendliness is the direct result of her intolerably lonely, misunderstood childhood. She learned in an unforgettable way that all the world needs companionship. People to talk with. Genuine interest in the affairs, little and big, of their lives. And it is always genuine interest, genuine caring with Kate. There is never a bit of reaching down in her sunny friendliness."

"Kate's magic is her interest in all life," I said. "That, and her abounding spirit of enjoyment. Remember what Stevenson says in his Christmas Sermon? 'The kingdom of heaven is of the childlike; of those who are easy to please, who live and who give pleasure!' That is Kate."

"But our girl is shy and retiring, and so—" Wilma stopped.

"Isn't easy to please and doesn't give pleasure," Margaret took it up. "Well, shyness and withdrawal are the stage-fright of human intercourse. They make us run away when we should stand our ground; they make us say and do the wrong things, and get ourselves misunderstood. But there is only one thing to do with stage-fright. Go on in spite of it. She must break through hers to a real enjoyment. She must try to take genuine interest in other lives; must try to realize them. Don't remind me of her temperament. Nobody knows better than I do that the battle with temperament is about the biggest one we have to fight. That is no reason why we should not fight it, and win."

The realization of other lives is not easy. The effort to grasp the sources of another's pleasure and pain; the effort to understand that intricate thing, another's soul, as it presents itself to us in baffling

SHE was shut so tight within herself that she despaired of ever breaking into the alluring world outside. By letter she came to the House.

There, in the enchantment of mellow candle-light, the girls talked over her problem, bright-strand-filled needles flying the while. What was her trouble? What was the remedy? The girls helped her. They can do as much for you.

words and yet more baffling actions, is a task which is certain of defeat far more often than of success. Yet, it is this grasp which gives us love and friendship.

BUT are we concrete enough to be of much help? Anne wondered when I had said something like this. "Generalities are far more likely to show us the place we want to be, rather than to point the way." It does seem a far swing from a lonesome girl to talk of love of the world. Yet it is through this that individual friendships come. And no beginning is too small to make.

Lately I have known two persons who admirably show the result of a friendly outlook on the world. Both are elderly; we must go to the elderly to learn of results. One is a woman whose complex life has been full of struggle and hardship, and problems not easily solved. And it all has developed in her a surprising talent for friendship, the bountiful giving of herself, the generous acceptance of any who come into her life.

The other is a man, differently placed in life. He has been a world traveler, a diplomat, has studied the art of many countries from the standpoint of a connoisseur. Late in life he has possessed himself of brush and palette, and has found that his gift for expression is as great as that for appreciation.

"I can't see how anyone could accomplish so much in less than a hundred years of life," I told him.

He laughed. "I have been awake all my life. Alive. When I go down the street I see everything; watch the little life comedies and tragedies, hear the bits of talk that come to me, look at the beautiful things in the shop windows, and see the faces, and therefore the hearts of those who linger in front of them, admiring, desiring. I look up at the sky. I'm interested in everything. I'm a part of it all."

Both these persons love the world. Is not theirs, perhaps, the way out of loneliness?

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EASIEST TO USE



The Waterloo of All-he-wants Ryon

[Continued from page 61]

Ryon had fought a number of rounds with a New England maid, and he was groggy—Nevertheless Anderson Ryon, the young king of our darn-foolish industrialism, wearing the tin halo of our modern success, was not done yet. He went to a studio of the woman who had painted the frescoes in the great music-room of Nickrock. He said to her, "It is now November 30th. How long will it take you to teach me to paint a pine-tree?"

"Paint a pine-tree!"

"Yes, paint a pine-tree."

"What pine-tree?"

"Any pine-tree. How long will it take you to show me how to mix the colors and so on and so on. I'll give you two hours a day. I'll paint the same tree over and over until I can make it look like a tree. And when I can make it look like a tree I'll give you a fee for your lessons that will justify you in devoting it. ensive effort upon my case."

"Oh, Mr. Ryon, I think you are mad," said Laura of the frescoes, who thought it cute to be kittenish with the rich.

"So do I," Andy replied convincingly.

Before Christmas, however, Ryon had one accomplishment if he had no other. It was a piquant attainment for a multi-millionaire; he could paint a pine-tree!

"And in any old grove of pine-trees there probably would be one that looks something like the one I can paint?" he inquired with anxiety.

"Undoubtedly," said the facile Laura. "I venture to say as much."

Ryon went to Berncaster at Christmastide—ten days before Christmas. Not to Nickrock. Certainly not; he went to lodge and board in a fisherman's house on the Point. He said his name was Watterson.

He had an easel, a palette and some brushes and a paint-box; with this scenery he took up a position about one-twenty-sixth of a mile in front of the weather-beaten Saxon cottage where Christmas wreaths already hung in the white-curtained windows, and he went to work facing the sea and the morning sunlight.

Never once, after the first glance, did he ever turn toward the house. Hour after hour went by and sometimes he leaned back and cocked his head as he imagined painters do when admiring their own work, and sometimes he imagined that he heard someone singing inside the house, and sometimes he imagined what Wall street would say if it could see him now, and sometimes he imagined that not for more than twenty years had he had so much time to think. He found thinking quite a sport.

At about eleven or twelve, by the inaccurate sun, he felt eyes upon him. Perhaps he only imagined that a pair of eyes some distance away were directed at his back. He did not turn. He flourished a brush with a chilly gob of green on its end and whistled *London Bridge is Falling Down* with several notes arising from a bad memory and a sense of melody somewhat wrecked by years of dealing with the music of machines and the harmony of money. He stayed until the lamps in the house behind him were lighted; then he packed up and went home.

The next day his position was taken still farther from the house; he considered this a move made for the same cause which is served by drawing bait slowly away from the rock under which the wily fish is lurking. The day passed as before. He felt the eyes again. In the afternoon the thick clouds that had come rolling over the edge of the sea came nearer on a wind which drove the salt before it and thundered the water onto the rocky beach until that beach looked like a great black underlip with white teeth. Ryon was surprised. He had discovered the sky!

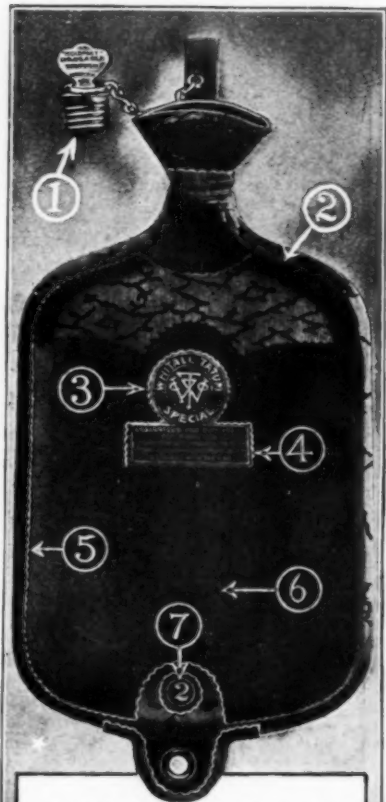
Now the wind turned and brought a strange wintry hush, and the basket clouds began to dump goose-feather snowflakes. Ryon kept right on painting his standardized and efficiency pine-tree. An artist would have gone home rather than have stayed to be covered with the down-fall until he looked like a snow-man.

A flock of chickadees, coming in under the loose-woven roof of the pine boughs, began an industrious search for food on the rugged tree trunks. A red squirrel signaled to him with jerks of his tail.

"Go on!" Andy said cordially. "I could make just as bright eyes as yours with a couple of black-headed pins!"

"No you couldn't," said a voice. He squeezed half a tube of cold stiffened paint onto his palette, but without

[Continued on page 23]



- 1—"Holdfast" unlosable stopper; chain won't twist.
- 2—Three thicknesses of fabric and rubber
- 3—Monogram assures dependable goods
- 4—Real guarantee for two years
- 5—Heavy rubber binding resists strain
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Whitall Tatum Maroon Special Water Bottle

Guaranteed two years
Lasts much longer

A Special Bottle At a Fair Price

WE build quality into every part of this bottle to insure dependability in emergencies. It is reinforced where strain comes.

It won't leak, burst, crack or lose its stopper. It is always ready to serve scores of purposes—day or night—for every member of the family.

We are told that no other water bottle is so sturdy or lasts so long under severe conditions of service. A heavy man can stand on it without causing a burst or leak.

Yet the Maroon "Special" is moderately priced, though guaranteed for two years and lasting much longer.

\$2.50 for two qt size West of Mississippi \$2.75

A Useful Christmas Gift

A good water bottle is a necessity in every home for quickly relieving everyday aches, pains, chills, etc., with hot water—and headache, fever, sore-throat, inflammation, etc., with ice-cold water. If forgetful, tie a string around your finger to remind you to get a Whitall Tatum Maroon "Special" from your druggist.



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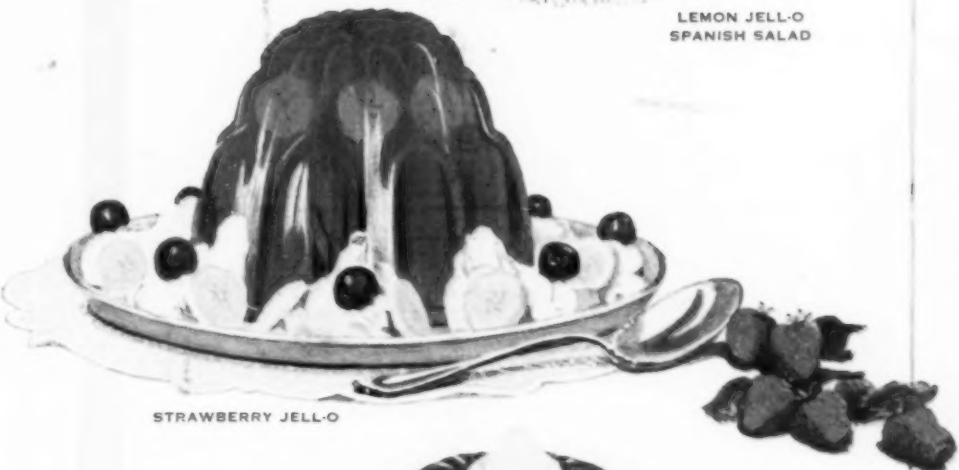
CHERRY JELL-O



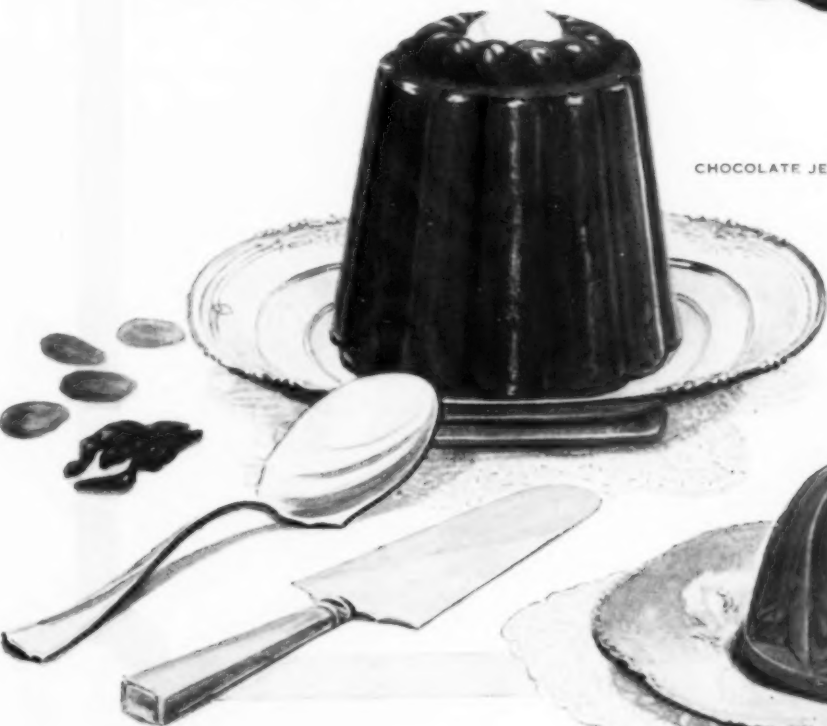
ORANGE JELL-O



LEMON JELL-O
SPANISH SALAD



STRAWBERRY JELL-O



CHOCOLATE JELL-O



RASPBERRY JELL-O

JELL-O

The beautiful dishes shown on this page are all made of Jell-O. Nothing just like them has ever been made of anything else.

First of all, then, it should be noted that Jell-O is always sold in packages like the one shown at the upper left corner with the Cherry Jell-O. It wouldn't be Jell-O if it came in any other kind of package.

The Orange Jell-O dessert could have been made without the fruit and whipped cream and still have been a perfect Orange dessert, for Jell-O has the true fruit flavor.

Lemon Jell-O (third from the top) is used as much for salads as for desserts, and the Spanish salad at the left is only one of dozens fully as good that are made of Lemon Jell-O.

All the year round Strawberry Jell-O is wonderfully popular—with fruit in it when plentiful and alone when fruit is scarce.

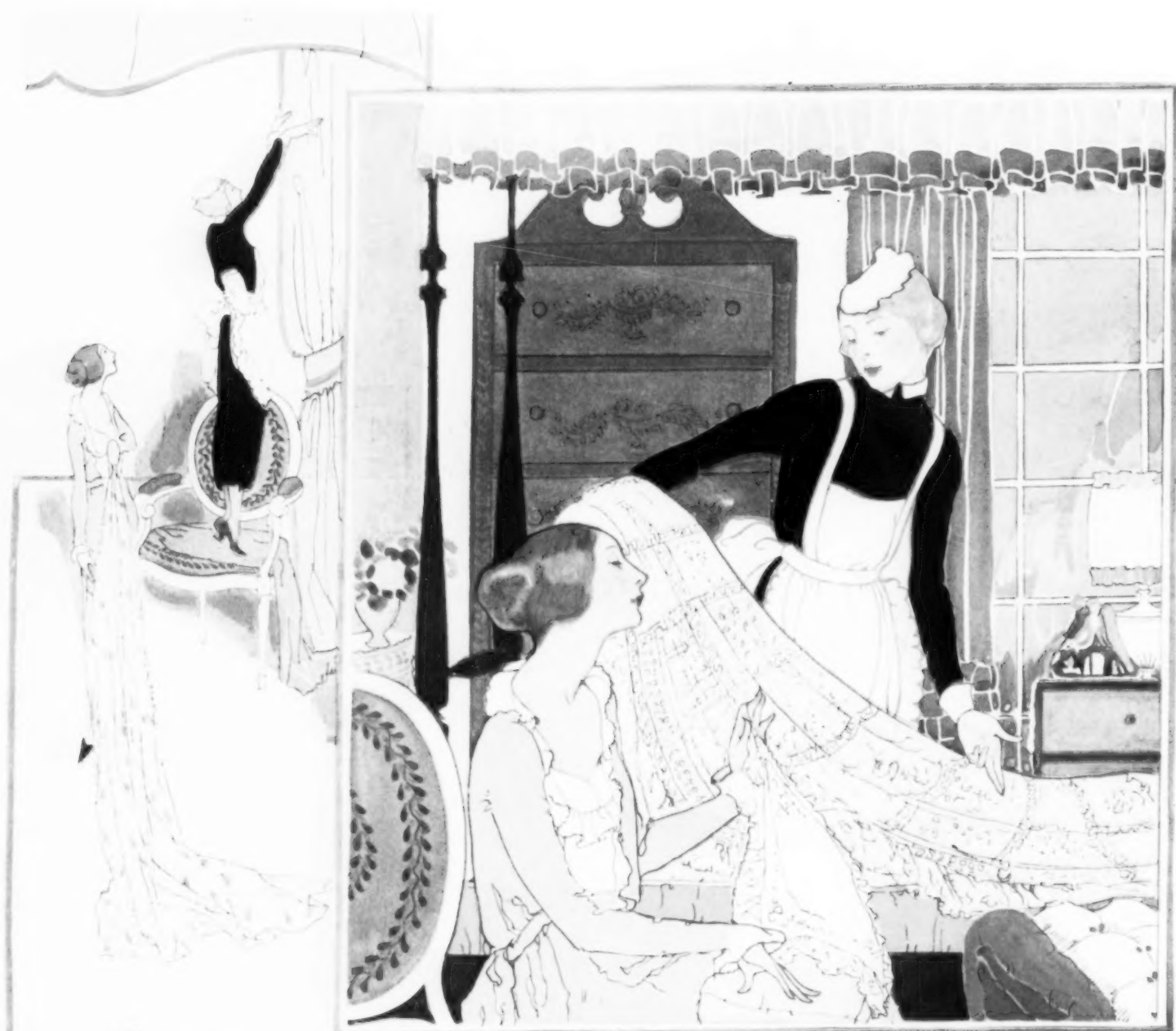
When you think of making a Chocolate pudding don't overlook the fact that the most perfect one can be made in the least time by using Chocolate Jell-O.

Such raspberry desserts as the one shown below, and dozens of others, are to be had regardless of season, for Raspberry Jell-O furnishes them in delicious flavor.

The Jell-O Book tells all about these things and many more that will interest every woman. If you have not received a copy and will send your name and address, one will be mailed to you promptly—free, of course.

Pure fruit flavors only are used in making Jell-O. All grocers carry the six different flavors in stock.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.



SPOTLESS LINENS, FILMY LACES, SOFT BRIGHT DRAPERIES

YOUR WHOLE HOUSE LOVELY FOR WINTER ENTERTAINING

IT'S fun to watch your house take on its formal winter air. The crisp slip covers disappeared long ago. And soft taffeta hangings have replaced the summer chintzes and cretonnes.

Guests are coming and going every day, and all the fine linen, from the hemstitched sheets and pillow cases to the little embroidered covers for the basket tray must be kept snowy-white and ready.

Not a speck of trouble or worry!

The minute that dear embroidered lingerie pillow looks as if it had been touched, one spot on the Irish damask, a dim look about the yellow silk hangings—and you pop them one and all into the rich Lux suds for a tubbing.

Your wonderful counterpane of real flit

—so filmy and exquisite—is not more delicate than Lux suds.

That puffy quilt with its luscious cover of applegreen satin will come out big and bright and fluffy as when you first plumped it down on the foot of your bed. Even the dainty silk lamp shades can be kept fresh and cheery all winter long.

Lux comes in clear transparent flakes that dissolve instantly in hot water and whisk into a wonderful lather. For silks or colored fabrics, add cold water until lukewarm.

There's no harsh rubbing of soap on fine fabrics. Just dipping up and down and gentle squeezing of the suds through the soiled parts. *Lux won't hurt anything pure water alone won't injure.* Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux—Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Laundry all your nicest things with Lux

Fine table linens	Silk draperies	Silk lamp shades	Corsets
Embroidered	Lace curtains	Blankets	Negligees
pillow cases	Cretonnes	Baby's woolens	Fine blouses
Embroidered towels	Tapestries	Sweaters	Silk underwear

No suds so wonderful as Lux for dainty things

LUX





Our Housekeeping Exchange

Conducted by Helen Hopkins

AN ATTRACTIVE CHRISTMAS CAKE DECORATION is made in the following simple way. Grease some perfect holly leaves on the under-side with butter, taking care not to use too great an amount. Then coat the greased under-side with icing, and let dry. When dry, the icing will come off perfectly shaped and veined like the leaf. Make these leaves into a wreath by joining with icing stems.—B. L., Carp, Minnesota.

WHEN KITCHEN FLOORS are insufferably cold, fold strips of old carpet into small rugs of three or four thicknesses. Bind or overcast the ends. Keep them in front of stove, sink and table, and their warmth will surprise you. The rugs should be made reversible.—E. F., Los Gatos, California.

PIN HANDKERCHIEFS, STOCKINGS AND SOCKS to a coat-hanger with clothes-pins. Get a piece of wire that can be twisted easily. Fasten it to the coat-hanger and then to the line outside. With the piece of wire, the coat-hanger can be pulled in and out. This device will be found very convenient in winter as the articles can be pinned to it on the inside, thus saving the hands from the cold.—Mrs. E. B., St. Catharines, Canada.

A SEWING BOX which has been tried and found to be most useful can be made at home as follows: Take a light wooden box, about two feet high and eighteen inches across. Line the inside with either a bright colored chintz or paper. Fasten the lid to the box with two small hinges. In the box put a pin-cushion and two pockets of the same material as the lining. A pocket should be put on the lid to hold patterns.—Mrs. F. L. A., Amoret, Missouri.

WE want your best suggestions for saving time, money and strength in housework of all kinds. We will pay one dollar for each available contribution. Ideas not original with the sender cannot be accepted. Unaccepted manuscripts will be returned if an addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. Address: Housekeeping Exchange, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

WHEN DYEING MATERIAL of any kind, a pair of clean coal-tongs in place of the time-worn broom handle, will be found most useful. With the tongs, you can easily pick up the material, lift it about as it boils without the slightest splashing, and squeeze the scalding dye out of the material as you lift it from the stove.—Mrs. L. K., Jonesboro, Indiana.

A CLOTHESLINE may be kept from rusting by either enameling or giving it a coat of white paint. This will improve the looks of the line and save time, as it need only be wiped off with a damp cloth before using.—Mrs. G. D., Berryville, Arkansas.

FOR THE WOMAN WHO DISLIKES TO EMBROIDER, a crocheted scallop may be made as pretty and effective as an embroidered edge if the following directions are used. Mark the pattern as you would for embroidery, and crochet the scallops right into the edge of your material.—M. R., Palmdale, California.

SPOOL SILK will not tangle or knot while sewing on the machine, if it is slightly moistened around the eye of the needle.—J. L. G., Baltimore, Maryland.

A MENU CHART hanging on the inside of my kitchen-cabinet door is one of my handiest kitchen innovations. I made it out of cardboard, ruling columns for "main dishes," "vegetables," "breads," "salads and relishes," "fruits and preserves," and "desserts." Under each head, I listed all the family's favorite concoctions. Recipes for all of them are in my card index. I find this chart a great aid in planning menus.—M. M. S., Des Moines, Iowa.

The Waterloo of All-he-wants Ryon

[Continued from page 20]

looking around he said, "I could, too!"
"No you couldn't."
"Yes I could. I never saw a squirrel good enough so that I couldn't make a better one. Only mine won't climb trees." He had the presence of mind not to turn toward the voice.

"What are you painting?" it asked.
Ryon was in a panic for a moment. He stammered, "Why a pine-tree, of course. I mean pine-trees, a forest of them all alike. I mean all different. Can't you see?"
"Oh, yes."

Ryon uttered a sigh of relief and putting down his brush he turned around. "It's cold sitting here I would think," the young woman said. Her hands were encased in huge coonskin gloves which were meant for a chilly motor-man. Under her short brown skirt she wore a pair of fisherman's rubber boots; and gloves and boots served to emphasize her slenderness, the delicate curves of her cold-nipped cheeks, the grace and flexibility of her body beneath the green sweater.

"Come and sit down," suggested Ryon.
"Try it."
"But I don't know you," she replied.
"Don't know me! I'm the pine-tree man!"

"I suppose I can call you P. T. M."
"Right you are!" Ryon assented eagerly. "But I don't know you." He looked at her accusingly.

"Well, I'm not to be counted," she argued, sitting down on an old stump. "You're the principal in your artistic crimes, P. T. M. As for me, I'm only an innocent accessory. Are there such accessories?"

"Ha!" said All-he-wants Ryon. "I should say so. You're an innocent accessory—an A. I. A. I shall call you Aia."

"It sounds primitive. Like a story about the South Sea Islands, doesn't it? My hair is yellow. And three gray ones—up here in front." She showed them.

"One, two, three," he said.
"Yes, and if I'm to sit in this snow-storm and talk to you, I can't do it here. We must move on the other side of that big ledge."

"Why?"
"She might see."
"Who might see?"
"The one in the house."

A curious expression came over Ryon's face, and he blurted out, "The one in the house? Then who are you?"

[Continued on page 24]

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY

The brilliant beauty of Holeproof is as desirable for occasions of social importance as its famous durability is desirable for the strain of sports or every day wear. Men, women and children can get Holeproof in pure silk, silk faced, or lusterized lisle, whichever is most pleasing to them. The Holeproof label identifies every pair.

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Robbed of Health and Beauty

SLOWLY and stealthily, Pyorrhea has taken away the things that made her life worth while. That unaccountable depression, those nervous fears, that drawn and haggard look—these are the things Pyorrhea has brought her in place of health and beauty.

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums; then, the gums recede and expose the unenameled tooth-base to decay. Perhaps the teeth loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs that often cause rheumatism, anaemia, indigestion, and other serious ills.

Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea; and many under that age have it also. The best way to end Pyorrhea dangers is to stop them before they begin. Start to use Forhan's today.

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Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth up and down. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in the United States and Canada. At all druggists.

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Forhan's, Ltd., Montreal



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
Checks Pyorrhea



The Waterloo of All-he-wants Ryon

[Continued from page 23]

"I am Aia," replied the other promptly. "You might be her—her—relative—a relative of somebody you call 'she'?"

"Yes, I might be a relative, a cousin or something, but I'm only Aia," she said with a laugh. "Come on. Paint a tree somewhere else."

He folded up his easel and obeyed. At the crest of the ledge the sea was spread again before their eyes, but it was all hazy behind the veils of the slanting snowfall. He took a deep breath before he turned toward her.

She had blue eyes.

"Look here," he said after a long time. "Can't I ask any questions?"

"Oh, no. Would you want me to ask any questions? Questions only make the past come and tie us to our old hitching-post. Would you want me to ask you questions?"

Ryon was no fool. He could see she was right. He said almost eagerly, "That's fine! If I come to paint here you can come out and talk to me. And there'll be no questions, and therefore we can start as if this were—as if it were—"

"The beginning of a new world."

"You bet!"

They laughed, and suddenly Ryon became grave. "There's something in it," he said soberly, and opened his paint-box.

"Have I got to see you paint?"

"What else can I do?"

"Walk—can't you?"

"Yes, I can walk—even better."

"Come on."

When they came back from a four-mile tramp along the beaches and rocky coves the Saxon house was looking at them with two yellow eyes. Suddenly one light went out; the house had winked at them! Ryon said to himself, "Wink ahead, old top. I want you and I shall have you."

"Where—?" began Aia.

P. T. M. shook a forefinger at her. "You're going to ask where I am staying?" he said craftily. "That's a question."

"It wasn't the one I had," replied the girl. "But anyhow I won't ask. It's the agreement. And you are never to come to the door."

"Never!" replied Ryon. "But when you said 'where'—you meant—?"

"Yes, I did."

"Well, here," said he, the industrial king, blushing, "right here, tomorrow."

"At dawn?"

This was a challenge intended, purposed and designed to knock his breath out. Ryon had been tried in this way in the banking world, but never so nearly floundered. He won by a hair's breadth.

"Or earlier, if you like," cordially.

"Good night, P. T. M.," she said with her eyes shining. "Sleep like a good one!"

He watched her go through the pines toward the dwelling of Charity Saxon.

"Ten acres!" said he.

Of course Ryon may not have estimated the power of propinquity. He may have known that a woman can put imagination in racing trim—even a broken-down imagination of the 1885 model—and turn something that occupied a sordid inactivity in the dirt of success into a bird that can outfly any scout-plane made yet. Then again he may not. He may have thought he knew what he was doing when on the fourth day that he had known this Aia of the classic features he snatched up her ungloved hand and ran along the beach with her until both stood panting and happy somewhere in the salt spray.

"I want to kiss you," said Ryon.

"She says—" began Aia.

"Who says?"

"The old party—at the house."

"What does she say?"

"That some persons who are in the habit of getting all they want should have someone say 'No.'"

"Are you going to say 'No'?"

"No."

He took her into his arms and kissed her warmly. Yes warmly, but I should say rather solemnly too—so solemnly that it made her laugh.

"But you understood that, didn't you?" he asked.

She looked at him searchingly. She said, "Well, I shouldn't have cared whether I did or not. But I did understand, P. T. M. Yes, I did so."

This darn-foolish industrial magnate smiled. "Well, I think it has been eighteen or twenty years since I kissed anyone."

There was some devilment even in the Puritans, and it danced in her eyes now.

"Oh, P. T. M., that isn't human! It

[Continued on page 26]

When Johnny has the Croup!

That's a cough with a croupy rattle, so hurry for the Musterole and rub it in right over the chest and neck. How it will tingle at first and then grow ever so cool. And how it will reach in and penetrate right to the spot! It will dissipate all the stuffy congestion which causes that nacking cough.

Why shouldn't grandmother swear by Musterole for colds and coughs? It is better than a mustard plaster—good as that was in the old days. And the explanation is this:

Musterole is made of oil of mustard and other home simples. It penetrates under the skin, down to the part. Here it generates its own heat, and this heat disperses the congestion. Yet Musterole will not blister. Musterole, on the contrary, feels delightfully cool a few seconds after you apply it.

Try Musterole for Bobby and Helen and Dorothy's croup—and for your own cough, too. Try it for rheumatism—it's a regular router out of all congestions. Always keep a jar handy.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole.

30c and 60c jars—\$2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio
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BISSELL Sweepers

are many gifts in one. They give leisure moments, by shortening the time required to sweep. They save much hard work, by making sweeping easy. They make fresher, cleaner rooms, for they raise no dust, and their work is thorough.

The two Bissell Sweepers are all that any home needs. The carpet sweeper makes short work of the daily "sucking up." On cleaning day, the vacuum sweeper gets the fine, deep-lying dust.

Inexpensive gifts, too. Carpet Sweepers, "Cyclo" Ball Bearing grade, \$4.50 to \$7.25; Vacuum Sweepers \$9.00 to \$17.50—depending upon style and locality. At all good stores. "The Care of Rugs and Carpets" booklet on request.

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Sweeper Makers.
Made in Canada, too





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THE woman who dances, or who engages in any form of exercise, knows the value of having a complexion which retains its delicate loveliness throughout the glow of her exertion.

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Resinol Soap is an unusually pure and cleansing toilet soap with qualities that soothe and heal irritations of the skin's texture. It is the soap for you if you are resolved not to permit skin imperfections to interfere with your social and business success.

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Culinary Experts
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We bake beans to please men. But all our 18 Soups are made to please women connoisseurs.

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In the Van Camp kitchens, scientific cooks perfected them—men with college training. They fixed standards for every material. They tested countless blends and methods to add new delights.

But a woman expert decided which was best. A woman added many final touches. And a woman watches, day by day, to keep Van Camp's the finest Soups created. Men do the work but women have the say.

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The Van Camp methods have resulted in these new-type Soups. They result from infinite cost and care. Yet they cost no more than ordinary soups.

Get a few cans and compare them with the soups you know.



The Waterloo of All-he-wants Ryon

(Continued from page 24)

hasn't been that long with me."

Ryon laughed, but he soon became serious.

"I'd like to get up at dawn again," he said. "It was fine the last time."

"All right," said Aia cheerfully.

"Yes, I want to say something to you tomorrow."

"I know what you're going to say to me tomorrow, P. T. M."

All night long it snowed quietly; but it stopped at dawn, the wind changed, and when All-he-wants Ryon had trudged through the drifts up to their ledge, the sun came out of the sea, red and merry. He was watching it when he heard her behind him.

"She was fixing the tree," said Aia. "Last night."

"Tree—what tree?"

"This is the day before Christmas."

"So it is," said Ryon.

He was astonished when he saw the sun on her face, that the gaiety had all gone from her expression. She looked tired.

"You said last night that you knew what I was going to say," he began.

"Yes, I did—I thought I knew, I think I did. You were going to ask me to marry you."

"Yes," said Ryon directly, "I was."

"How old do you think I am?"

"Well, how old?"

"I'm over thirty," she said.

"So am I," replied Andy. "I don't let it worry me."

"But that is not all, P. T. M.," she said. "I think our days have been wonderful. You think so too. I know you do."

"Of course."

"And I'd give my right hand, I think, if I hadn't played this role, P. T. M. There's the New England conventions in me after all."

"What role?"

"Making you think when I said 'she' that I meant my aunt or some relative. It was only old Katie."

Ryon stared at her. "What of it?"

"But you thought when I said 'she' that I meant Charity Saxon."

He stared some more.

"How did you know I ever heard of Charity Saxon?" he asked.

"Heard of her! Of course you heard of her. You wanted her little home. I knew who you were all the time, Mr. Anderson Ryon."

He took both her hands in his.

"Does that make any difference?" he said. "Answer!"

"No, only—I'm Charity Saxon."

He turned quickly away and faced the sea; then sat down and covered his face with his arms.

Charity was frightened. She had never loved anyone before. It just happened so. And she never expected it would pounce on her suddenly from the last person in the world she believed would bring it. She never had thought it came like that—to restrained New England hearts.

She put her hand on Ryon's shoulder and with her lips quivering, she said, "Does it make any difference, P. T. M.?"

He stood up. It was evident then that he had been laughing.

"I knew you were Charity Saxon," he said. "Here. Take this. It's my Christmas present to you. I wrote to my lawyers, Ramson, Puffer and Hubble, and had them draw it up. It's a deed to Nickrock. Your name's on it. I've known you, Aia, ever since I stood on tiptoe the day before I bought my land and saw you wedding in your garden. Your chin was muddy!"

She stared at him. "Come, Aia," he said. "See if you can't say something that will make me feel comfortable—as if the coarse old world to which I belong has some virtues of directness anyway. Jump away from your traditions and your conventions for a moment, dear."

The devilment that is under the lid of a Puritan danced again in her eyes. "To hell with Nickrock," said she. "When we're married you come and live with me."

He did—it was all he wanted.

Nickrock is now owned by a man who runs forty-six canneries, who is an expression of our national virtue "of doing things in a big way," who has a desk in his limousine for efficiency on the ride downtown, and thinks that those who do not believe in law and order should be lined up against a wall and shot—without a trial. He chews perfumed lozenges. He loves Nickrock—says it has distinction!



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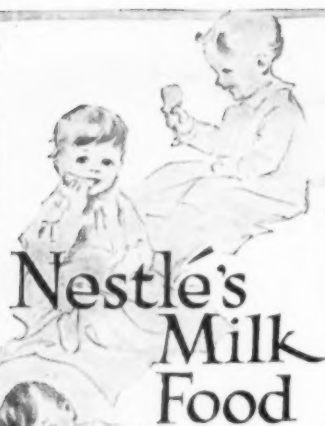
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Every Mother—Every Baby

First Year Layettes for the Newcomers

By S. Josephine Baker, M.D., D.P.H.

Director, Child Hygiene, Department of Health, New York City

THE new baby's clothes-need was talked over in one of the earlier articles of this series, but the kind of outer- and underwear he should have during the first year of his life plays too big a part in health not to be considered more in detail.

Washing facilities, to a great extent, limit baby's wardrobe. Twice a week, it always seems to me, is often enough to have the clothes done. This can be managed at least for a year with an outfit such as the following:

- 6 overslips or dresses
- 4 Gertrude petticoats
- 4 shirts
- 3 abdominal bands for the first month
- 3 knitted bands, with shoulder straps, for second to sixth month
- 4 nightgowns
- 4 dozen diapers
- 1 wrapper
- 1 cloak
- 1 cap

Indoor clothing, during the entire first year, should not vary with the seasons in kind or amount. Let the actual temperature of the day and not the time of year, be the guide in deciding how much clothing the baby should wear.

In winter, the outer clothes for the baby should consist of a soft light-weight warm coat, a silk cap lined with flannel, knitted booties slipped on over the socks, and woolen mittens. The blankets in the baby carriage should be of wool, soft and light of weight. Overdressing young children is a tendency that must be carefully guarded against, because babies are exceedingly sensitive to heat, and too heavy clothing may be the cause of illness. Even underclothing and knitted bands should vary but little in winter and summer.

Clothes are of proper weight when baby is comfortable. The best indication to prove this is the presence or absence of perspiration and the temperature of his feet and hands. If the baby needs extra clothing while in the house, put a soft, knitted jacket on him. When it seems wise to use a blanket, do not wrap it around too tightly. Such continuous pressure against the child's body is harmful.

There is quite a difference of opinion as to the need for children wearing woolen underclothing. I have found, personally, that babies thrive better when a mixture of silk and wool is used throughout the cold weather and silk and cotton or plain cotton in the summer. Knitted bands and shirts are also more satisfactory made from similar material.

THE new baby's clothes may be made with a saving of trouble to his mother, and he, himself, may have a far better chance to develop and get proper exercise for body and legs, if his dresses are kept short. When he is very tiny, his dresses may be made twenty-two inches long from neck to bottom of hem. There should be at least two inches leeway each side of the underarm seam. Either in the kimono or sleeve style of dress, the armhole must be large and the seam should be opened and sewed down or featherstitched so that it may not form a ridge. The neckband and sleeve should be made very wide without any trimming. For a new baby, a ten-inch neckband is none too wide, while the cuffs of the sleeves should be broad enough so that they

may slip on and off over the hands with perfect freedom. Draw-strings in the neck and sleeves give the best service, for they can be made as loose or as snug as may be desired. When such short dresses are worn, long silk and cotton or plain cotton socks in summer, and wool and silk or wool socks in winter are necessary.

Tapes are preferable in fastening baby's clothes, wherever they can be used, as they are more secure than other fasteners and make ironing easy. Small flat snaps are a fairly good means; where buttons are desired, use the tiniest and flattest ones procurable.

ALL the tiniest kings and queens in the world like to hold court in simple robes. Laces and ribbons and padded embroideries do not fit into their royal schemes of comfort. Dr. Baker, bowing to their whims, has planned here the right kind of wardrobe.

Address any further baby welfare questions to Dr. S. Josephine Baker, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

Long-sleeved shirts, with no inner seams, that button or tie with tapes in front, are the right kind to buy. Seams in the knitted bands with shoulder straps that might easily irritate the delicate skin are to be rigidly avoided. Here it is necessary to see that the straps are knitted into the body of the band and not sewed on, so that a protrusion which might readily hurt the baby, is not formed. In winter, the Gertrude petticoat may be made of all-wool flannel or preferably of cotton-and-wool flannel. Baby does not need this skirt in the summer-time; he is well dressed simply with an undershirt, diaper and an outside slip, except on cool days, when the flannel Gertrude skirt should be slipped on.

During the first month, babies wear the same kind of clothes day and night. At the end of that time, it is well to have an extra night outfit, consisting of undershirt of flannel or wool and cotton for winter use, with silk and cotton or plain cotton for summer. Nightgowns should be long enough to reach at least ten inches below the feet. A very good one for winter use is the type having a draw-string in the hem or one which folds over at the bottom and is fastened with snap-fasteners. This keeps the baby's feet warm and allows him to kick to his heart's content, without having the nightgown pulled up around the body. When he reaches the creeping age, rompers are advisable for daytime; and at night, he will find nightdrawers, with feet attached, comfortable.

Baby needs fresh clothes at least once a day. Up to one month, the only change necessary during the day or night will be that of the diaper. He may even sleep in his day clothes. At the end of one month, the child should be undressed each night and given an entire change of clothing. The best time to do this is directly after the morning bath, at which occasion it is well to remember the following health points:



Baste or tie the band, but never pin it together. See that clothing fits comfortably; care must be taken that it is not too tight and that there are no wrinkles to press into the baby's body. The diaper may be folded into a square and then into a triangle. A quantity of small pads, made from old linen or cheese-cloth, to be placed inside the diaper, are an excellent economy as, after they have received the discharges, they can be burned.

In putting on a diaper, remember that it should never be tight about the stomach or legs. If any ridges are seen at these places when the diaper is removed, it is a sure sign that there has been too much pressure. After putting the band, shirt and diaper on the baby, draw up the remainder of the clothing over his feet; never pull it down over his head.

Do not let the baby wear his flannel abdominal binder after the first month. Then it can be replaced by the knitted band with shoulder straps. Long wearing of a band interferes with the development of the baby's abdominal muscles.

AS soon as the baby is able to walk, his feet should be covered with soft moccasins, made with the seams on the outside. It is important that there should be no pressure on the little foot. No shoes of any kind should be put on him until the child is at least one year old and then only those made of exceedingly soft kid with soft flexible soles are permissible.

After the baby is a year old and begins to walk about, a shoe with flexible but thicker sole is advised. All shoes should be broad and at least one size too long. Under no circumstances should heels be worn. For out-of-doors, rubbers or fleece-lined arctics should be provided.

I do not approve of the so-called "cor-set shoes" or shoes with special stiffening to support the ankles. The baby's muscles weaken from disuse and strengthen with use. Because many babies are fat and heavy and inclined to fall down when playing, the anxious mother sometimes thinks extra support for the feet is needed. The proper method in such cases is to massage the baby's ankles night and morning with olive oil or some absorbable fat, bending the feet backward and forward and from side to side. In addition, the child should be encouraged to exercise his feet and ankles. Low shoes, rather than high ones, should be worn indoors, although the walking-sole shoe may be put on for all outdoor walking or playing.

If the baby's wardrobe has been made as described in the beginning of this article, it will not be necessary to make any new short clothes. As the baby grows, the clothing will become correspondingly shorter and the twenty-two-inch length should last throughout the first year. Dresses made with yokes and sewn-in sleeves will give eighteen months' service. If long dresses have been used, however, they should be changed for short ones at about the fourth or fifth month.

As soon as the baby begins to creep, one-piece rompers are advisable. They may be made of chambray or other easily washable material, and in them, the baby can play about as much as he pleases without unduly increasing the laundry. With the short clothes, which should be warm but light of weight, provision must be made for extra leggings to be worn outdoors. Remember that when the baby is exercising, although he must be kept warm, he needs much less clothing than when he is at rest.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON'S
Baby Welfare Department

Have you a baby?

DO you know whether baby is getting the proper amount of sleep?

You should know. Baby's health and comfort are just as much dependent upon the right amount of sleep as they are upon the right amount of food and clothing.

Many mothers, unfortunately, do not understand why very young babies should have from eighteen to twenty hours of sleep a day and six months' old babies at least sixteen hours of sleep a day.

There are a great many other things you should know about the care of babies.

The Terrible Cost of Ignorance

We understand that two-fifths of all infant deaths occur during the first months of life, largely for the want of more complete knowledge of personal hygiene on the part of mothers.

Now, more than ever, physicians, government bureaus, societies and associations are teaching mothers to "save the babies," and we are glad to be allied with them in this helpful educational work.

For over thirty years Johnson & Johnson have been helping to impress upon the public that "the care of individual and family health is the first and most important duty of a citizen." By means of informative literature, distributed to millions of homes and individuals through druggists, nurses, hospitals, health organizations, schools and other agencies, we have sought to aid in the conservation and promotion of health and life.

This does not mean that we have given medical advice. Quite the contrary. Our advice to the public has always been to send for a doctor when disease conditions arise.

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Uncle Sam is doing his best to teach mothers how to save their babies. The Children's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor at Washington, for instance, has issued a splendid series of pamphlets. All mothers should read them. Just write to the Children's Bureau at Washington for them and they will be sent free, and gladly. In particular we recommend the reading of these pamphlets: "The Preparation of Artificial Food," "Good Books and Pamphlets on Child Care," "Bottle Feeding," "Breast Feeding," "The Care of Mother," "Milk," "Feeding the Child," and "Is Your Child's Birth Recorded?"

Johnson & Johnson's Baby Welfare Department

which supplements the work of other agencies, is a natural enlargement of our regular field of welfare work. It places the facilities of the scientific investigators in our extensive laboratories at the service of mothers and children. Its aim is to aid the household heads to protect the home against the spread of communicable diseases; to keep well people well; to "save the babies."

The literature of the Department is clear, plain, practical and helpful, expressed in language that every mother can understand. It offers no medical advice, outlines no treatment of the sick, recommends no medicines.

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All mothers and heads of households are urged to fill out the coupon below and mail it to us.

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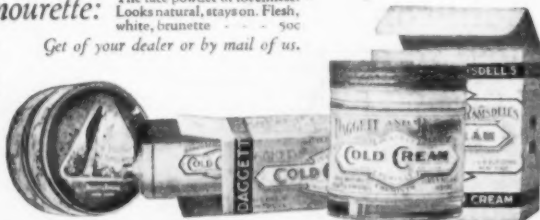
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For Constipation



SICKNESS PREVENTION



The Passing of the Cave-Man

[Continued from page 71]

adores him! A hundred men have written that story, and it's an example of their insane masculine conceit which I, as a woman, resent. If a woman like me were kidnapped she would go on hating the brute; or if she did give in, then the man would lose anyway, because she would have degenerated; she'd have turned into a slave and lost the thing he liked in her. Oh, you cave-men! With your belief that you can force women to like you."

The root of the cave theory is that certain qualities are definitely male—strength, courage, wisdom, aggressiveness, initiative and the like—while others are definitely female—timidity, dependence, frailty. The fact that sometimes in the juggling of life one finds a strong, courageous and aggressive woman, and a timid, dependent man proves nothing to tradition. It's an exception, that's all.

Why is it that everybody laughs when the masterful woman goes by, with a husband in tow? Such husbands always have an apologetic manner as if to explain to the world that they really couldn't help it, nature or temperament or the woman was too much for them. People laugh, not because it is essentially funny (it really isn't funny, at all, it's pathetic) but because it's a reversal of type. Nobody thinks of laughing when a masterful man goes by, a meek little wife and a dozen or more meek little children in tow. That's quite natural; an every-day sight.

If Socrates had stood on the street-corner in Athens, scolding Xantippe, history might never have mentioned her. She became famous because she was forceful and aggressive. Similarly, Mrs. Rip Van Winkle. If she had fled to the mountains to escape Rip's monologues, all the neighbors would have been sorry for her, but they would have felt that Rip was only fulfilling his normal duties. There is a marked silence about the husbands of the Amazons. Similarly, everyone likes to think of Penelope, weaving her life away while Odysseus was at war, but hardly anyone would enjoy an epic about Odysseus, waiting at home, enjoying fancy-work while Penelope was on a quest. Yet, it's barely possible that Penelope could have conducted a little crusade of her own if she had been encouraged.

Some time ago, a few women began to protest against the traditional doling out of human characteristics. They hinted mildly that they would like less insistence on the differences between men and women and more emphasis upon their common human qualities. But writers of poetry and novels did not take the hint. Even after the death of Queen Victoria, the lovely heroine remained like Dickens' Dora and Thackeray's Amanda, in white dainties and blue sashes.

However, the protest has been growing louder, and more women are making it articulate. Occasionally, a self-reliant woman has appeared in literature. At first, not as the heroine, of course, but as the mother or unmarried sister. Then, somewhere along the line, heroines were permitted to go to college and enjoy outdoor sports. This was a slight blow to the prestige of the cave-man, but he rallied. He was just coming back, showing his superior strength by athletic prizes, when the self-supporting heroine—I think it was in one of H. G. Wells' novels—spoke unblushingly of her job.

Then came the war heroine who not only could smooth the brow of the wounded soldier, but could organize an ambulance corps and run a munition factory. A woman of that caliber wouldn't mind a walk of thirty miles in the snow, if she had made up her mind to leave a cave-man like Gouverneur Morris' Raeburn. It may be discouraging to writers, but before long a new kind of hero will have to appear. It will be impossible to devise situations in which a cave-man can successfully force, threaten or cajole.

A good illustration of the passing of the cave era is to be found in Rose Wilder Lane's novel, *Diverging Roads* is a sort of epitome of the new relation of men and women. It shows them as human beings, struggling, rising, falling, each with individual problems and needs, each with a fair assortment of virtues and vices. It is different from old-time stories in that the woman is the strong person; it is she who has initiative, courage and self-reliance, while her husband, in spite of his masterful ways, is weak and clinging.

[Continued on page 31]

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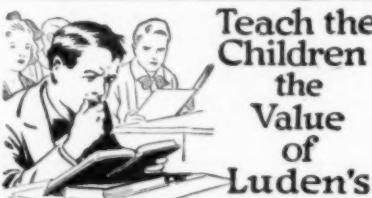
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"Since using 'TWO for ONE' I get 250 to 300 eggs a day instead of 25 or 30," writes J. C. Hoff of Indiana.

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Name.....

Address.....



The Passing of the Cave-Man

[Continued from page 30]

Helen Davies was born in a California town that had been left like an empty shell after the crest of the gold wave. But Helen could no more stay in the dead little town than could Paul, the lad she loved first. When he went away she, too, left home to seek her fortune. She thought that her fortune was to be in learning telegraphy in order to come back and marry Paul and live over the telegraph-office in the railroad station.

In San Francisco, Helen had many adventures, and faced hardships and dangers, but she had a certain stability and courage that carried her through. After her marriage to Bert Kennedy, the real story begins. For he gets into financial difficulties and leaves her stranded to face his debts and the disgrace alone. She takes up the work of real-estate promotion at which he failed, and carries it through successfully. When he comes back she finds that her love went with him and did not return. He says that she has become hard, and perhaps she has. Success was not easy.

Nevertheless, the game of work is fascinating to Helen and she plays it hard. She lives actively, having for her comrades other women who, like herself, are making their way alone. Between them all is deep understanding and affection. When her old sweetheart comes into her life again, she thinks she will marry him and give up work, comradeship and contact with her own generation, for him. But she finds that she cannot. She has to accept the truth; she is no longer that kind of a woman. She could not be happy even in an upholstered cave.

It seems a bit drastic. Probably many people will say that it isn't a happy ending at all. It does, however, express the point of view of a number of women. They are not willing to marry inferiors or superiors; they will mate only with equals. Curiously, these modern vikings, as one reviewer calls them, are just the sort of women that the cave-man ought to like. In the end he may find them infinitely more interesting than the Victorian heroines. But they are not to be won by the old, dominating tactics. They would only laugh if he tried to conquer them by force. Between equals there can be no question of conquest. When the cave period has really passed, there will be no question of diverging roads. Men and women will then be able to make the journey together as comrades.

What Will Their Tomorrow Be?

[Continued from page 12]

a French girl, just past thirteen, during the second year of the war. We had been studying Corneille's *Horace* for three months, and I wanted to know what sort of an influence our serene, intellectual lessons could have on the passionate emotions of the day. So I said: "You will suppose that Curia (one of the characters in the play who had just been mortally wounded) has five minutes left before he dies. And you will compose the speech with which he addresses Horace, his victorious enemy." Here is the text that I have translated.

I am mortally wounded; I have served Albe, my country. I have done my whole duty toward her. Suffer me to speak to you not as an enemy, but as a brother.

I feel no hatred toward you for killing me. My death will cover you with glory, but it is a glory that I cannot envy you. I weep over Albe fallen into servitude.

I place Camille in your hands. Tell her not to mourn for me. I have fought valiantly and I have always lamented raising my sword against the brother of my beloved. Had I been the victor in this fight, I should be prouder but more unhappy. Because you are covered with glory, you do not feel how cruel glory is.

Horace, respect my body. After having killed your enemy, you would act nobly in giving him the honor of burial, and my shade would rejoice.

Let Camille and Sabine shed a few tears over the vanquished. Rome has paid dearly enough for her greatness.

May the merciful gods watch over my unfortunate country and spare the victor the mad pride of triumph.

[Continued on page 32]



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"Bayer package." Be sure the "Bayer Cross" is on package and on tablets. Then you are getting the genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over eighteen years.

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owes to Malt-Nutrine, liquid food and tonic, her excellent state of well-being. It gives her endurance and quick restoration and an ample supply of nourishment for the little one at her breast. It quiets her nerves, whets her appetite and brings to her sweet, restful sleep. Her strength and joyousness are imparted to her baby—a "healthy, happy" pair!

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Liquid-Food-Tonic

is of inestimable benefit. Taken with the meals and before retiring, it builds up a fine reserve strength, aids digestion and, after illness, restores health and a new vigor.

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What Will Their Tomorrow Be?

(Continued from page 31)

DOES it not prove that the training of the mind is the only thing which matters, after all? It can be done easily enough, provided teachers and students take their time and consent to a limitation of their field, the better to explore it. It is true that selection always is necessary, but it has to be done by the people who know, not by those who do not. And, too, it is better to cling to some school practise that has been recognized as beneficial and efficient than to try some new experiment every other week, especially when one remembers that the poor helpless children will pay for it.

America, misled by her human kindness, by her desire to make everyone happy, above all the little ones, seems to overlook the fundamental need of effort. No mental gain is achieved without the cost of some pain; we remember best those things over which we have struggled. A happy passive attitude is about the worst that a student can take toward learning. But, alas, this very disposition is being developed in American boys and girls from the time they enter the kindergarten.

They are led to believe that work must be pleasant and easy, and, if it is not, that there is certainly something wrong with the work, not with them. It is not easy to add sums and make them correct; to learn prose and poetry by heart; to write in a foreign language—even in one's own—with a minimum of mistakes. Interesting subjects have dry and dull beginnings. It's tiresome to concentrate when you want to dream. It's hard to relapse from some exciting match into some cold pursuit. Work cannot be always pleasant, and perhaps it is not desirable that it should be too often so. Yet all your modern school devices seem calculated to minimize effort. Laboratories are a wonderful gain, but experiments ought to alternate with problems which would speak to the mind alone and not to the eyes. Motion-pictures are excellent, provided the students are asked to put into written words, immediately afterward, the information that has been offered them in that easy fashion.

It is a beautiful ambition of the American high school—to educate the will and to train the future citizen. We have only to think of the way American boys and girls help so generously in all civic enterprises to do full justice to their fine public spirit. The only trouble is that children do not know, and America does not know either, that a good intellect and not worldly possessions is the cause of the great superiority of some men over others; that a well-trained and well-used mind means power as much as nobility; that, if a nation depends upon her sons' strength for safety and upon their practical ability for wealth, only their brains can secure for her everlasting fame. A few men with ideas finally control their age and lead mankind onward. How can you ambitious and idealistic Americans fail to care for the only power that eventually forces itself upon the recognition of man and time?

Do you know that out of ten big modern scientific discoveries, discoveries of principles from which thousands of others are derived, seven were made in France, in the country where these children are not asked "What will you have?" but are instantly invited to do precisely what they must? When the American boy does not feel like learning lessons, he would do well to give a thought to the submarine, to the Suez and Panama Canals, to radium, the serums, Pasteur, Curie, Carrel, all products of our traditional education.

In the long run it does pay beautifully to care for abstract ideas and to trust a so-called useless culture. It is a truth that even we in France are in danger of forgetting. For, today, there is a tendency to toss aside our higher intellectual standards of learning, to belittle our scholarly culture and to substitute a utilitarian education. Some of us are saying our kind of education does not pay. It's the only kind that does pay. If France throws that away, she loses everything.

Let the youths of America spend on books some of the vital ardor they exhaust on entertainments and matches. Have them compete for leadership in the intellectual world, not only with other Americans but with English, French, Italians. Publicly honor knowledge and thought so as to help these faculties regain favor.

Then who can say what these wonderful high schools, with their palatial buildings, their worthy masters and their host of quick, keen students will not achieve!



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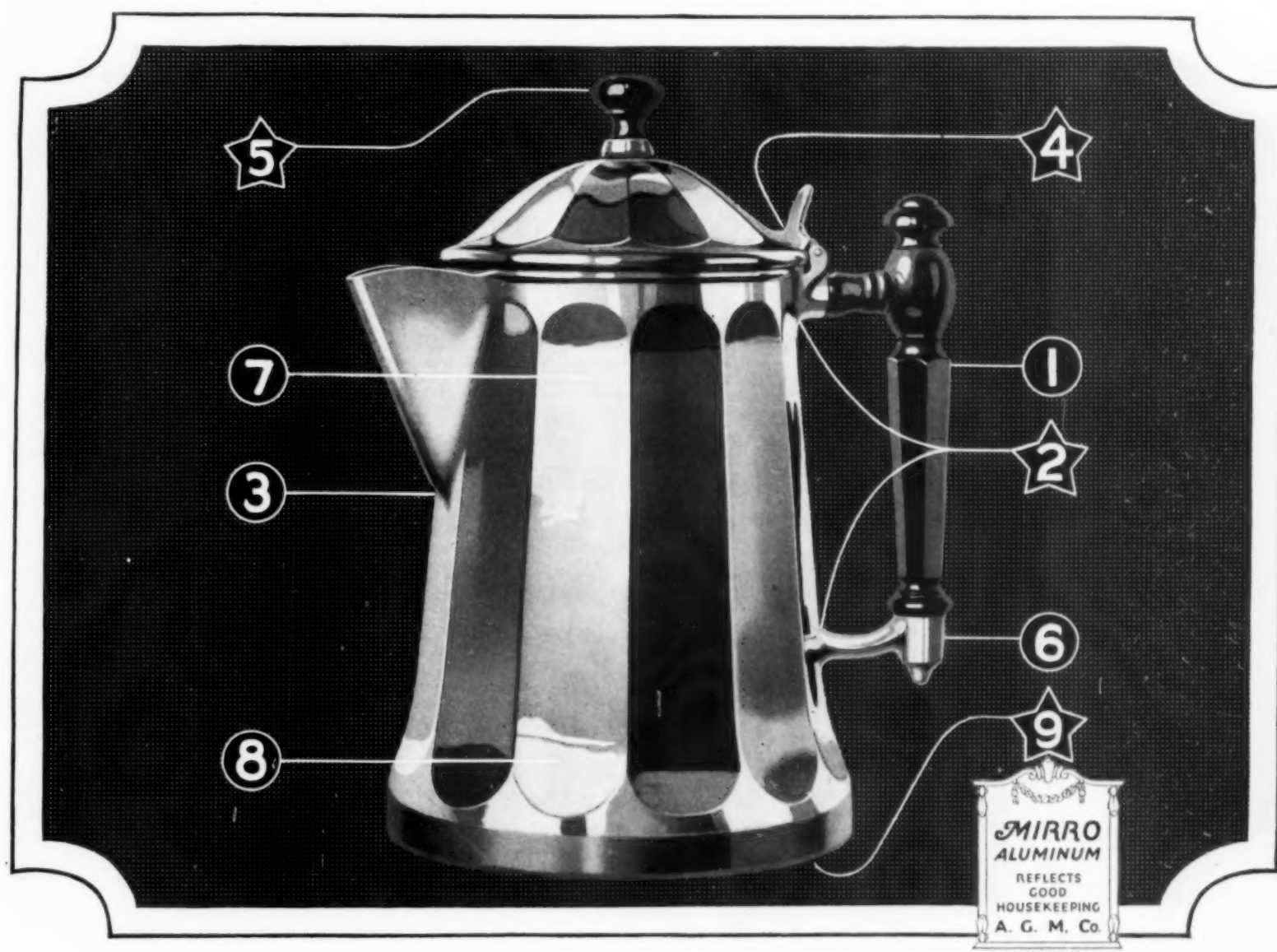
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'Twill Make Good Christmas Cheer

Not less useful because it is beautiful, but more so. This Mirro Aluminum Coffee Pot endures the hottest flame or graces your table with equal felicity. In its beauty and utility truly go hand-in-hand.

And what joy it gives to coffee-making! It is everything that a coffee pot should be. Light, durable, a *quality* pot through and through, and with the many features of convenience that distinguish all Mirro utensils. Note them well. You do not find them in ordinary aluminum ware.

(1) The sure-grip, ebonized, detachable handle which insures comfortable handling and easy pouring. ☆(2) Handle sockets are welded on, as are also the spout (3), and the combination hinge and cover tipper ☆(4).

☆(5) The rivetless, no-burn, ebonized knob. This, with the other star features 2, 4 and 9, belongs exclusively to Mirro.

(6) Flame guard protects handle when the pot is on the stove. (7) The famous Mirro finish. (8) The rich Colonial design. ☆(9) The well-known Mirro trade-mark, stamped on the bottom of every Mirro utensil, and your guarantee of excellence throughout.

Remember, too, that the experience of a quarter of a century of better aluminum making has gone into Mirro. *That* accounts for its supremacy in the world of aluminum ware.

The scale upon which it is manufactured, the tremendous scope of the business behind it, accounts for its really moderate price.

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DeMiracle
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Remove Hair
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IF merely removing hair from the surface of the skin were all that were required of a depilatory, a razor would solve the superfluous hair problem. DeMiracle, the original sanitary liquid, does more than remove surface hair. It devitalizes it, which is the only common-sense way to remove hair from face, neck, arms, under-arms or limbs. DeMiracle requires no mixing. It is ready for instant use. Simply wet the hair and it is gone. Only genuine DeMiracle has a money back guarantee in each package. FREE BOOK with testimonials of eminent physicians, surgeons, dermatologists and medical journals, explains how DeMiracle devitalizes hair, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request.

Three Sizes: 60c, \$1.00, \$2.00.
At all Toilet Counters or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c, \$1.04 or \$2.08 which includes War Tax.

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Keep winter away from your face!

Protect your complexion from the trying blasts of December with Crème de Meridor. The original greaseless cream, for day and night. 25c and 50c jars at all toilet goods counters.

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Write for free samples or send 40c for complete Lazell Beauty Box, containing tooth paste, toilet water, talcum powder, face powder and miniature jar of Crème de Meridor.



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SKIN SPECIALISTS SAY—

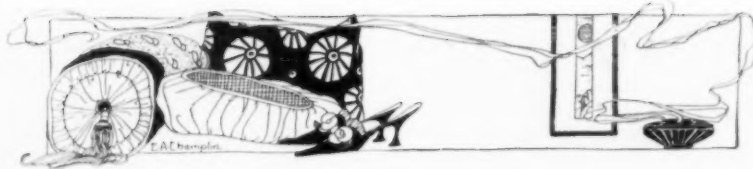
Good face powders tend to improve poor complexions and to safeguard the perfect skin. Lablache has been proven more than good for half a century by millions of sensible women who appreciate a pure, safe, clean and economical face powder.

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The Road to Repose-Land

By Suzanne Sheldon

I KNOW a woman who always makes one whisper at the first glimpse of her, "What poise—what individuality—what repose!" She is like a fresh breeze. She is like a still, cool landscape. Yet she is a mother with a large house and little money. Her secret lies in the fact that no matter how many demands there are upon her time, she always creates for herself a leisure hour. Even her children are not reason enough to make her abandon her scheduled rest—the time she has reserved for rebuilding her depleted vitality. This retrenching takes place in her own room where, in the tranquil atmosphere, she goes ad-

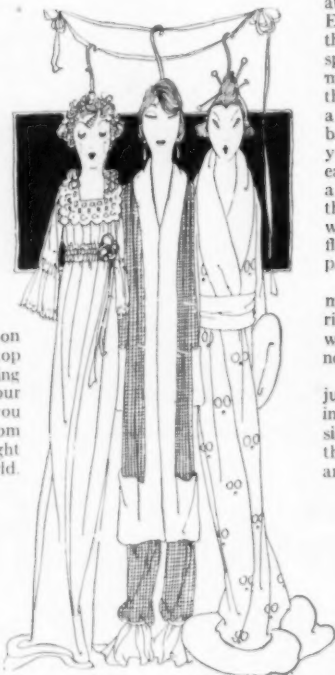
sling in round or oblong shapes. Pick out the softest and lightest of them in the daintiest casing to tuck under your head. At a very little expense, you can make these yourself, and their crisp freshness will be a continued source of pleasure to you.

An additional bit of luxury for your room is a long, low foot-cushion to place beside your bed. This is delightfully soft and warm to rest your feet on while reaching for your slippers.

Boudoir slippers, it is true, are merely a detail, but of the kind that can either make or break the harmony of your costume. Dainty mules may be purchased without any sense of extravagance, as a little care will keep them at their original freshness. Even better than catching the tiniest of marring spots before it has time to make itself permanent, is the prevention habit. Have a definite pocket in a wall-bag in your closet where you may slip them after each wearing and see what a pleasure it is to find them there whenever you want them. The closet floor is not the place for pale pinks and blues!

Clever fingers may make up odd bits of ribbon into slippers that will match the frilliest of negligée.

Before you lie down, just for expediency's sake in dressing after the siesta, brush your hair thoroughly. Most of us are easily swayed by fatigue and forego the nightly "hundred strokes." This mid-afternoon brushing will do away with them and a certain vigorous "liveness" will come to the hair. No matter what shade, mouse-colored or Titian, it will, after continued treatment



have a gloss that can be achieved in no other way. After the brushing, arrange the hair in the fashion to give you the greatest sense of comfort.

OF course, you will want a tub before your rest, preferably a warm one followed by a cool shower. Scent the bath if you like, and after it, dust the body all over with a faintly perfumed powder. A delicate sachet-bag tucked in among your pillows is also a refreshing accessory.

To make one of your own, purchase about ½ pound of rose-petals, 1 pound oforris-root, ¼ pound of Tonka beans, ½ pound of vanilla, 1 dram of musk, and about 8 grains of oil of bitter almonds, and allow all to blend for at least two weeks in a tightly sealed jar. Dainty women will like this sachet, breathing as it does, a faint, elusive fragrance that quite typifies good taste. If toilet water sprinkled lightly is more to your liking than the sachet, toilet water let it be!

Darken the room to suit yourself and begin forgetting in earnest. It makes little difference whether you are asleep or awake, only if you do not sleep, be sure to keep your little bark of repose sailing on peaceful waters far from the rocks of domestic cares. All this makes for perpetual youth, the youth of the spirit that springs from unwearied fountains of energy, and for beauty, the natural beauty of the soul.

Perform your task faithfully, one two, three days and I can see you remade. Though scarcely aware of it, the trials that seem to cling will vanish before you are half way on the Road to Repose-Land and you will be as changed as the Woman-I-Used-to-Know, who could not, despite herself, lose the atmosphere of her period of perfect repose during any of the waking hours of the day.



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you can depend upon

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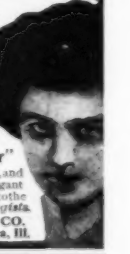


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are "as a cloud before the sun" hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use STILLMAN'S Freckle Cream.

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Just a little regular care keeps your hands beautiful



NAILS like rosy pearl inlaid in a delicate setting,—a setting of smooth, unbroken cuticle, a perfect curve which repeats the curve of the nail tips!

It is easy for anyone nowadays to have this alluring grace of perfect nails and cuticle—so easy that people no longer excuse the lack of it.

Today, ill-kept nails are as unpardonable as ill-kept teeth. For it takes but a few

Nature will not permit it to remain uncovered. The moment a tiny bit is exposed, new skin grows very quickly in that place to cover it. It grows much more rapidly than the rest of the cuticle. This spoils the symmetry of the curve at the base of your nails. It causes uneven cuticle and hangnails. It gives a coarse ragged appearance to the border of your nails. Your cuticle should have the same unbroken curve, the same grace and symmetry that your nails have.

Realizing this, an expert set himself to the task of discovering a safe, effective way to remove overgrown cuticle. After years of study he worked out the formula of a liquid, which gently, harmlessly softens and removes the surplus cuticle. This he called Cutex.

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip it into the bottle of Cutex and work it around the base of the nails, gently pushing back the cuticle. Instantly the dry cuticle is softened. Wash the hands, pushing back the cuticle with a towel. The surplus cuticle will disappear, leaving a firm, even, slender nail base.

If you like snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails directly from its convenient tube. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. For an especially brilliant lasting polish, use Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cutex Cake or Powder Polish. You can get the Cutex Polish in cake, powder, paste, liquid and stick form.

If your cuticle has a tendency to dry and grow coarse, apply a bit of Cutex Cold Cream each night. This cream was especially prepared to keep the hands and cuticle soft and fine.

Give yourself this manicure regularly. Make it as much of a habit as keeping your shoes shined. You will find that it is no

trouble. It takes only about fifteen minutes a week to give your nails this complete manicure. But do not neglect this duty. Do not do it one week and forget it the next. It is true that one Cutex manicure makes your nails look lovely, but you cannot keep them well groomed by irregular care. Give your nails a Cutex manicure regularly, and your hands will always have that peculiar attractiveness which adds a subtle appeal to one's whole appearance.

Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are each 35 cents. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65 cent bottles. You can get Cutex in any drug or department store in the United States, Canada and England.



The sensitive nail root is only one-twelfth inch below the cuticle. When you look through a magnifying glass you see the unpleasant results of cuticle cutting.

minutes of regular care each week to keep your finger nails always perfect, your cuticle smooth, thin, unbroken.

Make some day of the week your regular day for manicuring. Then regularly on this day give your nails the care they need.

Do not forget that the most important item in the appearance of your nails is the care of the cuticle. Broken cuticle is like a broken setting to a jewel. Coarse, overgrown cuticle is equally unsuitable.

Yet many people ruin the cuticle through ignorance of the proper method of caring for it. *Never cut it.* Specialists agree that this is ruinous.

The nail root is only one-twelfth of an inch below the cuticle. When the cuticle is cut, it is next to impossible to avoid exposing the nail root at the corners or in some other little place. The root of the nail is so sensitive that



To keep your cuticle a perfect frame for your nails, you must use the right softening method

A complete manicure set for only 20 cents

Mail this coupon below with 20 cents and we will send you a complete Midget Manicure Set. It contains small sizes of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish, Pink Paste Polish and Cuticle Comfort, together with orange stick and emery boards. Enough of each to give you at least six manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

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Sloan's Liniment—promptly, without skin-stain or rubbing penetrates, scatters the congestion, and produces a warm tingle of comforting relief.

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Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!



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Thomas Burner Co. 1902 Gay St. Dayton, Ohio



The Dark Mirror

(Continued from page 15)

happy before you listened to her lies . . . Please, Red, please!"

Her arm moved round his neck, drawing his head down. He resisted stubbornly, but of a sudden yielded. With a low cry he crushed her to him. The hard stubble of his beard rasped her sensitive skin. The reek of his breath was sickening as he sought the fragrance of her mouth. But she steeled herself, repressed her shudder of repulsion, let him have his way, even mustered a show of response that contented him. For if her flesh crawled, her heart sang; she had won. He had dropped his pistol; it lay unheeded on the table beside them. She nestled more closely into his embrace. The movement brought her nearer the table and the pistol, almost between it and Carnehan. He did not seem to notice. She debated the next move, trying to scheme some way to free a hand without exciting his suspicions, so that she might grope behind her until her fingers found the weapon.

What sound it was that startled him, whether a footfall on the stairs or a door banging on one of the lower floors, she never knew. But the man lifted his head sharply, listening, and his embrace relaxed.

He muttered: "What was that?"

"I didn't hear anything, Red."

With no more warning she thrust him vigorously from her. Altogether taken by surprise, he stumbled backward, grasping at the air, his face a tragic mask of maudlin stupefaction, until the wall behind him brought him up. At the same time understanding smote him like a thunderbolt. He pulled himself together and started for her, but again fell back on finding himself under the threat of his own pistol.

For a little neither spoke nor moved. The girl was tense, her eyes dark with settled purpose. The man stood swaying slightly from side to side, shoulders bowed, head thrust forward, murder glimmering in bloodshot eyes. A dull growling issued from his half-open lips. Abruptly, making nothing of the pistol, he charged headlong for her.

She had not dreamed he would dare. The pistol exploded in a wavering hand, and its shot went wide; but its fire scorched the face of the beast and added the pang of physical pain necessary to make his madness a blind lust to kill.

His body crashed into hers with terrific force. Both reeled back against the table. Ponderous as it was, it swung out of place; the lamp toppled, rolled upon its side, and went over the edge with a noise of splintering glass. The girl, borne bodily back across the table, lay kicking and struggling while Carnehan's hands closed round her slender throat. Somehow she had lost hold of the pistol. Her ineffective fingers tore at those wrists of steel. A gust of hot air rose round her head, and she saw Red's face fitfully illumined by a bluish glare. The glass reservoir of the lamp had broken, and the oil, spreading upon the rug, had caught fire from the flickering wick. She redoubled her efforts, but the pressure upon her windpipe was cruel beyond description, her brain was reeling, so was all the world. Darkness was closing in upon her like a black fog.

Then something happened, something miraculous intervened. Too dazed to comprehend, at first conscious only of the freedom of her throat, she was caught up and carried swiftly away.

Set upon her feet, she found herself in the hall, at the head of the stairs, Mario supporting her with an arm. To his anxious inquiry, she returned a ghastly smile and a feeble shake of her head.

"What happened?" she creaked in a voice she did not know as her own.

"I returned, thank God!—in time!"

"But Red—?"

"Knocked senseless—back there—"

Through the open doorway she caught a glimpse of a room that seemed a well of raging flames, violet, orange and green. Then Mario picked her up again and started down the stairs. On the first landing she heard him crying the alarm of fire. She struggled, and he put her down, but held her hand and dragged her with him as they plunged down flight after flight. The house was buzzing like a hive of enraged bees, before they had accomplished half of the descent. On the lowermost landing they had fairly to fight their way through the crowd of panic-stricken tenants swarming out of their cells.

A motor-cab was waiting at the curb. Mario hustled her into the vehicle, followed, and slammed the door. Evidently the driver had already been instructed; he made off without delay. Leonora collapsed, sobbing weakly, upon the bosom of Mario.

(Continued on page 38)



Not a Speck of Dirt

to mar the most immaculate white glove. This furniture was cleaned the easy 3-in-One way. If you don't know the 3-in-One way, learn now.

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By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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*See how this will help to make
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YOUR complexion, too, can be lovely! If you would have that most potent of all charms—a clear, fresh complexion, lovely in color—look to the daily care of your skin!

Look to its tissues! Their texture can make your complexion coarse or fine, rough or smooth!

Look to its millions of pores! They can breathe and give your skin freshness and life!

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Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Always dry the skin thoroughly.

The very first time you use it you will feel the glow this treatment leaves on your skin. Use it day after day. Notice the steady improvement it makes. See how soft and lovely the right daily care keeps your skin!

You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. Get a cake to-day and begin to-night this treatment. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

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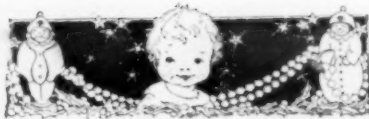
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PARIS FASHION COMPANY
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The Dark Mirror

[Continued from page 36]

AND sobbing as though her heart must break, the girl Priscilla came back to herself in the ordered and luxurious security of the home on Park Avenue.

But it was some time before she was able to grasp the singular circumstances that attended this return, or this awakening—whichever it was. She had been recalled too suddenly, too harshly, from that weird realm of her life in dreams to the sane world of her waking existence. Everything seemed so unnatural that only the natural could have seemed abnormal in her understanding; and at first she found nothing strange in the intent, anxious countenance of Philip Fosdick bending over her, and the bleating of her aunt who stood kneading together vague and futile hands.

But her sobs ceased when the oddness of it all struck home.

"Why, Philip! And Aunt Esther! Is anything the matter?"

"I fancy you can tell us that," Philip suggested mildly with a sympathetic smile.

"I'm sure I don't understand in the least." This was Aunt Esther. "It seems very peculiar, I must say. Dr. Fosdick called a few minutes ago and insisted on seeing you. He said he had telephoned you some time ago, and you answered him so peculiarly, he wanted to make sure you were all right. So I brought him up."

"I think you understand, 'Cilla," Philip interposed in a guarded manner.

"And we found you writhing and moaning in your sleep—and do what we could it seemed impossible to wake you up!"

"I see," said Priscilla—"I understand. I'm sorry to have worried you so."

She tried to smile reassuringly for Philip's sake, but the attempt was not a success. Her memories were too moving.

Fosdick turned to Mrs. Trowbridge.

"Priscilla's in a highly nervous state," he explained with the authority of the physician. "But I've been studying her for some time and have the case, I think, well in hand. If you don't mind leaving us alone a few moments, I think I can quiet her so that she'll sleep naturally and restfully for the remainder of the night."

And when they were alone he turned again to Priscilla.

"You must tell me your dream, 'Cilla, dear—let me help you all I can."

In the stress of her emotion, acting wholly upon an impulse of gratitude and affection, she rested a hand upon his shoulder and her cheek against that.

"You can't do anything," she insisted in a broken whisper—"nobody can. They've escaped, Philip—she and Mario have—and they love each other and are going to be married and . . . oh, it's so impossible, so mad, so silly of me! But I can't help it. I'm jealous, Philip—I'm wild with jealousy—jealous of a thing of dreams!"

SYNOPSIS.—Priscilla Maine, a young artist, haunted by strange dreams, asks to be psycho-analyzed by Dr. Philip Fosdick, who loves her. She tells him that, as far back as she can remember, her dreams have always been about a girl named Leonora, who seems to be herself, but whose surroundings are unknown to her and whose habits of thought and speech are totally opposed to her own. Leonora's associates are a band of East Side gangsters led by Red Carnehan, who loves her. She is in love with Mario, a mysterious Spaniard. At the gangsters' meeting-place she is accused by Harry the Nut of betraying their pal, Eddie, to the police. Just as she, in turn, accuses him, Leo Bielinsky bursts in, warning them of a frame-up. Red and Leonora climb out on the fire-escape as the door is broken down by a policeman and a plain-clothes man; both are shot by Red. When Priscilla's story ends, Dr. Fosdick shows her the evening paper containing an account of the incident of the shooting, but implicating Bielinsky only. Priscilla, fearing insanity, is reassured when Dr. Fosdick explains her psychic condition and begins his analysis. He forbids her finishing the portrait she is painting, and insists that she see her friends and forget her dreaming. He agrees not to give the names of the gang to the police as she fears Red would kill Leonora for "squealing." Later, Dr. Fosdick, seeking a clue to her dream, disappears. Priscilla returns to her painting. She becomes self-hypnotized and sees Leonora, in hiding, summoned by Charlie the Coke to meet Red. Just before he names the rendezvous, she comes out of her trance.

[To be continued]

Transformation

[Continued from page 11]

Josie saw with devastating clearness that he was right. She had simply been happy before; she had not thought at all.

"Oh, I will tell him," she promised heavily. "Before the day is over, of course, Father." And she dropped back in the corner of her seat, the new vigor gone with the new joy.

Several times that day, as they flew into the great, rolling West, she tried to tell him, but he made it harder by being troubled and distraught himself. She could

[Continued on page 41]



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Royal Cream Loaf Cake

(Picture at Top)

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1/2 cup shortening | 1 cup flour |
| 1 cup sugar | 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder |
| 1/2 cup rich milk or thin cream | 1 teaspoon lemon extract |
| 2 eggs | |
| 1/2 cup cornstarch | |

Cream shortening well. Add sugar slowly and well beaten yolks of eggs. Add milk (very little at a time), sift flour, cornstarch and baking powder together and mix in with the first ingredients. Fold in the beaten whites of eggs. Bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven from 35 to 45 minutes and cover with the following icing.

Icing

- | |
|--------------------------|
| 1 egg white (unbeaten) |
| 1/2 cup granulated sugar |
| 3 tablespoons cold water |

Place all ingredients in top of double boiler. Place over boiling water and beat with Dover beater for seven minutes. Spread on top and sides of cake.

Maple Nut Cake

(Picture below)

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| 1/2 cup shortening | 2 eggs |
| 1 cup light brown sugar | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| 1/2 cup milk | 1 cup chopped nuts—preferably pecan nuts |
| 1 1/2 cups flour | 1/2 teaspoon salt |
| 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder | |

Cream shortening, add sugar slowly, yolks of eggs and milk and beat well. Sift flour, salt and baking powder together and add to first mixture. Fold in beaten whites of eggs, add flavoring and bake in well greased loaf pan in moderate oven 35 to 45 minutes. Cover top with maple icing and sprinkle with chopped nuts while still soft.

Maple Icing

- | | |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 1/2 cups confectioner's sugar | 1/2 teaspoon butter |
| 2 tablespoons hot milk | 1/2 teaspoon maple flavoring |

Add butter to hot milk and add sugar slowly to make paste of the right consistency to spread. Add flavoring and spread on top and sides of cake.

Graham Gems

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 cup flour | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 1 cup graham flour | 1 egg |
| 2 tablespoons sugar | 1 cup milk |
| 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder | 3 tablespoons melted shortening |

Sift the flour, salt, sugar and baking powder together. Mix well with the graham flour; add well beaten egg, milk and melted shortening. Bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes.

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Transformation

(Continued from page 38)

not get just the brave, gay tone needed for her confession. Sometimes she thought it would be easier to freeze up as she had years ago and let him go away disappointed. Then he would offer some service, show himself so exquisitely good to her, that she knew she could never hide from him again. It would be better to kill the charm outright with her two hands than to pretend things that were false.

Her father left them alone for a long time in the afternoon, and when he came back his eyes asked a question. Josie's fell in helpless shame.

"Mr. Foster, I'd like a talk with you," there was rebuke for Josie in the words as well as command for the young man. The two went away together, and tears of shame burned Josie's eyelids. She kept them down, that she might see the manner of Sam's return, the first shocked look toward her hair.

The telling took a long time. Sam finally came back alone, his step quick, even eager, and, dropping down beside her, he took one of her hands closely into his.

"Josie, your father told me what I had already guessed," he began earnestly; "only it is vastly better than I dared hope. I can see so well how it has happened! Everyone has been thinking how like your mother you were—haven't they? And getting worried every time you had a cold? And you have lived in the dark under those confounded elms, and been rather bored—my dear girl, this has simply been wished on you!" He shook her hand between both his to make her see. "You come to my father! I'll bet there isn't one thing the matter with you that a few weeks of Arizona won't straighten out."

After all, she had only been playing fright, dramatizing death; she had not really believed in it for more than a minute at a time. She was glad because he was so glad, but she waited for the blow.

"Is that all my father told you?" "Good Lord, I should say it was enough!" he exclaimed; and, finding her hand in his, gave it back, with a hasty recognition of their public situation. "It is all so much better than I feared," he apologized. "Though I don't know why I should take it so hard. How you did throw me down, Josie!"

"I—?" He must be joking, and yet her heart reeled in his side.

"I should say yes," he sounded perfectly tranquil about it. "No rising young advertising man ever met a worse slam. You hurt my feelings."

She had not dreamed of that, could not accept it. "Oh, nonsense!" She was ready to laugh if he laughed.

"You did. An advertising man expects to be kicked out, but a senior doesn't. I was wounded, and I was also very mad. You had seemed to like me in Brewster!" She had turned away to hide a distressed flush. "I couldn't help it."

"You would have preferred to help it, then?" Perhaps he was only satisfying an old curiosity; but there was something in the air between them that made it a very wonderful world. The smell of cinders and velvet took on a haunting charm, the drone of the train shut them in together.

"Oh, yes!" she breathed.

"Well, that's something. I don't mean to imply that I have sat about beating my breast the whole three years. I went on reasonably. In fact, I have known several girls with enthusiasm. But there was something about you, Josie, that—well, is hard to duplicate. What did happen anyway? What was the matter, that day?"

He had to be told. Even if her father had not meant her wavy hair, Josie's conscience was awakened; she could not cheat Sam into love.

"It was—my hair," she faltered. "It looked so—awful. This—" she lifted a hand that trembled to the brown waves.

"All-around transformation," said Sam with businesslike interest. "A mighty good one, too. I shouldn't have known it wasn't your own if I had not handled the advertising for the Natural Wave Studios. They've got a transformation that—"

Josie's laugh interrupted, a very peal of rejoicing, and, after a surprised halt, he laughed with her.

"Ah, my dear, there are no feminine secrets from an advertising man," he admitted.

Mr. McCullom, checked in the doorway by the sound, watched them unseen. He, too, had changed in the past hour; his jaw had the old pugnacious thrust and his restored step recorded the wrath of God.

"Women are all alike," he muttered; but he turned back again, and in the darkness of the passage he breathed heavily and stammered thanks.

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"Prayers"
by Harold Brett

"Baby's Bath"
by
Jessie Willcox Smith



Baby's Busy Day

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Haskell Coffin

Neysa McMein

Harold Brett

Send for the lovely 1920 Swift's Premium Calendar

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The cunning baby in the bathtub is Jessie Willcox Smith's charming conception and you won't be able to decide whether you like it, or Haskell Coffin's little high-chair monarch, the best. Neysa McMein's sweet girl-mother wins your admiration as thoroughly as does the absorbed young naturalist in the sandbox. And perhaps many will find Harold Brett's end of the day loveliest of all.

The best of advice about caring for baby, too

This calendar, besides being so beautiful that you feel you must have it for your own, is practical as well. On the back of each leaf will be found dozens of hints by a famous medical authority on the care of the baby, the very latest information on feeding and play, training and sleep—everything you want to know if there is a baby in the house. And whether there's a real one or not, you'll want the adorable ones in these pictures.

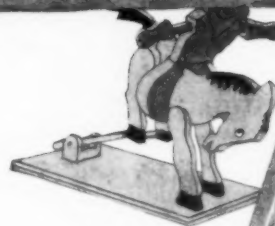
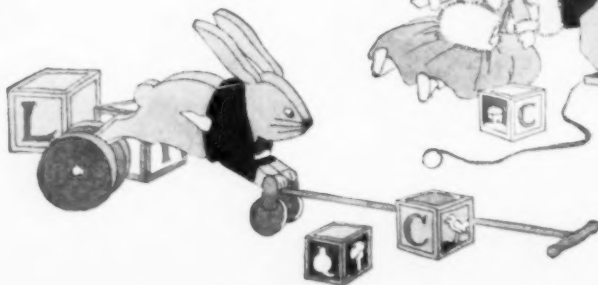
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"The Breakfast"
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FOOD IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT

Christmas Gifts from Out the Kitchen

EVERYONE wants to "make" something for Christmas. There is no present more welcome than the one which comes from the kitchen and no place where a greater variety of gifts may be prepared. With white paper, a few yards of holiday ribbon and some Santa Claus seals, the delicious food-gifts may be decorated most attractively.

Do not forget that the preserves and jellies put up last summer are very delightful Christmas presents. Fruit-cake and plum pudding should be made in the early part of the month as they are much better for the keeping, while candy stays fresher if made just a few days before Christmas.

If much candy is to be made, it will pay to invest in a candy thermometer, as one will feel much more sure of the result, and no mistake in the time of cooking can occur. The woman who cannot do this, should remember that candy may always be tried in cold water, which must be fresh every time a test is taken. Let the candy remain in the water until you have counted ten slowly, then test it with the fingers. Some candy, if noted in the recipe, should be tested between the teeth. When the candy, according to the test, is cooked to the right consistency, it must be removed from the fire at once.

In candy-making, the terms "soft ball," "hard ball," "crack," and "hard crack" are used. "Soft ball" means that when a portion is dropped into cold water it can be gathered into the fingers in a soft ball. "Hard ball" means a hard ball forms when tested in cold water. "Crack" is when the candy will not ball, but is slightly brittle. "Hard crack" becomes brittle and will break with a snap. After the "hard crack" stage, the sugar caramelizes.

Candies and sweets, made by the following recipes and sent in gay holiday attire, will carry the real spirit of Christmas.

FUDGE

2 cups sugar 1/4 cup corn sirup
2/3 cup milk 2 tablespoons butter
2 squares of chocolate 1 teaspoon vanilla

Put the first 4 ingredients into a saucepan; cook slowly until a "soft ball" is formed (234 degrees Fahrenheit). Remove from fire; add the butter without stirring. Let mixture cool until just warm, then add vanilla and beat until creamy. Pour into a buttered pan. When cool, cut into squares.

For double fudge make this recipe—then pour the penotchie on top of the fudge in the same pan.

PENOTCHIE

2 cups brown sugar 1 tablespoon butter
1/2 cup milk 1 cup walnut meats
1 teaspoon vanilla

Boil the sugar and milk until it makes a "soft ball" (236 degrees Fahrenheit). Add butter, nuts, and beat until creamy. Pour over the chocolate fudge. When cold, take out the entire sheet and cut in squares.

TOFFEE

2 cups brown sugar
(light brown)
4 tablespoons vinegar
1/4 cup butter

Heat the butter, sugar and vinegar together until the sugar melts. Then boil, without stirring, until the "crack" stage (270 degrees Fahrenheit). Test between teeth. Pour into a buttered pan. When slightly cool, cut.

MOLASSES CANDY

1 cup molasses
1 cup sugar
1/2 cup water
1 1/2 teaspoons vinegar
1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar
2 tablespoons butter
1/2 teaspoon soda

Put all the ingredients, except the butter and soda, into a large saucepan; boil, stirring often, until it "soft cracks" in water (275 degrees Fahrenheit). Remove from fire; add the soda and butter. Stir until the soda stops foaming; pour into buttered pans and let cool until it can be handled. Pull until porous and light. Make into a long strip and cut into pieces with scissors. Let stand on a buttered plate until hard. Roll in waxed paper to pack. This is a delightful Christmas-box discovery.

FONDANT

4 cups granulated sugar 1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar
1 1/2 cups cold water

Stir the sugar and water in a saucepan, set on back of range until sugar is melted, then draw the saucepan to a hotter part of range, and stir until the boiling point is reached; add cream of tartar. With the fingers or a cloth wet repeatedly in cold water, wash down the sides of the saucepan to remove any grains of sugar that have been thrown there. Cover saucepan; let boil rapidly 3 or 4 minutes. Remove cover, put in thermometer and let cook very rapidly to 240 degrees Fahrenheit.

Dampen a marble slab or a large platter. Without jarring the sirup turn it onto the marble or platter. Do not scrape out the saucepan or allow the last of the sirup to drip from it, as any sugary portions will spoil the fondant by making it grainy. When the sirup is cold, with a metal scraper or a wooden spoon, turn edges of the mass toward center, and continue turning the edges in until it begins to thicken and grow white. Then work it up into a ball, scraping all the sugar from the marble onto the mass; knead it until soft and velvety. Put in a jar and keep covered 24 hours before using. Melt in the top of a double boiler over hot water, when wanted for use. Delicious confections can be made by using fondant as the base.

CANDIES FROM FONDANT

Knead into the fondant candied cherries, citron and nuts. Make into a square and cut in cubes. This is rich and creamy.

Make ball of the fondant and put a half walnut on each side. These are called Walnut Creams, and may be rolled in sugar

By Lilian M. Gunn

Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

Photographs by Hal Ellsworth Coates

if desired. The fondant may be colored and flavored in any desired way.

Melt the fondant in a double boiler, color and flavor, and when soft, drop from a teaspoon onto waxed paper, into the form of mints. When hard dip into chocolate.

CANDIED ORANGE PEEL

Peel 1 orange
1/4 cup water in which the orange was cooked
1/2 cup sugar or corn sirup

Wipe the orange and remove peel in quarters. Remove superfluous white. Cut in narrow strips; cook in boiling water until tender. Drain; make a sirup of the sugar and 1/4 cup of the water. Add orange rind and cook slowly until most of the water has evaporated. (The sirup spins a thread.) Drain and roll in coarse granulated sugar. Lemon or grapefruit peel may be done in the same way.

CHOCOLATE TO USE FOR DIPPING

Melt the chocolate over hot water in the top of a double boiler and take it from the water as soon as melted. Remelt if necessary. The secret in successful dipping is not to let the chocolate get too hot. After dipping, the candy must be placed on waxed paper. A fork is a good utensil to use in dipping, although professional dippers use their fingers.

Nuts are particularly nice dipped in chocolate. Sweet chocolate is generally preferred to the bitter. Many chocolate manufacturers make a chocolate just for dipping.

PRUNE DOLLS

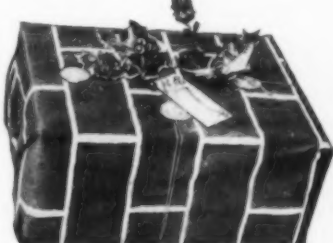
Select large prunes and soak until they are quite soft; press out flat for the bodies of the dolls. Dry them with a towel. Next take marshmallows, and on the flat side of each, make the face. This can be done with a pen, dipped in vegetable coloring matter or melted chocolate. Stick a wooden toothpick in the bottom of the marshmallow, and stick on a seedless raisin for the neck. Put seedless raisins on toothpicks for the arms and legs, and stick them into the prune; stick the marshmallow head on last. Lay the dolls down until the prunes are thoroughly dry. These droll dolls will win out, in the children's favor, over other sweets; they are at once playthings and confections. Let them top off the gift-box or mark the little ones' places at the table on Christmas day.



Funny-faced prune dolls will provoke gurgles of delight from the little ones



Preserves and jams emerge with a new meaning from the dark closet at Christmas-time



All three boxes offer similar deliciousness; only their wrappings are different



A gift-basket crowded with Christmas goodies

PLUM PUDDING

1 pound raisins
1 pound currants
1/4 pound candied orange peel
1/4 pound citron
1/2 pound chopped suet
1/2 pound stale bread crumbs
8 eggs
1/4 pound flour
1/2 pound brown sugar
1 nutmeg grated
1 tablespoon cinnamon
1/4 tablespoon allspice
1/2 pint grape juice

Wash and dry the currants. Cut citron and orange peel very fine. Stone raisins. Mix all dry ingredients together. Beat eggs; pour them over the dry ingredients, add the liquid, and mix thoroughly. Pack into greased molds, and steam 4 hours at time of making, and re-heat when wanted for use. Serve with hard sauce.

HARD SAUCE

1/3 cup butter 1/2 teaspoon flavoring
1 cup powdered sugar or 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg

Cream the butter, add sugar gradually, beating until light and creamy. Add flavoring; beat again.

FRUIT CAKE

1 pound butter 3 pounds currants
1 pound light brown sugar 2 pounds raisins seeded and finely chopped
9 eggs 1/2 pound almonds, blanched and shredded
1 pound flour 1 pound citron, thinly sliced and cut in strips
1 teaspoon mace
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon soda
2 tablespoons milk

Cream the butter, add sugar gradually, and beat thoroughly. Separate yolks from whites of eggs; beat yolks until thick and lemon-colored; whites until stiff and dry, and add to first mixture. Then add milk, fruit, nuts and flour mixed and sifted with mace, cinnamon and soda. Put in buttered, deep pans, covered with buttered paper. Steam 3, or bake 4 hours in a very slow oven. Rich fruit-cake is always more satisfactory when done if the cooking is accomplished by steaming.

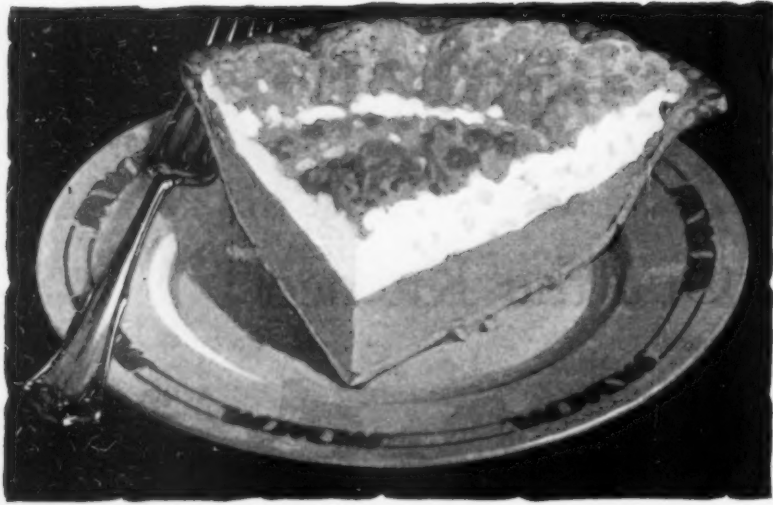
CANDIED CRANBERRIES

United States Department of Agriculture
The secret of candying cranberries lies in handling the fruit so that it will become saturated with sugar. This calls for slow cooking, and the use of a dish large enough to permit all the berries to float at the top of the sirup while cooking. To get the sirup into the pulp, make three little slits, each 1/4 inch long, with the point of a penknife in every berry.

For 1 1/2 cups berries, make a thin sirup by boiling together until clear, 2 cups sugar and 2 1/2 cups water. When the sirup is cool, add the berries; bring slowly to the boiling point. As soon as sirup boils, take pan off the stove. Let the cranberries stand over night in the sirup.

Next day, drain the sirup from the berries and boil it until it is reduced to about half its original quantity. Put the berries into this medium-thick sirup and heat slowly; boil gently for 3 or 4 minutes, and then allow to stand for 2 hours or more. Boil gently a third time for 5 minutes. When thoroughly cold, drain off the sirup and spread the berries out on a lightly buttered plate, until the surface of the berries dries.

For the best results, follow the directions carefully.



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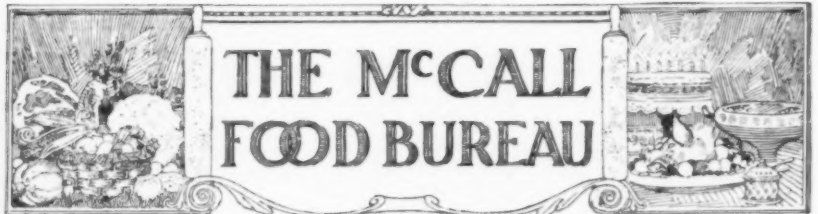
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Wedding



At the Greengrocers'

By Florence La Ganke

Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

NEBUCHADNEZZAR is said to have been the first salad devotee. You may remember that for some time he ate grass exclusively. We have improved on his salad, have subjected the grass to a series of refinements, and now eat it as lettuce, romaine or escarole. But after all, it was Nebuchadnezzar who first pointed out to us one of the roads to health.

It is not necessary to enlarge here upon the advantages of vegetarian dishes, the bulk, the minerals and the vitamins furnished. If you were not already convinced of their value you would not use vegetables. This article, therefore, is going to deal with their selection. When are they good? How does one pick out crisp, fresh peas and milky corn?

In the first place, vegetables must look fresh; we want the "shining morning

face" on vegetables. Then remember that size does not always mean value. Do not pick out the largest potatoes or the biggest radishes, for those which are overgrown are apt to have a hollow center. The food value and the money cost of vegetables are not in direct ratio to one another. We buy them for variety, garnish and esthetic reasons as well as for their vitamins and bulk.

Vegetables may be divided into four classes: the plebeian, the aristocratic, the decorative and the "strangers within our midst."

In the plebeian class, one thinks of potatoes, turnips, rutabagas, cabbage, kale, onions, squash, carrots, beets, peas, beans and corn. When choosing potatoes, pick out those of fairly uniform size with smooth skins. A good potato is starchy; a test for that is made by cutting the potato in two, putting the halves together, holding the upper half, and observing whether the lower one clings to it, or falls to the floor. If it is starchy, it clings. When putting in a winter supply it is wise to test them by baking two or three, chosen at random from those offered. They should be white, mealy and almost floury when baked.

Turnips should be medium-sized and not spongy. Rutabagas are sometimes called "yellow turnips;" they are larger than turnips and sweeter in flavor. Cabbages are of three kinds: white, red or purple, and Savoy or curly leaved cabbage. Be sure they are free from wormholes; the white and purple heads should be firm and heavy for their size. Onions are yellow, red and white. They are often known by the names Bermuda, Spanish and Texan; the yellow is often called the dry onion, the white by the picturesque name of Silverskins. Both of these are mild in flavor and are used extensively for salads. The red onion is a delicious ingredient in the preparation of soups, and may also be used in the same manner as the yellow onion.

CARROTS should be smooth-skinned, medium-sized and sweet in flavor. They are not as popular a vegetable as they should be, for their virtues are many. Referring to them as a "complexion beautifier" will often make an appeal in their behalf, to girls, at least!

Squash is of two kinds, summer and winter. The summer squash is either shaped like a gourd, a flattened bell or patty pan; while lacking in flavor, it can be made truly delicious if well seasoned and thickened with a little flour stirred up in cream. The Hubbard or winter squash is best when hard-shelled—the theory is that the harder the shell, the dryer the squash.

Peas should have well-filled pods, which will break with a snap. The pod will do this if it glistens and is not dull and apathetic-looking. Bean pods should

also snap, and not bend like a piece of rubber. This applies to both the green and the wax or yellow butter-bean. When selecting corn, the husks should be fresh; the silk, brown, but not matted and dried. The thumb-nail, indented in the kernel, should break it easily, and plenty of milk should be visible. Yellow Bantam is a particularly good variety. The fact that it is called "yellow" does not mean that it is a seed corn.

Now for the aristocrats: cauliflower, eggplant, celery, Brussels sprouts, asparagus, artichokes, kohlrabi and mushrooms. The heads of cauliflower should be a creamy white with no brown spots. Cauliflower is the mass of flower stems bleached white by the over-lapping leaves. The plant was discovered by the Italians, the Hollanders improved it, and the Danish gardeners perfected it; it is truly a cosmopolite. Egg-

plant is a member of the nightshade family, related to the tomato. The finest variety is well named "Black Beauty." It is not shriveled, spotted, nor soft when at its best. Brussels sprouts are sometimes called "baby cabbages," but they will never grow up, any more than a Tom Thumb. They should be firm,

well-headed, and green rather than yellow. Kohlrabi is a member of the turnip family, but much more delicate in flavor, texture and appearance. Artichokes are of two kinds, namely, the Jerusalem and the Globe. The Jerusalem is a tuber, very knobby, resembling the color of a Bermuda potato and the general shape of a sweet potato. The real aristocrat is the Globe artichoke; a member of the thistle family, which contains within its over-lapping leaves the unexpanded blossom, or the choke. It should be a medium green, firm and not rusty in appearance.

ASPARAGUS stalks should be about the size of one's little finger; if smaller they are stringy, if much larger they are overgrown and woody. Not more than three inches of the stalk should have to be discarded. Again the thumb-nail test may be used. Celery should be white, the ribs small, and the top leaves fresh in appearance. Mushrooms should be firm, dry and medium brown. Look under the caps for signs of worms—a proof of old age. There was a time when all these vegetables were in market for a short season only. It is now possible to get them at practically all times of the year, if one will pay the price.

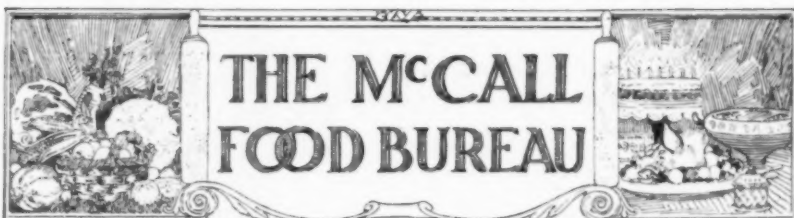
The vegetables in the decorative class are there for the obvious reason that they are good to look upon. They may, of course, be eaten, but their lack of food values keeps them from joining the more substantial groups.

Under this heading are crimson radishes, scarlet tomatoes, brilliant red and green peppers, cool cucumbers, the feathery branches of parsley, chives and garlic.

Added to this list may be a few more vegetables which are both useful and ornamental; the lettuce family which numbers chicory, romaine, escarole and its distant cousin from across the water, French endive, as members are all valuable from both standpoints.

Lastly we come to "the strangers within our midst." You consider it courtesy to call on the newcomers in the neighborhood. Why not carry it over into foods? Do you know okra, Japanese radishes, Mexican corn, Chinese cabbage, leeks, vegetable marrow, and dasheen? If not, it is well to become acquainted. There are thirty-eight vegetables listed here, and the tale is by no means told. Who says there is no variety possible in planning meals and that meat is an absolute necessity?

DO you know how to buy vegetables? The growing tendency in the modern housewife to reduce the meat ration and increase the vegetable supply, makes it more than necessary for every woman to know the market. In this article, Miss La Ganke explains how to choose the different varieties of vegetables and determine their freshness. Her pointers are money-saving and health-building.



Green Salads for White Winter Days

By Lilian M. Gunn

Photographs by Hal Ellsworth Coates

DURING the winter months, when the choice of green vegetables in the market is not varied, salads made from fruits and year-round garden-produce should be served frequently. This does not mean that the kinds of salad must be limited; as long as lettuce, cabbage, parsley and the green and yellow tips of celery are available, the winter salad may be made as piquant and attractive as the summer one with its wide range of color possibilities.

Dinner on a cold night will be the better rounded out for a salad, daintily arranged and garnished, served with a new dressing or a dash of different seasoning. Remember always to have the ingredients thoroughly chilled, and put them together (except when marinating) just before serving.

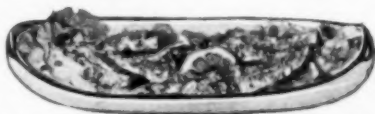
BEET-CUP SALAD

Boil or bake large beets; skin and cut a piece from the bottoms so each beet will set firmly on a plate. Carefully take out the inside of the beet, leaving about 1/4 inch for a shell. Marinate for 1/2 hour in French dressing. Have ready chopped celery mixed with mayonnaise or other dressing; drain the beet-shell, fill with celery mixture and garnish with a tiny sprig of parsley. Serve on a lettuce leaf if possible. Any other desired filling may be used. Use the inside you have removed for chopped beet relish.

BUTTERFLY SALAD

For six salads:
3 slices canned pineapple
1 green pepper
1 small head lettuce
3 stuffed olives
6 white grapes

Cut the slices of pineapple carefully, making 2 slices, and then halve each slice. From the pepper, cut 6 pieces to represent the body of the butterfly, and 12 very narrow strips for the feelers. Place the body of the butterfly in



A nut-sprinkled banana salad, lemon garnished

pepper between each section. Cut a piece of the pepper with a fancy cutter; put on top of dome. Served with any desired dressing, this is a delicious salad.

BANANA-FINGER SALAD

3 bananas
1/2 cupful chopped peanuts or other nuts
1 lemon
Powdered sugar

Remove skins; cut bananas in halves crosswise, then in 4 pieces lengthwise. Roll each piece quickly in sugar, then in the peanuts. Cut lemon very thin; dip each piece quickly in the sugar and arrange on lettuce leaves, using the lemon as a garnish.

VARIETY SALAD

1 grapefruit
3 slices of pineapple
1 orange
3/4 pound white grapes

Peel the grapefruit and remove in sections. Cut each section in halves. Cut the pineapple in two, making 2 thin slices of each piece. Peel the orange and cut in thin slices, removing the seeds. Skin and seed the grapes. Arrange 5 grapefruit sections in flower form. Place a slice of pineapple on them, then a slice of the orange on the pineapple. Put grape in center. Use French or a sweet dressing.

RED CABBAGE AND CHESTNUT SALAD

2 cupfuls chestnuts
2 cupfuls boiled red cabbage
1/2 cupful seeded raisins

Chop cabbage quite fine, mix with chestnuts and sprinkle with raisins. Serve with a French dressing to which a teaspoonful sugar is added to every half cup dressing. When green salad plants are scarce, this is particularly good as it needs no green foundation.

CREAM DRESSING

1 teaspoonful mustard
1 teaspoonful salt
1/16 teaspoonful cayenne
1 teaspoonful sugar
2 whole eggs
1/2 cupful hot vinegar
1 cupful cream or milk
2 teaspoonfuls butter



Variety



Butterfly



Beet cup, celery filled



Grapefruit salad

the center of the plate; put a slice of pineapple at each side for wings, turning the curved side toward the body. Cut olives in thin slices and ornament the wings of the butterfly by putting 1 slice on each tip and 1 in the center. Skin the grapes and seed; place one at the end of the body for the head; the strips of pepper are for the feelers. A small leaf of the lettuce should be placed under the upper end of each wing. Have all the ingredients very cold and serve with any dressing preferred.

GRAPEFRUIT SALAD

Peel the grapefruit and remove pieces in sections. Cut sections in halves and marinate for 20 minutes. Arrange on lettuce in the shape of a dome and place a narrow strip of pimiento or green

Clever combinations of fruits and winter greens offer novelty in attractive cold-season salads

Mix dry ingredients, add egg, hot vinegar and cream in order given. Put in double boiler; stir constantly until the mixture thickens. Stir in the butter just as it comes from the fire. Chill.

SWEET DRESSING

4 tablespoonfuls melted butter
3 tablespoonfuls sugar
4 tablespoonfuls lemon juice

Add salt, pepper, paprika and celery-salt.

CREAM CHEESE DRESSING

1 cream cheese mashed
1/4 teaspoonful onion
1/4 very finely minced
1/2 teaspoonful mustard
1/2 teaspoonful salt
2 tablespoonfuls vinegar
1/2 teaspoonful paprika
1/4 teaspoonful black pepper
1 teaspoonful sugar
6 tablespoonfuls oil

To a French dressing add cheese gradually; beat with fork until smooth.



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Women who meet our scientific cooks will forever serve Van Camp's Beans.

"MY wife bakes better beans than you do," writes a man. Thousands of others—particularly old people—feel like him. Home-baked beans are seasoned by devotion. And old tastes are hard to change.

But these are scientific days. We know that home ovens can't bake beans to easily digest. So they ferment.

We know that home beans, with slight baking, become crisped and broken. And never were home beans baked with a sauce such as we bake with Van Camp's.

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Van Camp's Beans are digestible. They are nut-like and mellow. The flavor is delightful. The dish is ever-ready, appetizing, hygienic.

This great meat substitute, in these days, should be made inviting.

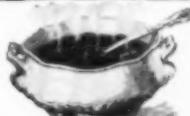
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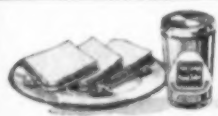
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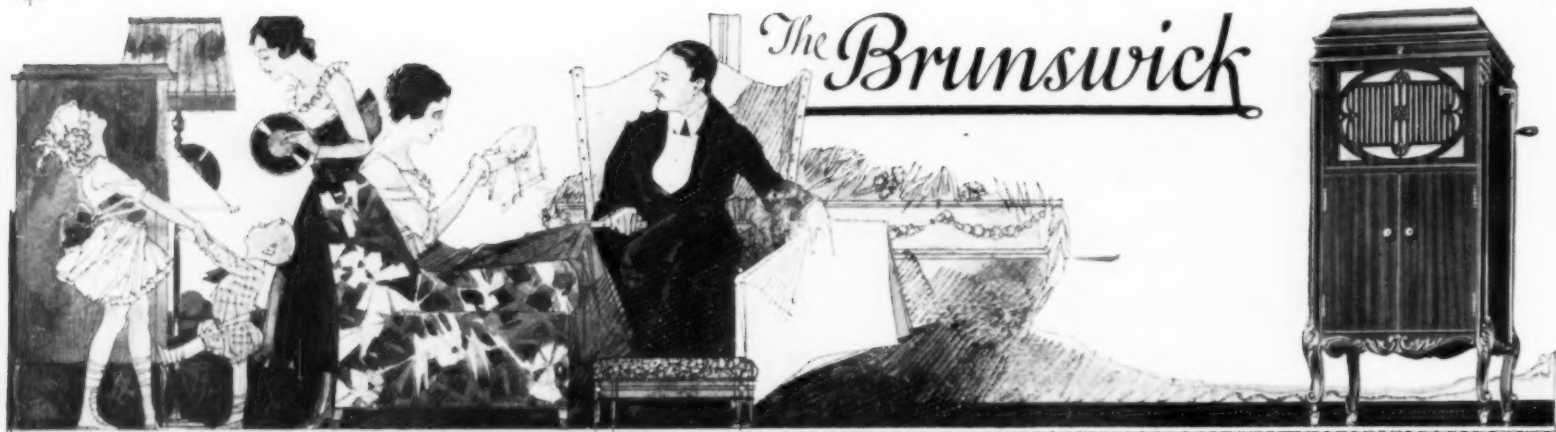
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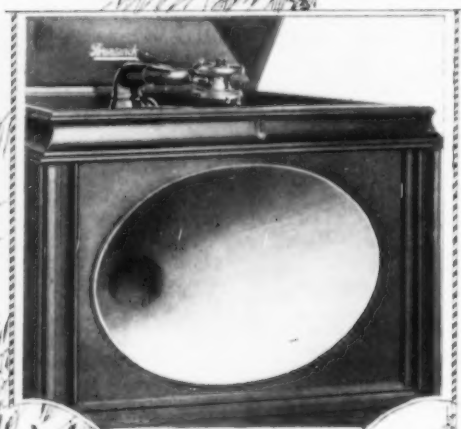


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Fashions for January 1920



Blouse 9271
For 34-46 bust
Embroidery Design No. 819

PARIS DESIGNS IN RESPONSE TO THE NEEDS OF MIDWINTER ENTERTAINING

There is perhaps no greater test of one's fascination and charm than that of being a successful hostess. The art of entertaining involves the encountering of varied personalities and the ability to please and make others comfortable. But before one attempts to please others one must be entirely satisfied with one's self. And what is the keynote of self-satisfaction if not the absolute assurance that one is well dressed and pleasing to look at?

And now, with the holidays, there will be innumerable opportunities for all sorts of affairs, both formal and informal. Paris designers have seemed to revel in this fact and have created much and beautifully. First let us mention the evening gowns and formal dinner gowns, for they are by far the most luxurious. As for materials—gold and silver metal cloths seem to be most favored, though velvets and handsome brocades are very popular. Occasionally one sees a frock made of layer upon layer of georgette. Usually the point in such a frock is to reveal a gorgeous color-scheme; and it may be easily done, for georgette in pastel shades lends itself skilfully to soft drapery. As for style—one might easily say that evening gowns are going the limit in extreme décolleté. There is very little of bodice seen on the newest evening frocks, but one usually drapes tulle of a matching shade with one's gown over one's shoulders. This gives just the touch of subtlety that is always essential in women's clothes.

The frocks for more intimate occasions are of course less pretentious. One sees many taffetas, georgettes and chiffons in combination with silver and gold lace. One very charming young woman appeared at a small dinner party in an attractive gown of green chiffon and silver lace trimmed with silver and green ribbons, and an overskirt which extended on hoops at the side, trimmed with silver lace. A delightful interpretation of a georgette frock for evening is one of flesh-color which is crystal beaded and made with accordion-pleated flounces over a deep fringe of crystal beads.

But we must not forget that the kiddies and their older sisters look forward to holiday time for many pretty frocks. For the tiny tots the most popular material is taffeta trimmed with dainty flowers and ruffles of self-material. Peach, Nile-green and delicate yellow are seen more than any other colors. For those flappers who are just beginning to realize their own importance, there are simple frocks of georgette and chiffon. At times Fashion seems to be very drastic with these creations and insists that they be simple in the extreme. This, however, does not detract from the attractiveness of the frocks. On the contrary, the simplicity gives a note of distinction and unaffected charm. But the "sub-deb" does not lament the fact that she is restricted to drastic simplicity, for has she not the compensation of youth and vivacity which far exceeds any charm which clothes give?

THE influence of the fifteenth century is strongly seen in the newest sleeve designs. Invariably there is a puff somewhere. If not above the elbow with a short sleeve then between the elbow and the wrist—with a narrow band at the wrist. Many times the puff is developed in a contrasting material as shown in the waist No. 9255 at the lower right of the page. This separate waist is made of navy-blue taffeta with puff sleeves of navy georgette. The collar is cream-colored taffeta. At the upper left the blouse thinks that a gauntlet cuff would be an attractive finish to the puff, and indeed it is quite right.



Dress 9280
For 34-44 bust

Dress 9273
For 34-48 bust

No. 9271, LADIES' PEPLUM BLOUSE; dropped shoulder, three-piece peplum. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material for the blouse, and ½ yard of 18-inch contrasting for the vest. The neck is trimmed with soutache braid. Design No. 819.

No. 9255, LADIES' TIE-ON WAIST. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material for the waist, ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting for the puff sleeves, and ½ yard of 36-inch for the collar. Developed in navy-blue taffeta and georgette, with white taffeta collar. Sash ends are attached to the gathered front sections and are loosely tied at the center-back.

No. 9280, LADIES' DRESS; closing on shoulder and at underarm, sleeves attached to underwaist, princess back, basque front with pointed tunic. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch figured material, and 1½ yards of 40-inch plain for the sleeves and facing of tunic. The width around the lower edge is 1¾ yards. The princess back is laid in two soft pleats.

No. 9273, LADIES' DRESS; with chemisette and peplum; two-piece skirt attached to waist at dropped waistline. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material for the dress, and ¼ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and pocket flaps, and ½ yard of 18-inch contrasting for the chemisette. The width around the lower edge is 1¾ yards. This smart frock gives the effect of a coat suit.



9271 9280 9273 9255



Tie-On Waist 9255
For 34-46 bust

MATERIALS ARE COMBINED EFFECTIVELY
IN THESE NEW DESIGNS



Dress 9283
For 34-48 bust
Embroidery Design No. 782

Dress 9085
For 34-50 bust
Embroidery Design
No. 806



Dress 9279
For 34-46 bust



Dress 9055
For 34-48 bust



No. 9283, LADIES' DRESS; separate foundation skirt, three-piece lining lengthened by straight section. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Embroidery Design No. 782.

No. 9085, LADIES' DRESS; one-piece skirt, back and side attached to two-piece yoke. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. 36 requires 37 yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 27-inch for vest. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Vest is embroidered. Design No. 806.

Waist 9277
For 34-44 bust
Skirt 9275
For 24-34 waist

No. 9279, LADIES' DRESS; dropped shoulder; skirt having three-piece upper and two-piece lower section. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3 yards of 45-inch figured material and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch for ruffles. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

Blouse
9073
For 34-48
bust
Skirt
9265
For 24-36
waist



Dress 9269
For 34-48 bust

COSTUME Nos. 9277-9275.—36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch satin, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch georgette, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch for collar and vest.

No. 9277, LADIES' WAIST WITH CHEMISETTE; dropped shoulders. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 1 yard of 36-inch satin, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch georgette, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar and vest.

No. 9275, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; with two-piece circular tunic. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. 36 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch satin and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch georgette. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

COSTUME Nos. 9122-9178.—36 requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch plain and $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch figured. No. 9122, LADIES' BLOUSE; panel effect, kimono sleeves. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch figured material and $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch plain.

No. 9055, LADIES' DRESS; front panel and tunic in one, two-piece foundation lengthened by one-piece straight section. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



No. 9178, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT; with side tunics, high waistline. Designed for 24 to 40 waist. 26 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch figured and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch plain. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

COSTUME Nos. 9073-9265.—36 requires 4 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 9073, LADIES' BLOUSE WAIST; closing side-front. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 9265, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; with or without side drapery. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The drapery at the sides is straight at lower edge and drops low at the front. It is laid in soft pleats about the waistline which gives a pretty ripple effect. Sash ends are attached to the gathered front sections.

No. 9269, LADIES' REDINGOTE DRESS; three-piece tunic, two-piece under-skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for vest and collar. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. A narrow belt holds the frock in place.

Blouse 9122
For 34-46 bust
Skirt 9178
For 24-40 waist

VESTS AND CHEMISETTES ARE IMPORTANT
CONTRIBUTIONS TO THESE FROCKS



Dress 9249
For 34-46 bust



Dress 9257
For 34-46 bust



Dress 9261
For 34-48 bust



Waist 9255
For 34-46 bust
Skirt 9259
For 24-38 waist



Dress 9274
For 34-46 bust

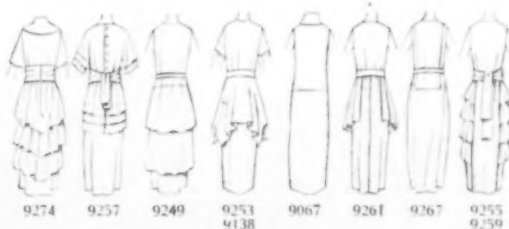
Overblouse
9253
For 34-48
bust
Embroidery
Design
No. 981
Skirt 9138
For
22-38 waist

No. 9257, LADIES' DRESS WITH CHEMISETTE; kimono sleeves, two-piece skirt having upper and lower sections. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 4 5/8 yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/2 yards. Tucks are featured, appearing in the chemisette, sleeves and upper section of the skirt.

COSTUME NOS. 9253-9138.—36 requires 4 3/8 yards of 40-inch material for the dress, and 5/8 yard of 40-inch for the vest and sleeves. No. 9253, LADIES' OVERBLOUSE; kimono sleeves. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 1 7/8 yards of 40-inch material, and 5/8 yard of 40-inch contrasting for the vest and sleeves. The vest and lower edge of peplum are embroidered, Design No. 981. No. 9138, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 22 to 38 waist. 26 requires 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1 1/2 yards.

No. 9249, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece circular flounces, two-piece skirt attached to waist at hipline. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/2 yards.

No. 9274, LADIES' DRESS; with fichu collar; two-piece skirt with flounces. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 5 3/8 yards of 40-inch material for the dress, and 5/8 yard of 40-inch for the collar. Width, 1 1/2 yards. Excellent design for taffeta.



No. 9261, LADIES' DRESS WITH VEST; three-piece skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 4 1/8 yards of 42-inch material, and 5/8 yard of 18-inch for the vest. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/2 yards.

Dress 9067
For 34-46 bust

No. 9067, LADIES' DRESS; with vest; two-piece skirt attached at low waistline. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material, and 5/8 yard of 36-inch for the vest. The width around the lower edge is 1 3/8 yards.

COSTUME NOS. 9255-9259.—36 requires 5 3/4 yards of 40-inch material, and 3/8 yard of 40-inch for the puff sleeves. No. 9255, LADIES' TIE-ON WAIST. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 1 7/8 yards of 40-inch material for the waist, and 3/8 yard of 40-inch contrasting for the puff sleeves. No. 9259, LADIES' FOUR-GORED SKIRT; with side ruffles. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. 26 requires 3 3/8 yards of 48-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1 3/4 yards.



Dress 9267
For 34-46 bust
Embroidery Design No. 1000



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SEPARATE BLOUSES AND SKIRTS CLAIM THE PRESTIGE OF THE SMARTEST COSTUMES



Waist 9251
For 34-46 bust

Blouse 9282
For 34-44 bust

Blouse 9086
For 34-48 bust

No. 9251, LADIES' WAIST. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 15½ yards of 40-inch georgette. Peplum with unusual outline is featured in this new blouse.



9251

9282

9086

9289

No. 9282, LADIES' KIMONO BLOUSE; to be slipped on over the head, long gathered sleeves. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 2 yards of 40-inch georgette.

Waist 9289
For 34-48 bust

No. 9086, LADIES' RUSSIAN BLOUSE. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material for the blouse, and ½ yard of 40-inch contrasting.

No. 9285, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. 26 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material. The width is 2 yards.

No. 9263, LADIES' CIRCULAR SKIRT WITH YOKE; front and back panels. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. 26 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material. The width is 2¼ yards.

No. 9289, LADIES' WAIST. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Though extremely simple this blouse shows the smartest of lines in its shawl collar and pointed vest.

No. 9281, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; simulated panel front, high waistline. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. 26 requires 1¼ yards of 54-inch tweed. Width, 1½ yards.



Skirt 9285
For 24-36 waist

9285

Skirt 9263
For 24-38 waist

9263

9281

Skirt 9281
For 24-38 waist

COATS, WRAPS AND SUITS WITH SMART LINES



Wrap 9107
For small,
medium, large

No. 9107, LADIES' AND MISSES' WRAP; adjustable collar. Designed for small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust. 36 requires 3½ yards of 54-inch material. The inset side sections form graceful drapes at either side and also form openings for the arms to come through.

Coat 9029
For small,
medium, large

No. 9029, LADIES' RAGLAN COAT. Designed for small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. 36 requires 4¼ yards of 54-inch material and 4½ yards of 36-inch lining. For cold winter days there could be nothing more desirable than this big comfortable coat developed in one of the smart new materials of the season.

No. 9191, LADIES' SUIT COAT; with vest, adjustable collar. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. 36 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material, and 5½ yard of 18-inch for the vest. The draped panel back which extends forward to underarm, where it is attached to the front belt, is featured in this charming new model.

No. 9071, LADIES' COAT SUIT; adjustable collar, one-piece straight skirt. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 3½ yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. The two-piece skirt has a high waistline with an overlapped seam at the center-back.

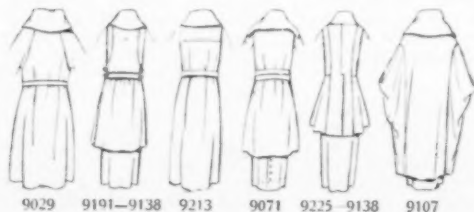
Coat 9225
For 34-46 bust
Skirt 9138
For 22-38 waist

COSTUME Nos. 9225-9138. — 36 requires 3½ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 9225, LADIES' SUIT COAT; with circular side ripple. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 9138, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline. Designed for 22 to 38 waist. 26 requires 1¼ yards of 54-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

Suit 9071
For 34-48 bust



9029 9191-9138 9213 9071 9225-9138 9107

No. 9213, LADIES' COAT; convertible collar. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3½ yards of 54-inch material for the coat, and ¾ yard of 44-inch contrasting for the collar and cuffs and belt. The one-piece sleeve is tucked in cuff effect. Developed in Scotch tweed with fur fabric collar and cuffs.



The Trained Nurse
who knows
says:

"If people would give half the attention to their feet they give to their hands, this would be a happier world. I wear the

Dr. Edison
CUSHION SHOE

"The Easiest Shoe for Women" because it conforms with the sole of the foot—the tender part.

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"When I get an hour or two for a walk my Dr. Edison gives me comfort and satisfaction, not only by protecting the sensitive foot nerves, but because the supporting arch is graceful, and the whole effect stylish. An inner sole of live wool felt keeps out cold and dampness."

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Healthy

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By the double lap which protects chest and stomach.

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FASHION GIVES DISTINCTION TO SMART FROCKS FOR MISSES



Dress 9167
For 16-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 941

Dress 9094
For 14-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 884

Dress 9102
For 14-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 987

Dress 8866
For 14-20 years

Dress 8812
For 16-20 years



Dress 9064
For 16-20 years

Dress 9171
For 16-20 years

No. 9064, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women); front skirt section and tunic in one. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 25½ yards of 54-inch material, and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 13½ yards.

No. 9171, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women); with tunic. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 5½ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

Dress 9056
For 14-20 years

No. 9056, MISSES' CHEMISE DRESS; to be slipped on over the head. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 37½ yards of 40-inch material for dress, ¾ yard of 40-inch for chemisette and puff sleeves, and 5½ yard of 36-inch for collar and cuff facing. Width, 13½ yards.

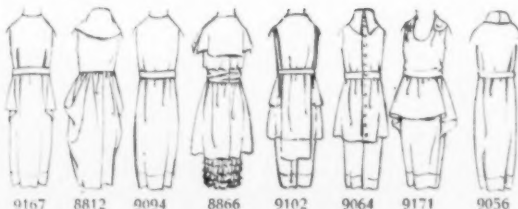
No. 9167, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women). Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1½ yards. This frock is made quite attractive with embroidery on the vest and skirt, Design No. 947.

No. 8812, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 37½ yards of 40-inch material, and ¼ yard of 27-inch.

No. 8866, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 2 yards of 36-inch figured material, and 3 yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1¼ yards.

No. 9094, MISSES' ONE-PIECE DRESS. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 13½ yards. Dress is embroidered with circular motifs, Design No. 884.

No. 9102, MISSES' DRESS. 16 years requires 25½ yards of 54-inch material. The flounces have a dainty touch of embroidery, Design No. 987.



REFRESHINGLY YOUTHFUL MODELS
WITH AN ORIGINALITY
OF STYLE



Middy Blouse 9291
For 16-20 years
Skirt 9145
For 16-20 years

Dress 9270
For 16-20 years
Embroidery
Design
No. 987

Dress 9266
For 16-20 years



Dress 9252
For 16-20 years

No. 9270, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch, and 3/8 yard of 36-inch. Width, 1 3/4 yards. Soutache braid is used, Design No. 987.



Coat 9179
For 16-20 years



Dress 9276
For 16-20 years



Dress 9126
For 14-20 years

No. 9126, MISSES' DRESS; tie-on vest. Designed for 14 to 20 years. 16 years requires 2 7/8 yards of 36-inch material for the dress, and 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1 3/4 yards.

No. 9252, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women); three-piece skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material for dress, and 3/8 yard of 40-inch contrasting for the puff sleeves, and 1 1/2 yards of fringe. Width, 1 3/4 yards.

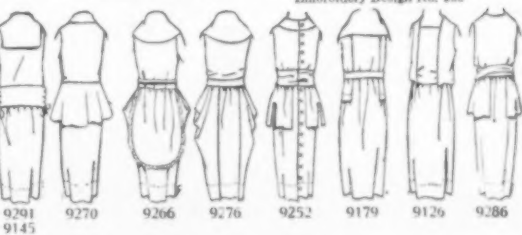
No. 9291, MISSES' MIDDY BLOUSE (suitable for small women); with turned up cuff at the lower edge. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 9145, MISSES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT (suitable for small women); high waistline. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1 3/4 yards.

No. 9179, MISSES' COAT (suitable for small women); adjustable collar. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 1/4 yards of 54-inch material and 3 3/8 yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 9266, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women); two-piece skirt; draped sides. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 4 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/2 yards. This model features tunics in apron effect.

No. 9276, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women); four-piece skirt with draped sides. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 4 yards of 40-inch material for the dress, and 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1 3/4 yards.



Dress 9286
For 16-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 956



No. 160—Lawn Dress—Madeup—
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Apron Romper
9292
For 6 months to
4 years

Dress 9268
For 6 months
to 6 years

Dress 9258
For 4-12 years

Dress 9264
For 6-14 years

Dress 9260
For 4-14 years

No. 9292, CHILD'S APRON ROMPER. Designed for 6 months to 4 years. 4 years requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 9268, CHILD'S DRESS. Designed for 6 months to 6 years. 6 years requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch plaid material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch plain.

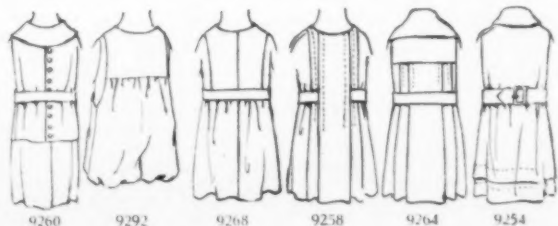
No. 9258, GIRL'S DRESS; with belt. Designed for 4 to 12 years. 8 years requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material.

Dress 9254
For 6-14 years
Embroidery Design
No. 993

No. 9260, GIRL'S DRESS; with pin-tucks, straight band at lower edge. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 12 years requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 9264, GIRL'S DRESS with shield. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires 2 yards of 40-inch material. The tucked lower section is attached to the deep sailor yoke. A simple little frock for the particular girl. Developed in navy blue serge.

No. 9254, GIRL'S DRESS; lengthened by straight section. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 12 years requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. The collar, belt and cuffs are trimmed with braid, Design No. 993.



9260

9292

9268

9258

9264

9254

SIMPLE BUT UNUSUALLY SMART



No. 9272, CHILD'S ROMPER; dropped back. Designed for 2 to 6 years. 4 years requires 1 yard of 36-inch material, and 1½ yards of 36-inch for the waist.

No. 9256, BOY'S MIDDY SUIT. Designed for 2 to 6 years. 6 years requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material.

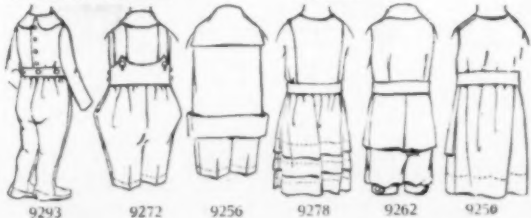


No. 9293, CHILD'S NIGHT-DRAWERS; dropped back. Designed for 2 to 8 years. 4 years requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 9262, BOY'S SUIT. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 14 years requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 9250, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 14 years requires 3½ yards of 40-inch serge. Pockets and neck are embroidered, Design No. 782.

No. 9278, GIRL'S DRESS; kimono sleeves. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 12 years requires 2¾ yards of 42-inch material. The back panels continue over the shoulder and button in tab effect on the front panel.



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Uncle Sam's Correspondence Course

The McCall Washington Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., was established to keep our readers in close touch with the Government. This month we plan to acquaint you with some of the best of the Government health and household booklets. The Bureau will be pleased to obtain for you, as long as the edition lasts, copies of some of the booklets described below; the other booklets may be obtained as directed. When writing to our Bureau always enclose a two-cent stamp with your request for booklets or information, to cover part of the Bureau's expenses.

Facts About Cancer

CANCER, if discovered early and treated immediately by a competent physician, is now regarded as a curable disease. Unfortunately its early discovery is difficult, because unlike almost any other disease its first attack is usually painless, and often is not discovered until it has reached the stage where a major operation is necessary. This, of course, greatly reduces the chances of cure. Cancer is probably one of the most dreaded of all diseases. "It is on the increase in America and throughout the world, in spite of the fact that it is curable if treated early," says the Public Health Service. To aid in reducing this disease, the United States Public Health Service has prepared a pocket-size booklet, "Cancer; Facts Which Every Adult Should Know." Get a copy from our Washington Bureau.

First Aid to the Injured

THIS booklet, which is issued by the United States Public Health Service, tells how to deal intelligently with hurts and accidents, and know what to do in case of sudden illness. It outlines the requisites for the first-aid cabinet, illustrates how to rescue the drowning, how to treat wounds caused by firearms, and snake bites and narcotic poisoning. A copy may be obtained through our Washington Bureau.

Salt and Smoked Fish Uses

ACCORDING to the Bureau of Fisheries, Americans are notoriously deficient as fish-eaters; especially are they neglectful of salt and smoked fish. To better acquaint American housewives with the uses of these fish, the United States Bureau of Fisheries has issued this six-page booklet.

An Old Dish Rediscovered

MANY an old-time cherished dish has gradually disappeared from its place on the American table. Sometimes its very existence has almost been forgotten. Such was the case with that stand-by of our grandmothers, "Dutch" or cottage cheese. Nearly all those of the older generation will remember having seen their mothers make this delicious cheese. To reestablish this old dish, the Department of Agriculture has issued these booklets which tell how to make and serve it. Ask for "Secretary Circular 109 and Year-Book Separate 787," from the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Do not enclose return postage.

Controlling Bedbugs

THE presence of the bedbug in a house is not necessarily an indication of neglect or carelessness, for, as little as the idea may be relished, this insect may gain access in spite of the adoption of all reasonable precautions. It is very apt to get into the trunks and satchels of travelers or into the baskets of laundry, and may thus be introduced into homes. Certain natural enemies of the bedbug are to be found, but most of these are almost as unwelcome as the pest itself. The most effective destruction is wrought by fumigating. This method is treated at length in the booklet "Controlling Bedbugs," which may be obtained by a postal card request addressed to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for F. B. 754.

Cockroaches

THE nuisance of cockroaches in offices and in home living-rooms can be reduced, if not entirely removed, by the elimination of all attractive food substances. Besides driving this pest away by starving him, this booklet, "Cockroaches," gives three methods of controlling them—by trapping, poisons and by fumigants. A copy may be obtained by a postal card request mailed to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for F. B. 658.

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MRS. GRACE OSBORN, BOX 105, BAY CITY, MICH.

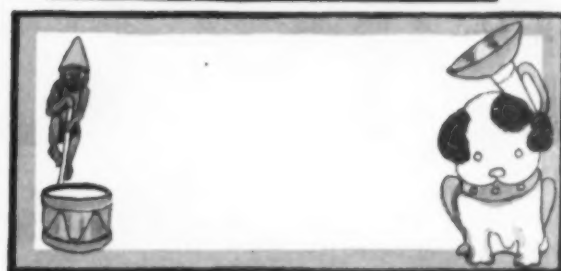
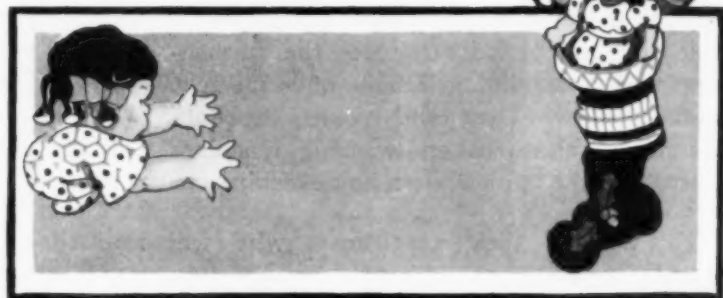
POEMS WANTED for publication. Cash paid for those available.

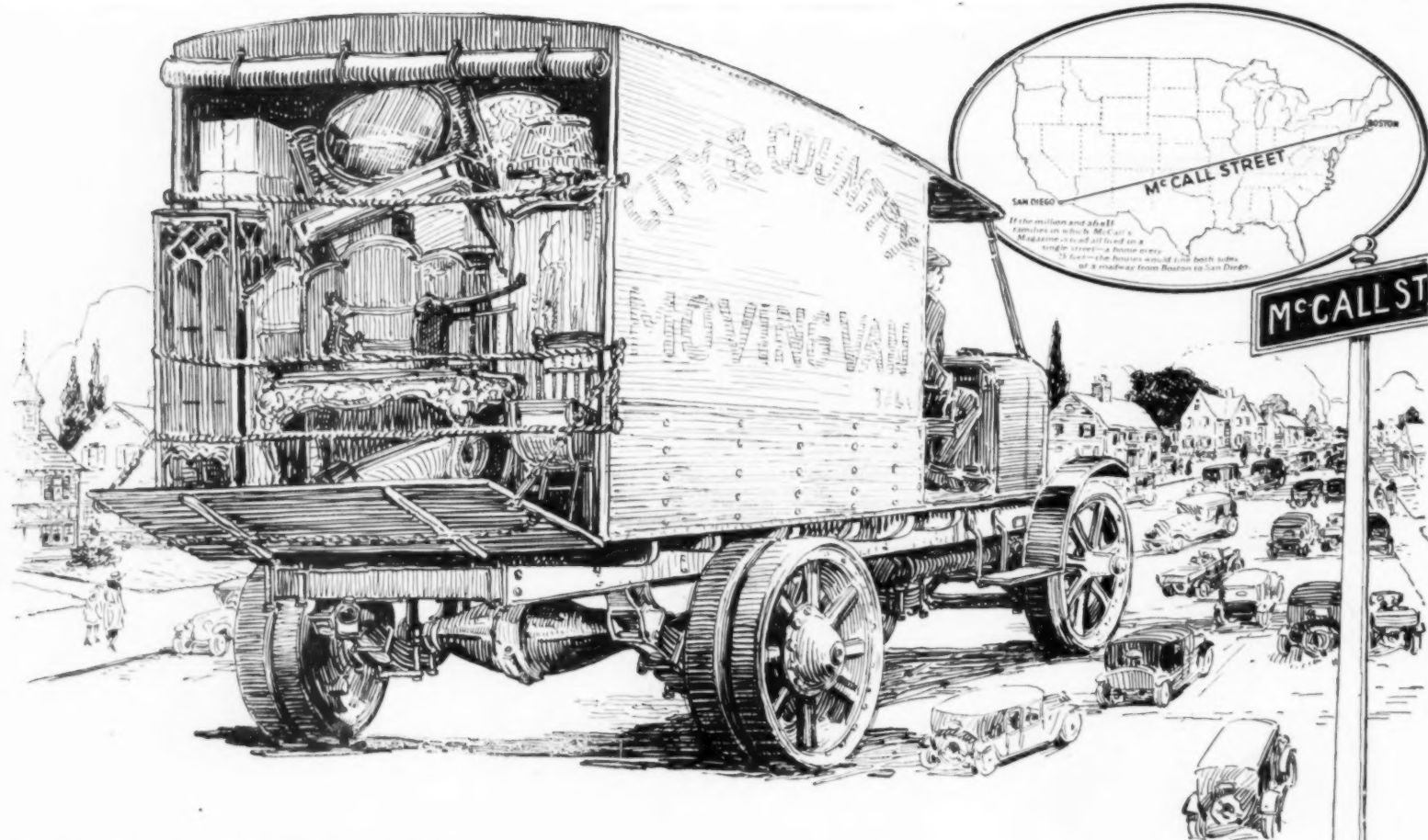
Send one short poem today for free examination. IDYL PUB. CO., 189 N. Clark St., Suite 213, CHICAGO

These Cards were made to give away, to folks you like, on Christmas Day

By BARBARA HALE

Paste the page on a sheet of white paper before cutting out the cards





1,500,000 Homes Now On McCALL STREET

TWO hundred thousand families have moved into McCall Street, and its homes now number 1,500,000. This means—using the customary estimate of $4\frac{1}{2}$ persons to a family—that McCall Street has a population today of 6,750,000.

Six million, seven hundred and fifty thousand men, women and children! Bigger than New York City by three quarters of a million. Three times as big as Chicago. Bigger than the sum of Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Baltimore, Washington, Cleveland, New Orleans, Kansas City, Omaha, Denver, and San Francisco.

That is McCall Street—the street we picture as containing all the homes in which McCall's is read each month—the street that would stretch, house after house, clear across the continent, from the rocky coasts of New England to the slopes of the Pacific.

A million, five hundred thousand women welcome the guidance of McCall's in the decoration, furnishing, and manage-

ment of their homes, the care and education of their children, the buying and preparation of the food that meets the demands of 6,750,000 sturdy American appetites.

The families who are moving into McCall Street will have pianos, phonographs, oriental rugs, period furniture—the furnishings that are found in homes of refinement and culture. They will possess vacuum cleaners, fireless cookers, washing machines, electric appliances—all the most modern housekeeping conveniences.

So will their neighbors, who welcome them to McCall Street.

For the people who read McCall's are enterprising, prosperous, and up to date. Their expenditure for the necessities and the luxuries of modern living (exclusive of rent, taxes, and insurance) will exceed 200,000,000 dollars a month—and they have learned that they can put their faith in the merchandise that is advertised in McCall's.

THE McCALL COMPANY, 236-250 WEST 37th STREET, NEW YORK CITY
CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO BOSTON ATLANTA TORONTO

McCALL'S

MAGAZINE

This is one of a series of advertisements appearing in the newspapers in the very large cities.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

of McCall's MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1919.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared O. B. Capen, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of The McCall Company, publishers of McCall's MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 435, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: PUBLISHER: The McCall Company, 236 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y. EDITOR: Miss Bessie Beatty, 236 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y. MANAGING EDITOR: NOME. BUSINESS MANAGER: Henry J. Brown, Jr., 236 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: The McCall Company, New York, N. Y. The McCall Corporation, Wilmington, Del. (owner of McCall Company stock). The following are the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of the capital stock of McCall Corporation: Miss Agnes Demarest, care Daniel W. Sullivan, 770 Lafayette Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; William C. Heinkel, 23 Wall St., New York City; F. Hoffman, 23 Wall St., New York City; McCall Corporation, 236-250 W. 37th St., New York City; James H. Otley, 33 W. 42nd St., New York City; Piper & Company, 1205 1st Nat'l Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.; Chas. D. Spaulding, care Oil Trade Journal, 120 Broadway, New York City; White, Weld & Co., 14 Wall St., New York City; H. N. Whitney & Sons, 17 Broad St., New York City; Robert C. Wilson, 225 West 29th St., New York City; Mahala D. Bonczak, care of Minneapolis Trust Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

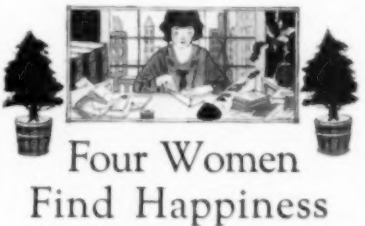
O. B. CAPEN, Secretary.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1919. JOSEPH B. BORN, Notary Public, Bronx County, No. 41. Certificate filed in New York County, No. 195. My commission expires March 30, 1921.



\$247.50
THREE YEARS TO PAY
for this beautiful
MEISTER PIANO
and a guaranteed saving of \$100 to \$150
Eight exquisite styles to choose from and the one you select will be sent to you on
30 DAYS FREE TRIAL—ALL FREIGHT PREPAID
If you like the piano we will sell it to you on small monthly payments to suit your convenience as low as \$6 per month. No cash deposit asked. No interest on payments. No extra of any kind. Stool and scarf free. Write today for our 100-page illustrated catalog in the natural colors of the wood. It's free. If you are interested in player-pianos send for our free catalog. We have a fine selection.
Rothschild & Company, Dept. MM6, Chicago, Ill.

PIEDMONT
Peanut Oil
—makes a delicious salad dressing, is an economical shortening and fries "deep" without burning.
Ask for
PEANUT OIL

STAMMER
If you stammer attend no stammering school till you get my big new FREE book and special rate. Largest and most successful school in the world curing all forms of defective speech by advanced natural method. Write today. Northwestern School for Stammerers, Inc., 2367 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.
WOMEN WANTED TO INTRODUCE
EXTRANA FLAVORS, the biggest seller of all times. 100% profit. Every home a prospective purchaser. Repeat orders your around. Nothing like it on the market. Write by home or 50 years' reputation—all or spare time—Write today.
The Mihalovitch Co., Dept. 3 Cincinnati, O.



Four Women Find Happiness

WE all believe in Santa Claus, even we grown-up folks. We know he exists as surely as love and goodness and kindness exist. But Santa Claus helps those who help themselves. He is the very spirit of Christmas embodied in a jolly old man, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, a smile on his lips, and a pack on his back.
This year he has been to see me early, and out of that generous bundle of his, has left gift upon gift in the form of letters.
Every morning, for the past week, I have found great packages of mail on my desk, and nothing I may receive on Christmas day can please me more than to hear, as I have been hearing, what the More-Money Club is doing for its members.
Let me untie the first bundle that you may share with me some of my gift-letters.
The first is from a woman in Louisiana, where the holiday season, as perhaps you know, is a mixture of the Fourth of July and Christmas all rolled up together.

DEAR MISS BREWSTER:
How can I thank you for making this Christmas a very happy one for us all?
I am a planter's wife, with two small boys, and this year things have been with my husband as with many of the other planters, and we have had little or no money for the extras.
In the early fall I read about your club in McCall's Magazine, and, as you may remember, joined soon after. The first month I made twenty dollars, and every month since I have added to that amount. I didn't tell my husband, as it was the first money I had ever earned, and I wanted to surprise him. But when, a week or so ago, he spoke of what he wanted to do for our boys this Christmas, and I saw how disappointed and worried he was, I simply couldn't keep my secret any longer.
If you could have seen his face when I told him how much money I had made and saved! I don't think I have ever been so proud in my life.
A moment ago, my husband came in, and when I told him I was writing to you, he said, "Wish that little More-Money Club lady a Merry Christmas for me, and tell her that her idea has made Christmas a very happy time for one family."

From Canada, one of the youngest of our members, after wishing our club a Merry Christmas, says:
Every time I go to a party this vacation I am going to say blessings on the More-Money Club, for if I hadn't been a member and earned some money, I never could have done any of the wonderful things I am going to do. I have bought the "duckiest" new party dress and slippers (my first pair) to match, and you and the club are the ones to whom I owe my thanks.

A school teacher in Maine tells us:
There would have been no trip home for me this Christmas vacation save for the More-Money Club. My salary is a small one and does not allow for anything but the bare necessities. But the money I have earned through your plan has filled what would otherwise be a very empty purse. Not only I, but also my family, have been made happy and we are looking forward to being together for Christmas, with all sorts of pleasure.

Away out in California the young wife of a soldier writes:
You are an angel, Miss Brewster, and your club is just too wonderful! Do you know what it has done for me?
Last winter while my husband was overseas I joined your club. Since then, I have saved every cent I have made, to do something big when my boy came home.
A week ago I received word he would be in New York a week before Christmas. Can you guess what I did? I drew from the bank every cent of the money which the More-Money Club had helped me earn. In a few days I start for New York.

I can scarcely wait!
Dear Miss Brewster, if I could only tell you what it means to me and what it is going to mean to us. To think I can be in New York when he arrives and maybe spend Christmas with him there!

Girls, do you wonder I call these gift-letters, and feel that already Santa has given me more than my share of Christmas joys?
Will you join us?
The peep I have given you into the lives of four of our members through their letters must show you what the More-Money Club can do. And if it can do this for them, why not for you?

It is real, and its desire to help is real. These are the days when we all want and need money. The girl, the young woman, the woman of middle age and the older woman, each has her chance to join and make the More-Money Club prove good Saint Nick's motto throughout the year. Remember, all you need to do is send a note or postal and I will answer and tell you all about it.
The address is:

Janet Brewster
The More-Money Club,
236 West 37th St.,
New York City



To Mothers The Guardians of Children's Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



They Brush Teeth
but they do not save them. They leave the film and that wrecks them

You Must End the Film To Save Them

Millions of mothers know that children's teeth decay and discolor, despite the daily brushing. So do adults' teeth. But saving children's teeth is of supreme importance.

The trouble lies in a film—that ever-present, slimy film. It clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. The tooth brush leaves much of it intact. And that film causes most of our tooth troubles.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Science Finds a Way

Dentists know the danger of this film. They call it "bacterial plaque." Dental science has for years sought a way to end it.

That way has now been found. Convincing tests made by able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Now it is embodied for home use in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And the makers supply a 10-Day Tube free to anyone who asks.

Ten Days Will Tell

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin was not used before, because it must be activated. And the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. And now this ideal film destroyer can be constantly applied.

Send us this coupon for a 10-Day Tube.

Then you will know that Pepsodent does what was never done before. No mother who once does this will return to old-time methods. For the children's sake cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.
The New-Day Dentifrice
Approved by authorities after years of clinical and laboratory tests. Now advised for daily use by leading dentists and sold by druggists everywhere.

Send the Coupon for a 10-Day Tube

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten—the children's teeth or your teeth—as the fixed film disappears.

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 834, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name _____
Address _____



Merry Christmas!

IN November, we were humbly inspired to suggest the able elephant as a household pet. Here, we thought, was the solution of "labor and the household problem," a combination of vacuum-cleaner, mover of household effects, fruit-picker, etc. One other guileless one caught fire from our inspiration and experimented—yes, experimented! The effect was catastrophic. But we will let him tell the story in his own way.

A PET Elephant on the third floor of a frame house wanted to go downstairs backward, but the lady who kept him told him he must never do so. One day the lady, whose laundress had not come for the clothes, decided to do the washing herself. Just at the moment when she was about to start up the narrow stairway to the roof to hang out the basket of clothes, the Elephant thought he saw his chance. Quick as a wink, he was out of the door and going backward down the stairs.

A new tenant was moving into the house that day, and the moving-man had just passed the second landing, carrying over his bent shoulder a barrel of kitchen things, so that, of course, he could not see ahead of him. He had just placed one foot on a step and raised the other toward the next when the Elephant stretched one foot downward for the very same step. This was the exact second that the lady who owned the Elephant started to go up the dark stairs to the roof with her freshly washed clothes.

On the second floor of the house lived a maiden-lady who had a large bowl of goldfish. The landlord of this building did not allow tenants to keep pets, and always, on the day he called for his rent, the Elephant was sent to the top of the house to play, and the goldfish were taken to the basement for the janitor to hide. This was the day when the landlord was expected. So the lady on the second floor had stepped out on the landing, holding the large bowl of goldfish outstretched before her, just as the moving-man had lifted his foot to put it down on the step toward which the Elephant's foot was reaching, and at the moment when the lady who owned the Elephant started to the roof with her basket of clothes.

It happened that the landlord that morning had gone into his garden and had found a "hidden" nest containing the product of an industrious hen—some eighteen or twenty, at one time, strictly fresh eggs. The economical landlord gathered these eggs and put them in a paper-bag and decided to make his rounds in the morning instead of the afternoon, as was his custom. Now, he was a very large man, indeed, and the stairs were very rickety, threatening to come down at any unusual jar. He was ascending the first flight, holding his precious bag of eggs before him, and was within two or three steps of the second landing at the moment the lady of that floor stepped out of her door holding in front of her the bowl of goldfish, just as the moving-man with his barrel of kitchen-ware was reaching toward the very same step above him that the Elephant, coming down backward, needed to put his ponderous foot on—all this at the instant the lady who owned the Elephant started to the roof with her basket of freshly washed clothes.

The janitress, who lived in the basement, had a little girl with a perfectly normal curiosity. One of the greatest mysteries to this child was how any man could be so fat as the landlord, and each time he came to collect his rent, she was sure to be hanging around on the lower floor to look at him. This day she followed him as he came into the house and, balancing herself on one foot on the lowest step, gazed upward at his immense body.

There she teetered, her dear little face uplifted, at the moment the big touchy landlord with his bag of eggs was nearing the second landing, upon which stood the lady with the outstretched bowl of goldfish, all unaware of the moving-man with his barrel of kitchen-ware, who had just then passed her door on his way upstairs and was reaching unsteadily for the step above him, toward which the foot of the Elephant was descending—all at the moment that the lady who owned him started to the roof with her basket of beautifully washed clothes.

Now you know that elephants, when startled, emit a shrill and terrifying cry. It

happened that the woman who was to move into the house, when packing the barrel of kitchen-goods, overlooked, until the last moment, the ice-pick. The ice-pick was hastily thrown on the top of the barrel, where it was firmly caught, but its long sharp prong protruded beyond the other utensils. This six-inch needle was quite close to that sensitive part of the Elephant which has never been, in the case of any elephant, sufficiently protected by a tail. An elephant's tail is merely an afterthought. It is not intended as a weapon against flies or ice-picks, nor for ornament. It is just an afterthought.

Now I ask you to consider what happened, having in mind that at one and the same instant there was a nervous lady starting up a dark narrow stairway holding a basket of clean wet clothing, a guilty but full-lunged elephant about to sit strongly upon a long sharp instrument protruding from a barrel of kitchen-ware none too well-balanced upon the shoulders of a half-asleep moving-man who, with one foot in the air, was unsteadily poised just above the outstretched arms of a maiden-lady holding a large bowl of goldfish scarcely two feet above the bald, perspiring, bowed head of a stout and irritable landlord whose immensity held spell-bound, just below him, a little trusting child.

I ask you: What happened when the Elephant screamed?

The Height of Industry

MISS BECK, the new geography teacher, after a little lecture on the larger cities of the East, asked:

"Now, children, name one of the principal industries of New York City?"

A hand shot up.

"Yes, Clarence," said the teacher.

Clarence arose, proudly confident.

"Sky-scraping!" said he.

Prince Midas

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher was having a little talk with her pupils after the regular lesson was over.

"Once upon a time," she said, "there were two rich men, one of whom had made his fortune by honest industry, while the other had made his by fraud. Now, boys, which of these two men would you prefer to be?"

After a moment's hesitation, a young voice piped:

"Which made the most, teacher?"

The Wrong Shift

RURAL Irishman named McCann, who was generally held to be something of a grouch, one evening met the parish priest in a lane.



"Good evening, Malachi," said the father. "This is a fine moonlight night."

"That may be, your riv'rin'," said Malachi soberly. "But it's not tonight that we want the moon out—it's the dark nights."

Soaking the Poet

WITTER BYNNER, who wrote *Pan and the Child* for you, recently had an encounter with another Pan, which he will never forget. It was out in California, in the sylvan groves of Los Altos, where a pageant was being given.

Mr. Bynner had been chosen to read Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poem, *A Musical Instrument*, celebrating the music of the great god Pan, while one "Billy" Smith, wearing cloven hoofs, with legs encased in goat-skins, was to impersonate the little god to the soft tones of a flute.

The stage was the greensward bordering the banks of a swiftly flowing brook. At its edge, a large tree screened Mr. Bynner from the audience. Here he stood reading the exquisite poem and, as prearranged, at the lines:

*The sun on the river forgot to die
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river:*

Mr. Bynner stepped aside to give over the stage completely to Pan. A slight miscalculation of distance and, like the dragon-fly come back to the river, he slipped quietly into the brook's cold water. It is easier for six feet two to slip noiselessly in than to climb noiselessly out, and Pan was entitled to the whole stage. Mr. Bynner laid himself as a sacrifice upon the altar of art—this time the brook's bed—and shivered there in silence to the end of the performance.

The Progressive Brooch

MRS. CODDING and another social leader were enjoying a little chat over a cup of tea, one winter's afternoon.

"Really, Josephine," said Mrs. Coddling, "you simply can't trust anyone nowadays. My maid, in whom I had the utmost confidence, left me very suddenly yesterday and took with her my beautiful pearl brooch."

"That is too bad," her friend sympathized, "which one was it?"

"That gorgeous, expensive crescent I smuggled through the custom-house last spring."



A Moving Case

WHATEVER Florence Woolston may say about *The Passing of the Cave-Man* we know something about her that makes us suspect that the cave-man feeling is not yet extinct, nor confined to the stronger sex.

She was moving. All her things were in the last stages of packing and pounding. Her feelings were as ruffled as her hair and her smock. The bell rang. Prepared to slay offhand the inconsiderate caller, she went to the door. An ingratiating gentleman smiled and said:

"I'd like to take your picture, Madam, half a dozen for five dollars."

She snapped, "I wouldn't take a half-dozen as a gift—or a dozen either." At his crestfallen look, her anger passed. "I'm moving," she said desperately.

"Oh, Madam, excuse me. I wouldn't have asked you if I'd known. I, too, have moved."

Poor but Honest

THE other day a well-known congressman was exhibiting to his friends a letter that he considers a prize piece. It was from a constituent who had just received a package of free seeds. The congressman had sent them out in a franked envelope on which was stamped the usual words: *Penalty for Private Use—\$300*. The note read:

DEAR SIR:

I don't know what to do about those garden seeds you sent me. I notice it is three hundred dollars fine for private use. I don't want to use them for the public; I want to plant them in my own private garden.

I will be greatly obliged if you will kindly fix matters so I can use them privately.

Yours respectfully,

JAMES ROBINSON.

A Model Life

JOHN E. JACKSON, who has illustrated the crisp cold story that so fittingly opens our December book, says that his chief concern in life is models. His experiences with them are as numerous and varied as the types he employs. Once a fruit-stand woman, scarcely fair, but certainly fat and forty, promised to pose for him as an Italian peasant. The day for the sitting arrived but no model. Only a note, brought by an inquisitive youngster. Imagine Mr. Jackson's emotions when he read: "I am very sorry. I cannot come this day or ever. My husband too much jealous man always."

An Arrested Thought

DEAR EDITOR:

I start to write you something,
But a breeze meanders by,
And I stop to watch the tree-top
Swishing round against the sky.
And the sun shines through in little
Quivery spots of golden light.
And I wonder what in time it was
I started in to write.

The Perfect Audience

A LITTLE girl who has now grown in years, though not much in stature, and helps to edit McCall's, had, even in her tender years, a trace of the writer's sensitiveness toward an unappreciative world.

A mite of five, she sat demurely one day in her little



chair while a group of her elders chatted. Vainly she tried to enter the conversation. She was not noticed. She tried and tried again, but without success. At last she rose with all the tremendous dignity of childhood.

"I'm going upstairs," she said, "and be by myself, where I'm appreciated."

Jiffy-Jell

For Real-Fruit Desserts

Flavored with Fruit-Juice Essences Condensed and Sealed in Glass



GIFTS

We Supply Aluminum Dessert Molds To Users
—See Below



All Flavors in Glass Vials —a Bottle in Each Package



A Fruity Dessert. To serve six. Made with our new star-shaped Pint Mold, Style—H

The Finest Fruits Are Crushed to Make a Jiffy-Jell Dessert

Mark this distinction as compared with old-style gelatine desserts.

Jiffy-Jell fruit flavors are condensed fruit juices. They are rich and abundant, and they come in liquid form in glass.

Artificial flavors are common. You want real-fruit dainties, healthful and delightful. Everybody needs fruit every day. Jiffy-Jell is the only gelatine dainty with fruit-juice essences in glass.

this delicious and abundant form for a few cents per dinner—for less than the fruit alone.

Four Favorite Flavors

If you will try five packages at once we will give you a 50-cent mold. Try Loganberry and Pineapple—two of our finest dessert flavors. Also one other fruit that you like.

Try Lime-fruit flavor also. It makes a tart, green salad jell. Serve with your salad. Or mix the vegetables in when the jell partly cools and make a salad loaf. Or mix in meat scraps to make a meat loaf. Try adding a cup of tomato juice in place of half the water in dissolving.

Try Mint flavor. It makes a green mint jell for serving with roast meats or as a side dish.

Make these tests for your own sake. They will be a revelation. They will open the way to real fruits in plenty, at trifling cost, all winter. And they will end the use of mock fruits. Cut out our offer now.

For a Few Cents

You Get This

This is a Jiffy-Jell dessert for six people, Loganberry flavor, made with one package of Jiffy-Jell.

The flavor is condensed fruit juice which comes in a sealed bottle. We crush many berries to make the flavor for this one dessert. The fruit alone would cost you more than Jiffy-Jell.

The mixture is acidulated with lemon juice, evaporated and powdered. The juice of about one lemon is required to acidulate each dessert. Or else the acid from a bunch of grapes.

Jiffy-Jell comes ready-sweetened, in proper color, with the gelatine mixed in. So you simply add boiling water. Thus you get a pint dessert, rich in two fruit-juice essences, for a few cents. It will serve six people in mold form or twelve if you whip the jell.

So with each fruit flavor.

We Offer 50-Cent Gifts

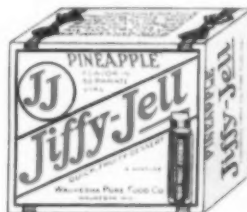
Today we offer you 50-cent molds to urge you to make a comparison. Millions have already done this. Don't let your folks miss a fruity dainty which other folks enjoy.

See Jiffy-Jell with its bottle of flavor, made from real fruit juice condensed. Taste it—it is like a fresh-fruit dainty.

Then remember that the rarest fruits come in

Individual Dessert Molds

Made in aluminum in assorted styles, six to the set. A set will serve a full package of Jiffy-Jell, and we send the whole set for 5 trade-marks.



10 Flavors in Glass Vials

A Bottle in Each Package

Mint—For Mint Jell Lime—For Salad Jell
Raspberry Cherry Loganberry
Strawberry Pineapple Orange
Lemon—For Desserts Also Coffee Flavor

We Give 50c Molds



Style — B — Pint Dessert Mold, heart shaped.



Style — C — Pint Dessert Mold, fluted.



Style — D — Pint Salad Mold to serve six.

Cut out the round Ⓜ trade-marks from the fronts of five Jiffy-Jell packages. Send them to us with the coupon and we will mail your choice of the following molds, valued at 50 cents each.

Style — E — Pint Fruit Salad Mold.

Style — H — Pint Dessert Mold, star shaped.

Set of Six — Individual Dessert Molds as pictured.

THIS OFFER NOT GOOD IN WISCONSIN

MAIL THIS

Jiffy Dessert Co., Waukesha, Wisconsin.

I enclose 5 Ⓜ trade-marks from the fronts of Jiffy-Jell packages. Send me the mold I check.

.....Style—B Style—E
.....Style—C Style—H
.....Style—D Set of Six

COLGATE'S

Useful Gifts — Not "Gimcracks"

CHRISTMAS, 1919

Helps for Useful, Thrifty Christmas Giving

COLGATE'S Christmas Thought

LAST Christmas—and for many years past—we talked of making it a Thrift Christmas for many and good reasons.

This year, if only for the self-satisfaction of continuing a desirable habit, let it again be a Thrift Christmas—one of useful gifts, not "gimcracks."

Colgate Comforts are useful—and are thrifty. But most of all, they are necessities.

Colgate Comforts, too, are Christmas gifts that will last well into the New Year and be used every day—gifts that everyone is glad to receive or give.

A gift costing a few pennies may be extravagant if it is not useful. But any one of the Colgate Comforts illustrated in this page are thrifty gifts well worth the giving because they are so useful every day in the year.

There are Colgate Comforts that will delight every member of the family. And you will find them convenient to buy at your nearest dealer's.

Suggestions for Sensible Thrift Gifts

For Him—A "Handy Grip" Shaving Stick that allows all the soap to be used—no waste. Ribbon Dental Cream, safe, thorough and delicious.

For Her—A box or two of Tale, scented with her favorite perfume; a half-dozen tubes of Mirage Cream—"Greaseless and vanishing."

For Mother—A box of fine toilet soap for her own special use—Colgate's Cashmere Bouquet. Charming Cold Cream to protect her skin against winter weather.

For Father—Shaving Soap—Stick, Powder or Cream as he prefers—with Tale or Cold Cream to use after the shave. He will like Colgate's.

For Baby—Colgate Soap, made entirely of vegetable oils—ideal for Baby's bath. A box of Baby Tale to make him comfortable and happy.

For Anybody—Ribbon Dental Cream, the safe, delicious dentifrice that is endorsed by more dentists than any other. Good Teeth Cream to protect her skin against winter weather.

Keep the Roses in "Sister's" Cheeks



Mirage Cream for Protection is essential when one is exposed to the chilly winds and dampness of winter. A dash of this vanishing cream on the cheeks, chin, nose and forehead, keeps the skin in good condition, the tissues softened, and the pores free and active. Many women prefer this "greaseless" vanishing cream because it serves so well before the powder puff.

Charmis Cold Cream for the Nightly Massage re-invigorates the tissues and keeps them healthy and active, cleanses the pores, supplies them the oil which the nipping weather has dried, and softens the skin which the wind and cold have chapped.

Mirage Cream in jars, 25c; and in tubes, 20c, 10c.
Charmis Cold Cream in jars, 50c, 25c; and in tubes, 20c, 10c.

Charmis by Night

A "Good Teeth—Good Health" Gift

... because "Good Teeth—Good Health" is a gift worth giving. Teach the children this Christmas to use Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream because it cleans thoroughly and is free from risky drugs and harsh grit—no over-medication. Its delicious flavor makes the twice-a-day brushing a safe, pleasant habit, not a task.

Teach them also to be thrifty—to use every bit of the cream that "comes out a ribbon, lies flat on the brush. None is wasted because none rolls off the brush and even if the cap is left off, Colgate's does not harden because it contains no alcohol to evaporate.

Large size, 25c
At your dealer's



Florient
Flowers of the Orient

The fragrance of rich blossoms—yet delicate, elusive and dainty—this is Florient.

Its superiority to foreign perfumes was established by an International Perfume Test, in which an impartial jury of 103 women compared Colgate's Perfumes with the most popular imported scents. Colgate's was selected by more than 3/5 of the jury—nearly all of whom had said that they preferred a foreign perfume.

You, Too, Should Make the Famous Perfume Test

Even now there is time for you to send today for the test material and find out for yourself the superiority of Colgate's exquisite perfumes. Send 2 cents to Dept. L, 129 Fulton Street, New York, for instructions.

Special bottle, at your favorite dealer's, \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00



There's Comfort in Colgate's Tale



ALONG with soap and water, a good talc powder has its share in day-to-day comfort and hygiene. To comfort Baby's delicate skin or to help keep Grandma's hands in good condition (for instance, when she knits) give Colgate's Tale.

Men, too, appreciate the cooling, soothing refreshment of Colgate's Tale, particularly after a bath or a shave. Eleven charming scents, besides a tinted and an unscented Tale, all on the same formula of an eminent physician. "The real boric powder."

Colgate's Baby Tale Dactylis
Monard Violet Cashmere Bouquet
La France Rose Violet
Eclat
Tinted Unscented
Regular size, 18c **Special size, 25c**
Florient **Superfine Tales**
Radiant Rose **Splendor**
5c the box **Violette de Mai**

"An impartial analysis of various tales made by Dr. A. A. Breeman, M. Sc., of New York, proved the superior boric content of Colgate's. A copy will be sent free on request."

Compact Rouge for "Her"



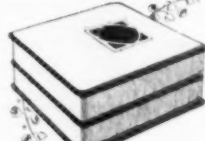
... a generous cake of softly clinging rouge in a dainty latten box, with puff and mirror. Handy for vanity box, shopping bag or dressing table.

COLGATE'S COMPACT ROUGE

Used with Colgate's Florient Face Powder, Compact Rouge adds charm to a smooth skin and helps a rough one to greater beauty. Your favorite store has them both.

35 cents the box

This, too, will Please "Her"



TO increase the charm of a smooth skin, to soften the roughness of one unfortunately not so smooth—that is the purpose of **Florient Face Powder**. Delicately perfumed with Florient (Flowers of the Orient).

White, flesh, brunette 50cents the box
At your dealer's

Delight for Mother and Aunt Mary



CASHMERE BOUQUET

The Most Luxuriously Perfumed Soap

... its flower-like fragrance will bring them reminiscences of old-fashioned gardens.

Nor is that exquisite perfume its sole attraction, for *Cashmere Bouquet* is luxuriant in its lather and so wholesomely pure that it is safe for even Baby's tender skin.

Economical, too—wearing down thriftily to tissue-like thinness. A "hard-milled" soap that does not soften and waste as do some soaps when left wet. At your dealer's.

Medium Sized Cake, 10c

Large Sized Cake, 25c

Box of 6 Medium Sized Cakes, 55c

A Present for the Whole Family

FOR "ordinary, every-day" use, Colgate Soap is for everybody. Everyone speaks of its lather—cleansing, yet gentle.

Colgate is not only economical but it is bland and soothing to the skin. If you want a real vegetable oil soap be sure to get Colgate—an all-vegetable oil soap at a thrift price.

This Colgate guarantees with every cake: "Made entirely of vegetable oils."
Colgate & Co.

10 cents a cake
At your dealer's.

For Dad, Uncle Will and Brother Bill



FOR real shaving comfort Dad will thank you every morning for the cool, comfortable Colgate lather. No mussy rubbing in with the fingers if you use Colgate's "Handy Grip"

The REFILL Shaving Stick

The soap is threaded and screws into the metal socket. When it is nearly gone, unscrew the stub and screw in a "Refill." Then stick the stub on the end of the "Refill" when wet. It stays and saves 50 cool, comfortable Colgate Shaves.

At your dealer's

"Handy Grip" Shaving Stick, 30c

"Refill" Shaving Stick, 25c

AFTER THE CHRISTMAS SHAVE
And Every Shave of the New Year

Uncle Will may like Toilet Water after he shaves. We suggest "Lilac Imperial" as popular with the "men folks" for after-shaving. Sprinkler top, per bottle, 66 cents.

A Special Gift Box for Baby



HERE in handy form is something no nursery should be without. Your dealer has the

Baby Gift Box

The box contains: Baby Tale (special size); Eau de Cologne; Colgate Soap; Charmis Cold Cream; trial size Extract.

\$1.35 each

COLGATE & CO.

Useful Gifts—Not "Gimcracks"

NEW YORK